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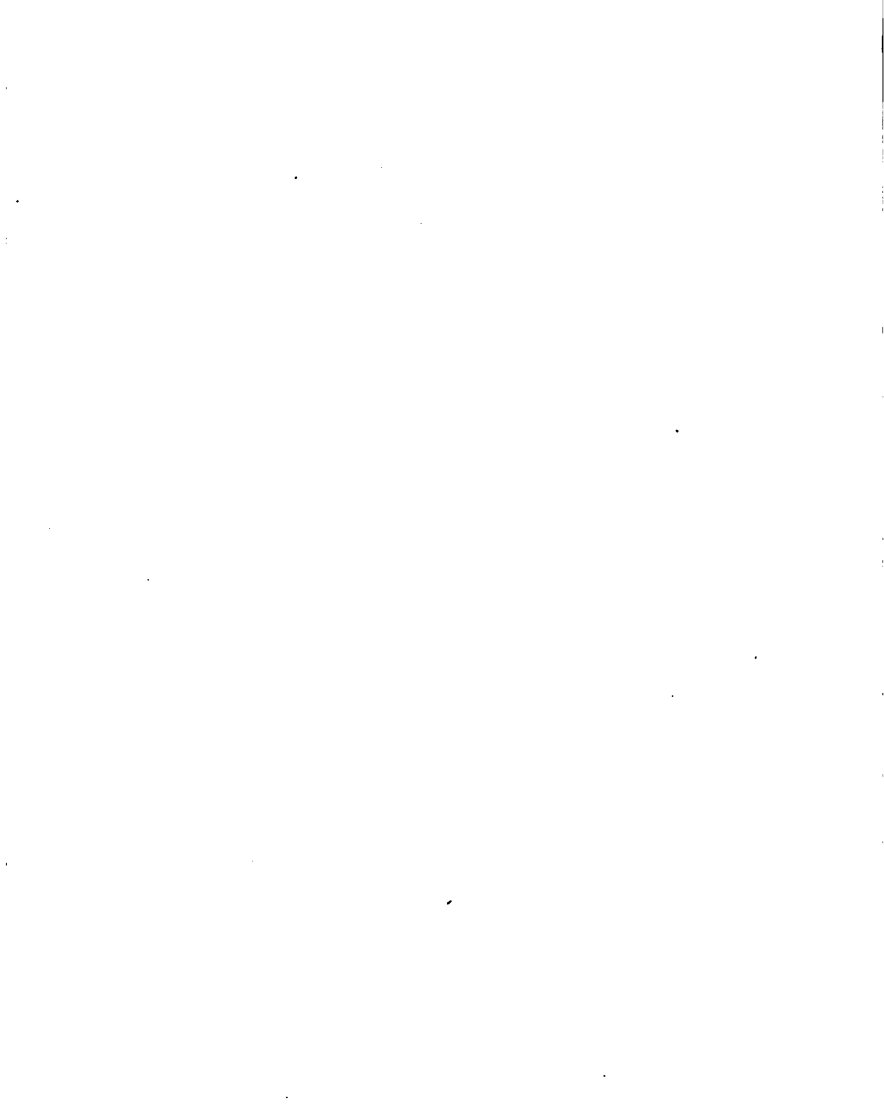
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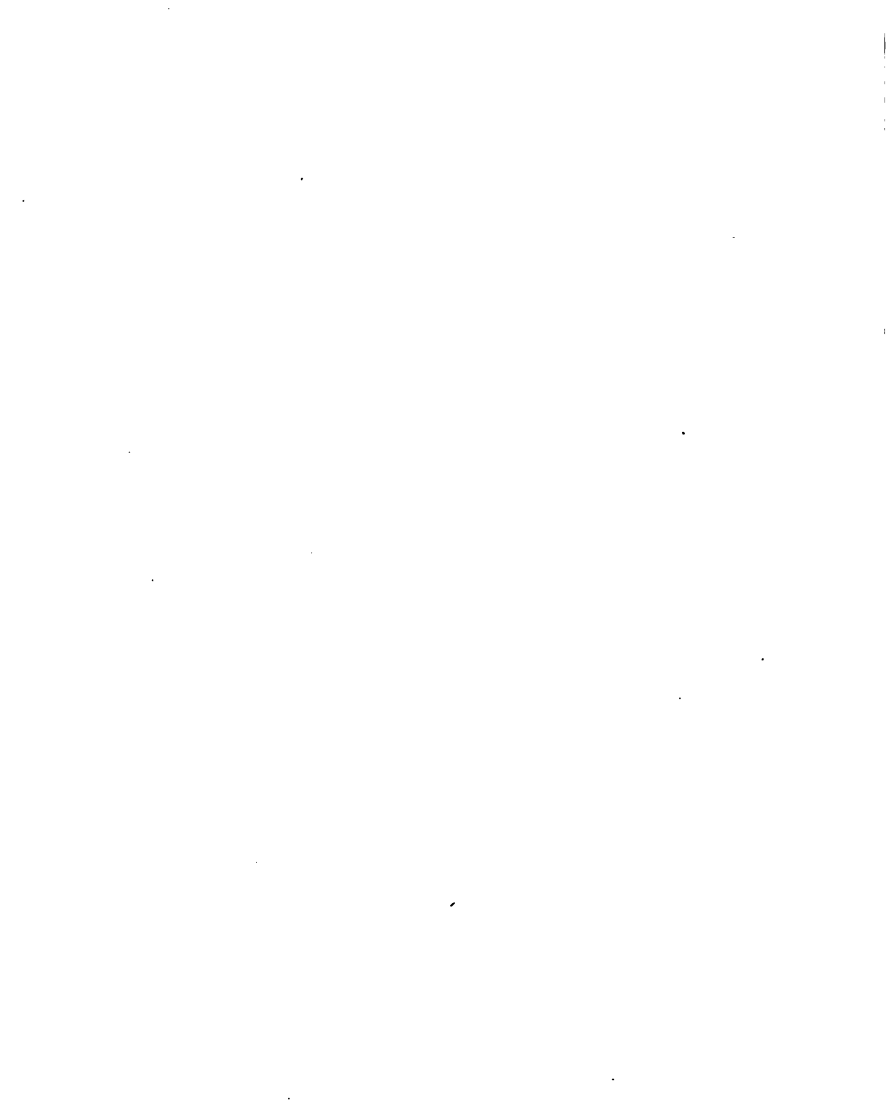
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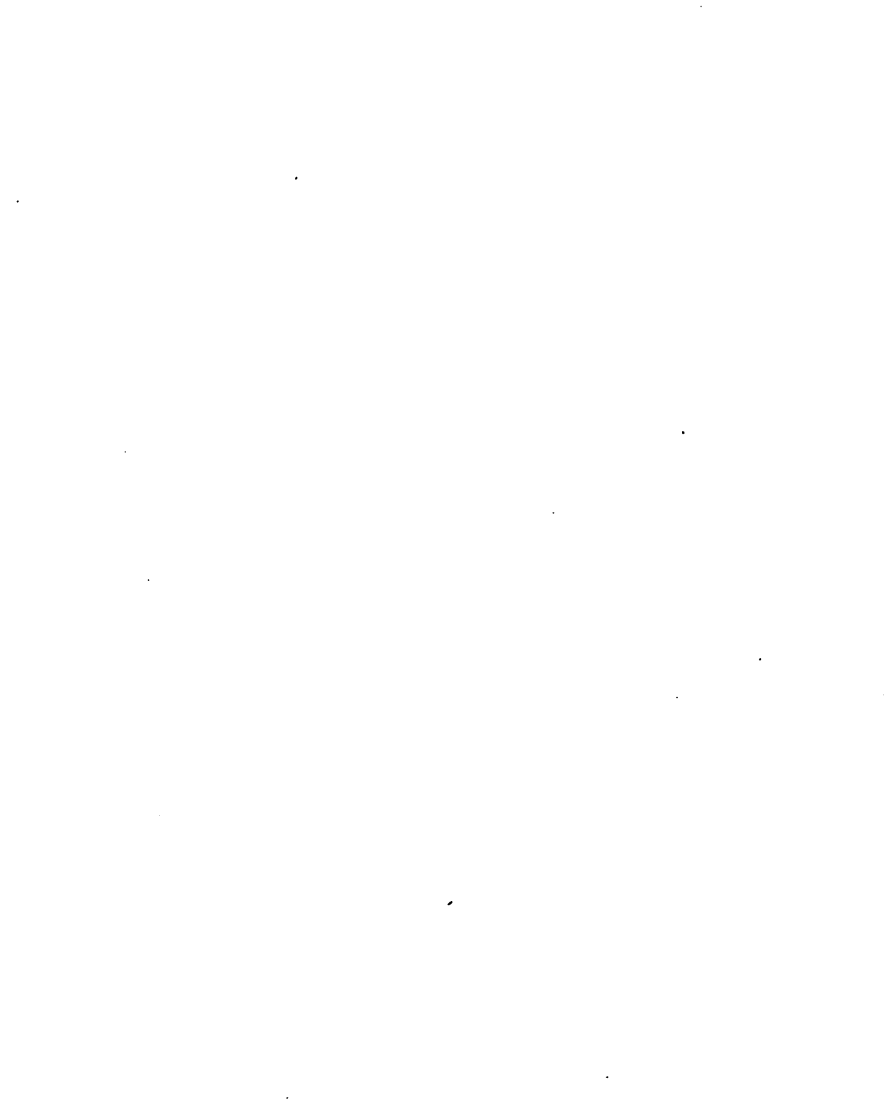
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PETER PARLEY'S
ANNUAL:

A Christmas and New Year's Present

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.,
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS

NDCCCXL.

CITY PRESS, 1, LONG LANE:
D. A. DOUDNEY.



PREFACE.

I HERE present you, my little friends, with a collection of odds and ends brought together without any particular order or arrangement. In one place you will find a story ; in another, an account of some fact in natural history ; in another, a piece of poetry ; in another, directions for playing some pleasant game ; and in another, a fragment of history. In writing all these, however, I have had only one end in view ; that is, your improvement. I do not think you will complain of these pages ever being dry or tedious ; but your *instruction* has been my *first* aim.

The way in which you have received my former books, and the great number you have purchased of the monthly parts of this work (which has far exceeded my expectations), have convinced me that I know pretty well how to please you in writing books. And now I will just tell you the art I have used ; first, I have always been more anxious to *instruct* than to *amuse* you ; and secondly, I have always sought to express my meaning in the plainest words and phrases I could find. If I had first tried to *amuse* you, I am sure that I should not have succeeded either in *instructing* or *amusing* you. The only real pleasure in reading books, is the exercise which is thereby given to the mind ; a lazy mind can never be happy, and a happy mind can never be lazy.

You may do a great deal with your eyes, fancy, and memory, and yet be lazy in intellect. You should not only store your mind with facts and images; but should think upon, and learn to draw some conclusion from everything you know, or else to join it on to some conclusion you had before. No fact stands by itself, or would be worth learning, if it was not connected with others. I prepared this book as a sort of storehouse of facts and thoughts, for you to take up when you may not be disposed, or may not have sufficient time to read anything which required close attention. But I should be disappointed to find that you therefore made use of it to no better purpose, than you did when you were younger of Cock Robin and Mother Hubbard; books which may serve to amuse babies, but it is time for you, when you can read this volume, to be learning and doing something.

You may take my word for it, that entertainment can only be safely sought for through instruction; and if you set your mind upon being instructed, you will never want for entertainment. If you doubt me, try the experiment; and you will, I am sure, hereafter be ready to thank me for the recommendation.

Wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, believe me your sincere old friend,

P. P.

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PETER PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

PETER PARLEY'S ADDRESS TO THE YOUTHFUL COMMUNITY.

To all the Boys and Girls, in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

You have all heard of me, I dare say ; my name is Peter Parley. I am a great traveller, you know, and have been all over the world in search of knowledge : aye, and many curious things, and many wonderful sights have I seen, and many extraordinary stories have I heard, in my time. I have been down into the deepest mines, and even walked at the bottom of the sea, and up so high in the sky, as to lose sight of the earth. I have crossed and re-crossed again and again the wide ocean. I have been where it was so cold, that my breath would freeze as it came from my mouth, and fall down in a

hoar frost upon my waistcoat ; and where it was so hot, that I could cook a beef-steak on the iron plate of the windlass. I have seen forests so large, that it would take you months to get through them ; mountains so high, that, when I was on their summits, the thunder and lightning were seen below me waging war with the elements. Then, as to wonderful beasts and birds of prey, such as lions, tigers, eagles, and vultures, I have been almost into their very dens and hiding places ; and can tell you many extraordinary stories concerning them, and about many other things that I have seen and heard of.

But I wish to say one word to you upon this point ; I do not mean to tell you anything but what is *strictly true*. I know there are a great many travellers that tell stories, very wonderful indeed—so wonderful, that no person of common sense can believe them. This is a great error in *judgment*, and very wrong as regards *principle*. You know a liar is never believed, even though he speaks the truth. The shepherd boy used to cry out *Wolf, Wolf*, to frighten his neighbours ; and this trick he played so often, that people took no notice of it : and when the wolf actually came, he cried out *Wolf, Wolf*, as before ; but nobody believed it, and so the wolf tore him to pieces when there was no one to help. I wish you therefore to *depend upon old Peter Parley*. You know I have got a good character, and I wish to keep it. When a man has a bad character, he sometimes says to himself, Well, my character is gone, and I cannot mend it : and so he will go on worse and worse ; and if he has been a deceiver, he deceives still more, till at last he ends in ruin—for no one will believe him, and no one will trust him ; and, when this is the case, a man had better be out of the world than in it. But when a man has a good character, he should study to preserve it ; which I hope to do,

particularly with you, my young friends; because I have, and always had, a very great love for young people, and consider, that whoever injures or deceives the mind of a little child, commits a very great sin. You know, that you all have minds as well as bodies, and the *mind* is superior to the body. The body, as you have often seen, returns to dust. You have often heard the bell tolling for some departed friend or playmate, and seen them put into a coffin, and carried along to the churchyard and deposited in the grave. But the mind or spirit, my dear young friends, lives for ever; and it ought to be our chief delight and study so to improve and beautify this immortal part of us, that God, whose image it bears, may be pleased with the perfection of his workmanship.

Now, as a means of improving this wonderful part of our nature, we must store it with valuable knowledge; knowledge that will reveal to us the works of our good and wise Creator, and show us the laws by which he governs the universe.

You know there are millions and millions of suns, and worlds, and planets, moving around us, and all of them are guided and upheld by the power and wisdom of God, the Creator and Preserver. Then there are on this earth thousands and tens of thousands, nay, millions upon millions, of animals, beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, and insects, which we can see; and millions and millions of millions, which we cannot see.

If I take up a drop of dirty water on the point of a pin, there are thousands of living creatures in it; and what must there be in the whole ocean? Why, I am quite overpowered when I think of it. And yet our good God cares for every one of these little beings—even the smallest of the many millions that are too small for sight;

and has provided food for it, and keeps it for some good purpose, until it has performed the work in creation which he sent it to do.

So you see, my young friends, that knowledge of things leads us to God; and all knowledge that has not this tendency, is of a false kind, and does not perform that service to us that it ought. The knowledge of the ways and works of God therefore comprehends all science, all philosophy, and all art: and the more we know, the wiser we *shall* be, and the better we *ought* to be. This knowledge, you say, is my great end; and so it is. But there is knowledge greater still: that is a *knowledge of ourselves*. That mind of yours that I was speaking of, is a little world of itself; it has thoughts which you cannot stop. Try *not* to think, and you will find it to be impossible. You have hopes and fears, and joys and longings, and desires and passions, always busy and at work. You must know how they work, and how you may work with them for your own good. This is called *self-knowledge*. Now this is a knowledge I should wish you to obtain; and, so far as I am able, I will help you to obtain it. I am an old man now, and can look back upon my long life with many a sigh—for I have done many things in time past, in my thoughtlessness and ignorance, that I would not for the world do now. You shall have the benefit of Peter Parley's experience. The rocks he run his poor frail bark against, he will teach you to avoid; and the shallows he so often run aground upon, he will point out to you by some of his "Beacon Lessons."

But I do not wish to be dry and prosy. I know little boys like something merry, and I am never so much myself as when I am cheerful. A good tree buds and blossoms to the last. I like merry faces. I like to see little boys and girls romp and play, and shout

and sing. And nothing delights me more than to see them *laugh*. What fun I have had, to be sure, at some of our old Christmas parties with the snap dragons, and blindman's buff, and hunt the slipper, and honey pot. So far as that goes, I should like to be a boy all the days of my life, and to romp and play with you at all seasonable hours ; but I am almost too old for that, and I cannot carry boys a-pig-a-back as I used to do : but I can tell them a good many pretty stories, and show them a good many pretty things ; and I verily believe no one can make children happier than I can, when in their company.

Well, I cannot say any more to you just now, except to beg of you to look upon Peter Parley as one of your best friends ; and if you think so, to hear his stories, to read his lessons and lectures, and to mind what he says. Depend upon it I will not tell you of any thing that is not true, nor give you any advice that you cannot easily follow. As to what I shall talk to you about :—There are fruits and flowers, buds and blossoms, earths and minerals, mountains and caves, seas and rivers—

“ Fowls of the air and fishes of the sea,
Beasts of the field and insects flying free ;
All beautiful and bright,
In mid-day's golden light.”

Nay, creation is full wonders ; and as to *man*, as I told you before, he is the greatest wonder of all. Aye, my dear young friends, we shall have plenty to talk about if you will pay attention.

PETER PARLEY, F. J. S.

TEACHINGS FROM NATURE ;



OR, HOW TO BE HAPPY.

“I do not know what to do to make myself happy,” said a little boy to old Peter Parley one fine summer’s day. “Peter Parley,” said he, “you are always happy. How is it you have lived so long and live so happy? Please to teach me, Peter Parley,” said the little boy.

“Go forth to the fields, and you will be told how to live happy,” said Peter.

So the little boy went to the fields, and he looked this way and that way, at the flowers and the trees, and the birds and insects buzzing about. But the little boy could find no one to speak to him; he heard a chirping and buzzing, but there was nothing that told him how to be happy; and so he went back in tears to Peter, and said, “Nothing in the fields will tell me how to be happy.”

"Go again," said Peter; "and if things will not speak to you, tell me what you see."

So the little boy went again. He saw the brook flowing on through sweet flowers, and by its moisture giving health and verdure to the herbs and plants that grew upon its banks. The little boy listened to the brook, and it prattled to him a sweet music, but there were no words. Presently he saw a sparrow fly by, with down in her beak; but she never spoke to the little boy, and hurried away. Then the little boy sauntered on, and he saw a spider forming a large web between the pendant boughs of the maple. He hurried away from the spider. He went on, and he saw a loaded bee humming sweetly along from flower to flower. A little farther an ant was tugging away at a grain of corn. But none of them spoke to the little boy; so he came back to Peter and told him what he saw.

"Go again," said Peter Parley.

So the little boy went again, and the first thing he saw was a little dog lying on his master's coat; and when the little boy went near it the dog got up and began to bark, so that he immediately ran away. He went further, and a hen was calling her young brood to her, and they all immediately run under her wing. But nothing spoke to the little boy, and he again went back to Peter.

"I can see no one who will tell me how to be happy," said the little boy.

"Go again into the fields," said Peter Parley.

So the little boy went again, but he was weary of going so often, and felt very lonely. He heard a tapping, as if somebody wanted to gain his attention, and when he looked he saw a bird sitting on a tree, tapping on its half-decayed branch with his beak; it was the

woodpecker. He looked higher, and a squirrel was gathering acorns and taking them to hide in a hole of the same tree. The little boy



wandered on till he came to a kind of dyke or dam. He there saw an animal gnaw off the branch of a tree, which fell into the water, and in a moment both the wood and animal disappeared beneath the stream. It was the beaver building his habitation.

The little boy went again to Peter Parley and told him what he saw.

"Well," said Peter, "have not all these things spoken to you, my child? Have they not told you the way to be happy? Did they not seem to be so?"

"Yes," said the little boy.

"And did they not speak to you?" continued Peter. "When you beheld the brook giving freshness and life to the flowers on its

brink, did not the brook seem to say, 'I am doing good?' When you saw the sparrow flying with food in her beak, did she not seem to say, 'I am careful for others, and this makes *me* happy?' When you saw the spider forming his web, did he not seem to say, 'I can provide for myself, and this makes *me* happy?' When you saw the bee flying to its hive, laden with honey and wax, and the ant busy in taking away its grain, did they not seem to say to you, 'I provide my winter's store, and I am happy?' When you saw the dog guarding his master's coat, did he not seem to say, 'I am faithful and useful to my master, and am also happy?' And did not the hen speak of her happiness in performing her duty? And the wood-pecker, in seeking his food, and the squirrel, in taking heed for a rainy day, and the beaver, in guarding against sudden danger. Did these not speak to you, and tell you how to be happy? Did they not say, '*Child, be employed, and you shall be happy?*'"

"Oh, yes," said the little boy, "I think I understand their language now. I think I shall find out the way to be happy.

"You are now learning the A B C of happiness," said Peter Parley.

So the little boy went home and began to weed his father's garden. He dug, and sowed seed, and pruned the trees. He made a little wheelbarrow to wheel away the rubbish, collected manure, gathered seeds when they were ripe, and did a great many other things. When his father saw him so busy, he said, "Ah, William, what a **HAPPY** little fellow you are."

"And so he was," said Peter Parley.

THE OLD OWL.



I.

THE owl is a bird that flaps along
 With a lonely loud halloo;
 He has but one unceasing song,
 To whit, to whit, to woo.
 In dusky light he takes his flight,
 The twilight dim is the time for him;
 And when the midnight scowls,
 'Tis then he suddenly prowls,
 And hunts the mice and moles.

II.

A lonely owl once built her nest
 In the hole of a hollow tree,
 And she with a fine young brood was blest,
 As ever owl could be.
 She lov'd her young, and as they clung
 Beneath her downy wing,
 She o'er them oft, on a branch aloft,
 As they reposed below,

Would shout and sing, while woods would ring,

To whit, to whit, to woo.

III.

A boy came by that hollow tree
 With a fierce and loud halloo,
 And this the birds all startled heard,
 And answered—*To whit, to woo.*
 As the old bird shriek'd, the young ones
 squeak'd.

"Oh ho," said the boy,

In a frantic joy,

"An owl is the bird for me,
 And here are its young ones three."
 Then with eager look
 He that bird's-nest took;
 While plaintive and slow
 Rose a note of woe,
 From the owl in its hollow tree.

To whit, to whit, to woo.

IV.

That boy now took his victims home,
 And put them in a cage;
 And coop'd up there
 In their despair,
 They bit and scratch'd in rage:
 They caught his fingers once or twice,
 And made him scream with pain.
 And then he vow'd,
 In curses loud,
 That they should all be slain.
 He tied them to a stake, and got
 An iron pin, and made it hot,
 To burn out their young eyes.
 "Ha, ha," said he, "you will not bite me,
 You will not bite me again:"
 Then in the sky
 A wing flapped by,
 That seemed to stop his breath;
 'Twas the old owl, with a heavy scowl,
 Lamenting her young ones' death,—
To whit, to whit, to woo.

V.

That boy grew up—became a man,
 A *cruel* man was he;
 His heart had grown as hard as stone,
 Which none but God could see.
 One dreary night,
 In the wan moonlight,
 Beneath that hollow tree,
 He vengeful stood, to spill the blood
 Of a hated enemy.
 With furious blow he laid him low,
 Then plung'd the knife,
 To take his life,
 Deep to its hilt,—
 And wildly laughed,
 "You shall not again plague me."

But yet as he knelt
 O'er that foe, he felt
 A shudder that quailed all his blood's full
 glow;
 For oh, he heard
 On the tree that bird,
 The same old owl, o'er the murder foul,
 Cry, *whit, to whit, to woo.*

VI.

He fled—the owl's reproaching cry
 Still ringing in his ears;
 But ah, 'twas in vain for the wretch to fly,
 So loaded with guilt and fears,
 He quick was caught,
 And to justice brought,
 And soon in prison lies.
 And oh, while there,
 In his deep despair,
 In lonely tears and sighs,
 He thought of the iron cage!
 And he thought of the cruel rage!!
 And the red-hot pin that he once thrust
 in,
 To burn out the young birds' eyes.
 Condemn'd to die—'twas his destiny
 To die on that hollow tree;
 And there as he hung,
 And there as he swung,
 In the night wind to and fro,
 That vengeful bird
 Was often heard,
 When scarcely a breath the forest stirred,
 In screamings high,
 All the night to cry,
To whit, to whit, to woo.
To whit, to whit, to woo.

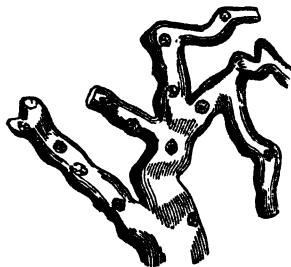
PARLEY'S CALENDAR OF SCIENCE, NATURAL HISTORY, AND PHILOSOPHY.



HERE, my young readers, are some hard words for you, but do not be alarmed, for you cannot do without them. I heard a little boy cry one day for more than an hour because he could not spell and pronounce the word *Malacostraca Podophthalma*. Certainly this was a hard name, and it puzzled the boy a good while, but he at last got the better of it. But why are not English names as good as Latin ones? you will say. Just for this reason, that a great variety of things in nature and in science have no English names. Some little girls are afraid of commencing the study of botany, that delightful science, in consequence of the hard Latin names given to plants. This is because they have never tried them. The girls want courage. The Latin names are for the most part no less easy

to pronounce than the English, and are frequently more harmonious and smooth. As a proof of this, I have known several little boys and girls, from three to six years old, learn hundreds of them quite correctly, and with very little trouble. But when you are informed, that not one half the number of the plants which grow, not *even native plants*, have any *English name*, it follows clearly that we cannot do without the Latin names, and, therefore, we must learn them, and so, I say, begin directly, and here is one as a specimen :

ZOOPHYTOLOGY.



You have often seen a piece of coral, I dare say; and, perhaps, when you were a little infant, had a piece given you to rub your gums with, mounted in silver, with a number of little bells to it, which pleased you mightily. Now you are grown older, you may perhaps feel pleased at knowing something about this article. It is called by the hard name of Zoophyte or plant animal. To look at it when it comes out of the water, you would think it a piece of stone stick, as I did when I first saw it. I broke it, and it seemed to be a piece of stone throughout, and the only difference I could see between it and a piece of stick was, that it was heavy, and hard, and brittle, and that its surface was covered with a number of little pores or holes. When I came to ask questions and read about this substance, I found that within these pores, and throughout the whole of the coral, a number of little worm-like animals resided, and that the coral was manufac-

tured by them in the same way as the snail makes his shell, and for the same purpose, to preserve themselves from injury.

When a piece of coral is taken out of the water, there appears to be on it little buds or specks, of a flower-like appearance, and these were taken for flowers by the ancients. These flowers, which seemed to expand from a great number of points, shrink back into their snug retreats in the body of the coral when out of the water, but if they were put in again, they again came forth ; if taken off and put upon paper, when they became dry they were red like coral.

If you look at a piece of coral, you will observe the holes in which these animals lived, and if you remove the outer *incrustation* (another hard word, but you know what the crust of a loaf is, that is an incrustation of bread),—if you remove the incrustation, you will find these little holes perceptible in specimens of coral, to correspond to small cavities in its substance, and a *variety of little tubes become visible* ; that is to say, you will see a number of little tubes, and these connect the outer with the inner portion. You will see also a multitude of small *glandular* bodies. “ Oh, what is a glandular body, Peter Parley ? ” you say. Well, I must tell you. A gland is a little *organ*, (not a church organ ;) an *organ* here means an *instrument* with which some action is performed : the eye is called the organ of sight, the ear the organ of hearing. Now the coral animal has a little *gland*, which produces a milky kind of juice, just as your eye produces tears when you weep. This juice runs along in furrows, and becomes hard, and is turned into a sort of stony substance, and thus the coral *grows*. The most common of the coral zoophytes are formed like stones, and have arms ; (*tentaculæ* is the hard word for this kind of arm), which they move about with great rapidity, in order

to catch food. Some of the coral animals are slow in their motions ; a few of them very quick and active. Some are of a dark colour, others, blue. Those of the mediterranean are frequently red, white, or vermillion, and in some places they are of almost every shade.

ENTOMOLOGY.

Paper made by Wasps.

You see this book is printed on paper, and very good paper it is ; this was made by men and machinery, of which I shall tell you by and by. But long before men found out a method of manufacturing paper, the art has been practised by wasps ever since wasps themselves were made, for the purpose of forming a covering for their nest or hive.

They do not use for their paper any substances employed in paper manufactories, but the fibres of wood which they gnaw from posts, rails, window-frames, &c., and when they have collected a great number of these fibres, they moisten it with their mouths, and knead it into a sort of paste or *papier mâché* (I will tell you about this some day), and fly off with it to their nests. When they get to their nests, they spread this into leaves of proper thinness, and attach it to the building at which they are at work, and put one piece of this substance upon the other "in a good and workman-like manner," as the bricklayers say, till a proper number of layers to compose the roof is finished.

The wasps' paper is about the thickness of thin post, and their nests consist of about fifteen or sixteen sheets of this paper ; which, placed only a little distance apart, make nearly two inches thick-

ness. Hornets also make paper in the same way, but it is coarser and thicker than that made by wasps.

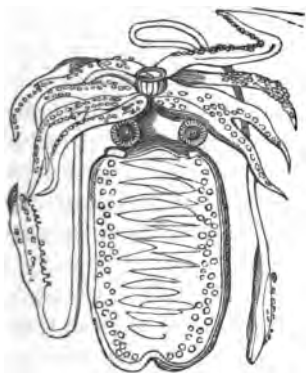
ZOOLOGY.

Malacostraca Podophthalma.

Here is this hard word again ; try to pronounce it. Ask some one to pronounce it for you, and you will soon do it. But I am going to tell you of some animals that have teeth in their stomachs. You know we have teeth in our mouths, with which we cut and grind our food. Fowls have no teeth in their mouths, and none in their stomachs, but they have a gizzard, which is a sort of mill ; but this mill would be of no use without stones. Stones, however, do not grow in the gizzard, and so the bird picks them out of the earth and swallows them, and being thus prepared, its mill sets it to work to grind the grain. This is all wonderful, but it is no less true. As to fish, they would find it rather difficult to pick up these mill-stones, and, therefore, the great and good God has given them teeth in the stomach ; that is to say, to some kinds of fish, such as are well known by the common names of lobster, shrimp, and prawn, but which in science bear the long hard name of *Malacostraca Podophthalma*.

The stomach of these animals is constructed in a very singular manner ; it is formed in a frame-work of bone, that when the stomach is empty, it may act close together. The teeth are inserted round the lower opening, called by anatomists the pylorus, and are extremely hard, with their margins *denticulated* ; there is another hard word ; that is to say, the edges of the teeth are like those of a saw, so that nothing can pass the opening without being cut and ground

to pieces (learned people would say, without being masticated). The bones and teeth are moved by peculiar muscles; and it is a curious fact, that when the animal throws off its shell, it also disgorges its bony stomach, and *secretes* a new one; that is to say, a new one is formed by the powers of the animal itself. It is said to secrete it



when certain fluids of the body manufacture it; in the same way that the snail and coral make their coverings or habitations, of which I have before told you. The teeth of the cuttle-fish (sepia) are arranged after the same manner, being situated in the centre of the lower part of the body. They are only two in number, of a horny substance, and in shape just like the bill of a parrot.

PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE SEA.

You may read in my book on the "Wonders of the Earth, Sea, and Sky," a particular account of the luminous appearance which the sea sometimes assumes, especially in hot climates. During this last autumn, in the month of September, I had the best opportunity of witnessing one of these appearances in our own regions, that I ever enjoyed in my life. I was in a steam-boat upon the Irish sea; the evening was very gloomy, and there was a drizzling rain falling; but as it became dark, the ripple upon the top of every wave became bright, and two streams of white light gradually fading at the distant

extremities, spread out in an angle from the stern of the vessel. Under the paddle-wheels, the appearance was almost like that of a furnace heated to a white heat.

When all the passengers were in their berths, I went on deck, and had a bucket of water drawn up for me to examine. At first there were a few bright specks about the size of pins' heads, which disappeared as the water became steady. When stirred with a stick, these sparks were restored, and considerably increased in number, in the line along which the stick passed. I then poured some warm water into the bucket, and immediately the specks became more brilliant and more numerous, shooting in straight lines in all directions. It was evident that they were living beings, from the decision of their motions, though they were so small as to be quite imperceptible when brought into the light.

From all I have seen of this remarkable phenomenon, I am of opinion, that it always arises from live creatures of various shapes and sizes; some of them being a sort of shrimp, with shells and eyes and legs, and others like bladders of water, in which you cannot distinguish the organs of sense; and as to bulk, some of them being so large as to weigh fifty pounds, and others so small as not to be perceptible, except by the light which they themselves emitted. The luminous property appears to exist in a liquid which the animal has the power of pressing out through its skin; and it appears to be excited to do this from the influence of motion or heat. If you compare this with what I have written elsewhere, you will know all that I can tell you on the subject.

AUNT PARLEY'S TALES.



DISOBEDIENT CHARLES.

A TRUE STORY.

I know, my dear little friends, that you are all very fond of Peter Parley and his nice stories. How it is that he is such a favourite with you all I do not know; but I see no reason why Aunt Parley should not in time become quite as much a favourite with you. I shall do my best, and I promise you that my tales shall be all true; and if you read them attentively, and follow the advice of Aunt Parley, who has had a great deal of experience, you never will be disobedient, and always mind what is said to you. Charles's papa and mamma had a very nice house on the bank of a river, and in the summer he often sailed on the water with his parents, so that he was very fond of the water; but he had been told never to go alone, because, in some places the bank was very steep, and the

water rushed along so rapidly that it was dangerous ; and he being a little boy, only six years old, did not know the safe part from the dangerous part. His papa and mamma loved him very much, and thought, after the caution they had given him, and his promising never to go too near by himself, that there was no occasion to confine him to the garden, but let him run and gather the wild flowers that grew about the fields. One fine summer morning, little Charles set out for school, with his satchel of books swung over his shoulder. His road to school led him along the bank of this river ; and his mother had always charged him not to go down to the water's edge. This morning, as she dressed him, brushed his curly hair, and kissed him, she said, " I hope you will never be so naughty as to go down to the edge of the water ; only think how dreadful it would be to be drowned in the deep river !" " Oh ! no, mother," said Charles, and away he ran, his bright curls dancing in the wind.



It was a very pleasant morning ; the birds were singing in all the trees, and the busy bees were flying from flower to flower, dipping in their heads for the sweet honey, and buzzing away to each other

about the bright sunshine. The tall trees on each side of the road were whispering, as they bent their high heads, to the warm soft wind ; and the little boy's heart was full of happiness, for he was a merry little fellow, and often stopped to gather the flowers, or chase a butterfly. Presently a flock of geese came running along the road to the river, cackling and screaming, with the proud gander at their head. As they passed Charles, he thought what fun it would be to chase them ; and away he flew, shouting, and laughing, and swinging his cap over his head, quite forgetting his mother's wishes. The geese got before him to the water, and in they splashed, one after the other, diving and dashing the spray over each other, and then swimming gracefully about. Charles forgot all about school as he stood watching them with delight, and wishing himself a goose, and that he could swim : he thought how cool the water would feel this hot morning. "Oh, I wish I was a goose, then I should not have to sit in that warm school-room all day, studying spelling lessons." Just at this moment he spied a little boat, tied to a stake, close by him. I might get into that boat, he thought, and sit and watch the geese,—that would be beautiful. I wonder why mother is so afraid to have me go near the water ; it could not do me any harm just to step into the boat. He stood thinking a little while, and looked up and down the river ; the water was as clear and blue as the sky, and a few light clouds that were reflected in it looked to Charles like a flock of sheep. Wherever the sunlight fell on the river, it sparkled so bright, it dazzled his eyes ; and near the bank the trees cast a deep shadow over it. Every leaf was reflected in the clear smooth surface, as distinctly as if it had been a looking-glass. Charles thought all this was beautiful ; and he thought how pleasant it would be to get

into the little boat, and float calmly and gently over the still river. He walked to the boat: it was a new one, painted bright green, with a red stripe round the edge. There were two oars in it, and a nice seat. Charles looked at the boat a moment longer, and then on the bright water, and the geese that were playing about; then he put one foot into the boat, and took up one of the oars, they were very light, and he thought he could row quite well with them. Forgetting his mother's command, he sat down in it, untied the rope that fastened it to the stake, and the swift current soon carried the disobedient boy away from the shore. The boat floated close to the geese, and Charles laughed heartily to see their fright. The rapid river did not let the boat stay long in one spot, but hurried it along. All this time Charles's mother thought him safe at school: how frightened she would have been had she known his danger. The hours passed away, and it was noon, but Charles did not come; the dinner was ready, he was nowhere to be found; one of his elder brothers went to see if he had stopped on the road to play, but could not find him; he met the schoolmistress, who told him Charles had not been to school that day. His poor brother ran home, inquiring of all he met, if they had seen his little brother. No one knew any thing of him, except one man, who said he saw him about nine o'clock running towards the river after the geese. The anxious boy ran down to the river, but did not find his brother; he saw that the little boat was gone, and looking farther he found Charles's satchel. The poor boy burst into tears, and felt sure that his dear brother had gone off in the boat, and he hastened home to tell his fears. His parents were very much alarmed; his father and brothers went out to look for him; in vain did they go to every place; no one had seen the

lost boy. The alarm spread, several friends went out in boats to row up and down the river in search of him ; all were sorry for the distressed parents, but they could see no boat, and returned. They dragged the river to find his body, if he were drowned ; but all in vain. Night came and he was not found. You cannot imagine the grief of this almost distracted family. When you, my little friends, have little boys and girls of your own, you will better understand how fathers and mothers feel when they have naughty, disobedient children. Charles's mother walked all that night on the bank of the river ; her screams and wild lamentations were heard in the stillness of the night ; and mothers, who heard her grief, held their infants closer to their bosoms, thanked God that they were safe, and prayed that they might grow up obedient. Morning came, but it brought no good tidings to this afflicted family. The day passed, and no Charles was found ; but a man who had been out fishing, found the little green boat, and brought it to its owner. On the third day, a gentleman was rowing down the river, and about three miles from the town he found poor little Charles among some bushes on a small island, quite dead. Many hearts ached when they looked at him, who but a few days before was full of health and joy. His beautiful bright curls were all soaked with water, and some of the long river weeds had got twisted into them. His dark blue eyes were half open, but their merry glance was gone for ever. Oh ! how his parents and brothers and sisters felt, as they saw him buried in the cold ground. He died in his youth and beauty ; and the very last thing he did before his spirit left the world, was to break one of God's commandments, which says, " Honour thy Father and thy Mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God

giveth thee." This commandment had been taught Charles, and he knew what it meant, he likewise knew how wicked it was to be disobedient; yet you see that he forgot it; and what was the consequence? You have already seen, and I hope you will all take warning from this sad story, and recollect that God, at all times, in the dark as well as by day, sees and knows what you are doing; and though you are not sometimes seen by your parents when you are disobeying their orders, He is watching over you; and how can you expect Him to take care of you if you will not obey Him? I hope you will think of the fifth commandment whenever you are tempted to disobey your parents.

MARY PARLEY.

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CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.

Now grocer's trade  
Is in request,  
For plums and spices  
Of the best.

Good cheer doth with  
This month agree;  
And dainty chops  
Must sweetened be.

Mirth and gladness  
Doth abound;  
And strong beer in  
Each house is found.

Minced pies, roast beef,  
With other cheer;  
And feasting doth  
Conclude the year.

Yes; and well I know, that very often sickness begins the new one. Now, many little boys and girls do I know, who have been out to parties, and have stuffed, and stuffed, and stuffed, till they could eat no longer. I once asked a little boy what he had on Christmas-day.

Oh! said he, such a good dinner, Peter Parley.

Well! and tell me what you had.

Why first, when I got up in the morning, I had a large slice of plum-cake before breakfast, and then I had hot rolls, and eggs, and tea, and some of a large Yorkshire pie, which my uncle sent us from a great way off. Then I went to church.

And what did you do there?

Oh! I thought about the plum-pudding we were to have for dinner, and the turkey, for I saw it hanging up in the larder before I left, along with a large piece of roasting beef, and a couple of ducks, and a large piece of pork, and a good many birds and other game.

So you thought most of the plum-pudding!

Yes; but I thought a good deal of the turkey, because my father promised me that I should have the merry-thought to make a skip-jack of.

Well; but you have not told me what you had to eat.

Oh! well, first I had some nice soup, but it was so hot with pepper, it made my throat like an oven, and everybody laughed at me because I cried. Then I had some nice fish. Then came the roast beef—oh, such a piece! I think they call it a baron of beef; and father cut into it so bravely, and loaded our plates with gravy. I did enjoy this so; but was rather sorry I did not think of the turkey. But I could not let him pass; he looked so white and nice, all boiled, you know, with oyster sauce. So, as father said, I paid my *respects* to the turkey. But somehow or other, I began to lose my appetite after this. But then, the plum-pudding! oh, the sight of that was quite reviving! I had a nice slice; and father helped me to what he called a *second edition in smaller print*. I do not think I should have eaten any more, had it not been for the mince pies. But you know it would have been ungentleel to refuse; besides, we do not get such



at school—but that was nothing—we had plenty of things after that. First, we had some bread and cheese and celery ; but I did not want any of that, I had plenty of that at school. Then came in some jellies, and custards with almonds in them, and blamanche, and preserved apricots ; and then we had apples, and pears, and oranges, and almonds, and raisins, and figs ; and, what was best of all, a real pine apple.

And I suppose you had some of the pine apple ?

Yes ; and of the custards and oranges too ! and, besides, we had some wine ! Red wine, and white wine, and all sorts of wine ; and, what was better than all, something that everybody likes—that is punch—

But stop ! stop ! I can't remember the number of things you had. First you had soup, then fish, beef : what next ? turkey, oysters, plum-pudding, mince-pies, custard, apples, oranges, wine, punch—you had all of these ?

Yes ; and some nuts besides, and sweetmeats too ! That was at dinner. Then at tea I had some more plum-cake and some muffins ; and then, in the evening, we had snap-dragons, and after that, more roast beef, turkey, plum-pudding, and mince-pie ; but I only had some turkey and mince-pie, and a little wine after it, for I did not feel very well after so much stuffing, so father gave me a drop of brandy to quiet my stomach.

I should think you felt a pain in your stomach ?

Not at all ; only I was very sleepy.

And now let us make a list of the number of things you had in your little stomach, which is only made to hold about two pints, you know.

- |               |                   |                                |                                |
|---------------|-------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Plum-cake. | 8. Oysters.       | 15. Pine apple.                | 21. Snap-dragons.              |
| 2. Soup.      | 9. Melted butter. | 16. Nuts.                      | 22. Turkey, second edition.    |
| 3. Fish.      | 10. Jellies.      | 17. Sweetmeats.                |                                |
| 4. Beef.      | 11. Custard.      | 18. Plum cake, second edition. | 23. Mince-pie, second edition. |
| 5. Potatoes.  | 12. Oranges.      | 19. Muffins.                   | 24. Wine.                      |
| 6. Brocoli.   | 13. Mince-pies.   | 20. Tea.                       | 25. Brandy.                    |
| 7. Turkey.    | 14. Plum-pudding. |                                |                                |

Well, I really did not think I had taken so many things.

And pray how did you feel the next day ?

Oh, I felt very well the next day. I was only very bad during the night. I could not tell you how bad I was ; I know that my head ached, and I was—you know what I mean, Mr. Parley.

Oh, yes ; I could have prophesied that would have been the case. But are you not ashamed of being such a glutton ?

But the other little boys and girls ate as much as I did, and they were not ill at all.

The more is the pity ; it would have been better for them if they had. But I hope you will take warning, and not eat so much on another Christmas-day. It is right and proper that we should make merry at Christmas ; and nothing I like so much as to see children merry ; but it is a strange thing if we cannot be merry without overloading our stomachs. All these good things as they are called, are but so many bad things, if taken too plentifully.

Yes ; but then what am I to do ? there is Twelfth-day coming, and I am invited to a juvenile party, and there is to be dancing, and all sorts of fun.

Why go, to be sure ; and make yourself happy. Be merry and wise.

But what is the meaning of Twelfth-day? I should like to know that.

Twelfth-day is called, in the Prayer book, the Epiphany. It is called Twelfth-day, because it falls twelve days after Christmas. Epiphany means manifestation, and is the day on which Christ was manifested to the Gentiles; that is, to the wise men of the east, who came to worship him.

Well, I thought it was called Twelfth day because of the twelfth-cake. My father took me, last year, to see all the pastry-cooks; and I saw—oh! such a lot of cakes, all iced over with sugar, with kings and queens on the top of them; and at one shop there were such crowds of people.

Aye, and at one of these same shops did old Peter Parley get his coat nailed to the window. I was standing quiet enough, not so much looking at the cakes, as hearing what the boys said to each other.

And what could they talk about?

If you listen, I will give you a specimen of the dialogue. First, then, there was a great throng of men, women, and children, all clustering round the window, like so many flies round a sugar hogshead. There was the policeman, who first began, "Come, you boys, make way there; let that gentleman go into the shop." There was a countryman, who inquired what was the matter; if anybody was ill in the shop?

First Boy.—Nobody sir; it is only Twelfth-night; this is a pastrycook's; there they stand, did you ever see such beautiful cakes?

Second Boy.—Oh, look at that beautiful lady, with a spear in her hand, and a large lion at her feet.

Countryman.—Why that is Rule Britannia. Britannia rules the waves.

Third Boy.—But all the waves are like ice, Mr. Countryman.

Fourth Boy.—Only see these pretty ones.

Fifth Boy.—But look at *that* big one; why it is bigger than a large cheese. I do not think they could get it out of the door.

Sixth Boy.—I like those little ducks and drakes, and that little dog, the best. I think if I was a duck, I'd have a good gobble at the cake.

Seventh Boy.—Would'nt I pick some of the plums and currants out? I'd make a hole in it; would'nt I?

Eighth Boy.—I say, Isaac, isn't that a beautiful lady behind the counter?

Ninth Boy.—Which; there are three?

Countryman.—Why the young one; she with the ringlets, like beautiful cedar shavings.

Fourth Boy.—I do not like her at all; she looks so sour.

Fifth Boy.—I don't think she looks very sour, with so many sweet things about her.

Fourth Boy.—Aye, but she does to us boys when we go in to buy anything. I asked her for a halfpenny twelfth-cake just now, and she said, "Go along; go along."

Tenth Boy.—I say, here is a pretty piece of work. Why, look here; here is this gentleman, and that countryman, and this woman, and that young girl, all pinned together—Ha, ha, ha, ha.

And so I was, sure enough; and, what was worse, my long coat tail nailed to the window; and when I moved, it tore into a great rent.

"Confound the boys," said the old woman; "but 'tis Twelfth-night, and we must not mind trifles." "If I had my will with you," said the young woman, "and was a *man*, I would lay a good stick about you." "Mr. *Blue* Constable," said the countryman, "what is the good of your being here, if you stick people together so?"

"Lawks, sir," said the policeman, "they always do it on Twelfth-night. Everybody is used to it, and doesn't mind it."

Thus you see how boys and girls, men and women, find out the way to amuse themselves, said I. Now you ought not to think of amusing yourself as you have done any more; and as for your Twelfth-night party, if you listen to me, I will tell you how you may amuse and astonish them all, by some really rational amusement.

If you wish to amuse your young friends, among other things, you should provide yourself with a magnet, with which you may perform many wonderful things.

You know what a magnet is; it is a bar of steel, which has been rubbed with a loadstone. It has what are called its poles. When placed upon a pivot, so as it will revolve easily, it will turn and point north and south. The end which turns toward the north is called its north pole, and that which points to the south is called the south pole. When the north pole of one magnet is presented to the south pole of another, attraction, equal to its powers, takes place. From knowing this quality, you may make many pretty amusing toys, at the same time you illustrate the properties of the magnet.

You may, for instance, make a little duck or swan by cutting a piece of cork, and if you enclose within it a well-impregnated magnetic bar, and set it afloat on a basin of water, it may be made quite obedient to you. You must also get a piece of elder tree, and force a

magnet into the place of the pith. Over each end you must place a small portion of the pith which you have forced out, making some mark by which you will know one end of the stick from the other. You may, if you like, place a piece of bread on that end of the stick which attracts, and the swan will come to you ; or you may place something else on the other end, and the swan will seem to avoid you, by being repelled.

In the same way, you may take some fish. They may be made of wood. Into their head parts may be placed a small magnetic bar ; this should be just heavy enough to balance the fish under water. You must then have an iron hook magnetised, which you place upon the line, and the line upon a rod, as little anglers do. You may then throw some small pieces of bread into the basin of water in which you have placed your fish, and bait your hook with the same. The fish will immediately come to the place, and may be drawn out of the water.

You may also borrow a watch from some person in the company, and by concealing a magnet in your hand, may command it to stop or go. When you wish the watch to stop, you must press the loadstone to its back ; when to go on again, you must give the watch a slight shake. Of course, you must conceal the magnet.

Take a large bung, and lay the magnet upon it, and place it in a tub of water ; take another bung, on which place a small piece of iron ; place this also at a certain distance from the other on the fluid. It will be seen that the two buoys will advance to each other till they touch.

The magnetic attraction is not diminished by interposing any bodies, except iron. This may easily be illustrated.

Spread on paper some iron filings, and they will arrange themselves in a peculiar manner. Iron filings, shaken through a gauze sieve upon a paper over a bar magnet, will be arranged in curved lines, and at each pole some will be erect.

Sprinkle steel-dust on paper over two magnets, having their poles opposite, and distant about an inch, and observe the effect.

You may perform many other experiments with magnets, and particularly by means of pith balls, impregnated with iron. These may be cut into various figures, and being acted on in the same way, will jump, and dance, skip, swim, or run, at your bidding. But I would rather leave it for your ingenuity to find out, than tell you of these things; because having given you the principle upon which to act, it will be of more advantage to you.

Optics, or the peculiarities which sometimes occur in the laws relating to vision, will afford numerous amusements. If you affix to a dark wall a round piece of paper, an inch or two in diameter, and a little lower, at the distance of two feet from each side, make two masks, and place yourself directly opposite to the paper, and hold the end of your finger before the paper in such a manner, that when the right eye is open, it shall conceal the mask on the left; and when the left eye is open, the mask on the right. If you then look with both eyes to the end of your finger, the paper, which is not at all concealed by it from either of your eyes, will, nevertheless, disappear.

Try to find out the reason of this, and communicate it to me.



## THE FLOWER GARDEN.



SHOWING THAT LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS SHOULD WALK WITH  
THEIR EYES OPEN.

“OH! how pretty! Oh, Mamma, do not let me tread on these pretty flowers,” lisped a little boy just learning to walk, when his mother brought him into the garden. “I shall hurt the pretty flowers,” said he; “pity to hurt the pretty flowers.”

What child is there that does not love flowers? They have been



called the joy of the plants that bear them ; the stars of the earth. How often, when I was a boy, did I try to arrange them into constellations on the grassy mead. What is the *use* of flowers ? They do not to us appear to be of any use. No doubt the plant could perform all its various offices without a beautiful blossom ; but God gives them beauty that we may delight in them, and love them and Him.

How sweet is a walk in a garden on a fresh May morning, when everything is bursting into blossom about us. Here are two little girls attending their flower-garden, and a very delightful occupation they have.

The habits of flowers are very curious. Some are very excellent barometers, and afford a certain means of telling the state of the atmosphere. Most of the bulbous-rooted flowers contract or close their petals at the approach of rain. The African marigold indicates rain if the corolla be closed after seven or eight in the morning. The common bud-weed closes its flowers on the approach of rain, but the *Anagallis Arvensis*, or scarlet pimpernel, which is commonly called shepherd's weather-glass, is the most true in its indications, as the petals constantly close on the least humidity of the atmosphere.

Barley is also singularly affected by the moisture or dryness of the air. The awns are furnished with stiff points, all turning to one end, which extend when moist, and shorten when dry. The points, too, prevent their receding, so that they are drawn up or forward ; as moisture is returned they advance, and so on ; indeed they may be actually said to travel forwards ; and if you place one of these

awns in the grass, you will find that in a few days it has either advanced or receded from the point at which you placed it.

You may also make excellent barometers from the capsules of the geranium. Fasten the beard, when fully ripe, upon a stand, and it will twist itself, or untwist, according as the air is moist or dry. So that flowers *are of use*, besides being beautiful. Thus, you see, flowers make good barometers, and why should they not make clocks? If you will listen to me, I will tell you how to make a flower clock.

Many variety of flowers open their blossoms in the morning, and close them in the evening; yet all do not open or close at the same hour. Plants of the same species are pretty regular to an hour in equal temperatures, hence the daily opening and shutting of the flower has been called *Horologium Floræ*.

We are indebted to Linnæus for the first observations—the sensibilities of plants in reference to warmth and light. The list is given by him, however, of the name of plants whose blossoms open or close at stated periods in the meridian of Upsal. This would be of no use in Britain. It is, therefore, requisite we should have one for ourselves.

In London we are soon to have a splendid Botanical Garden in the Regent's Park, and I have heard that one of the interesting objects will be a complete flower-dial. This will be delightful, will it not? But why should you not try to make one in your own garden?

I have given you a list of twenty-four plants for you to place in the form of a circular dial, or desk, with the time of their opening

or closing at Midsummer. I am sure you will have no difficulty in making a flower clock, if you set about it in good earnest.

|                                        | Opening. |    | Closing. |       |                            | Opening. |    | Closing. |       |
|----------------------------------------|----------|----|----------|-------|----------------------------|----------|----|----------|-------|
|                                        | H.       | M. | H.       | M.    |                            | H.       | M. | H.       | M.    |
| 1. Yellow Goat's Beard ...             | 3        | 5  | ...      | 9 10  | 13 Spotted Achyrophorus    | 6        | 7  | ...      | 4 5   |
| 2. Late Flowery Dandelion              | 4        | 0  | ...      | 12 0  | 14. White Water Lily ..... | 7        | 0  | ...      | 5 0   |
| 3. Bristly Helminthia .....            | 4        | 5  | ...      | 12 0  | 15. Garden Lettuce .....   | 7        | 0  | ...      | 10 0  |
| 4. Alpine Barkhausia .....             | 4        | 5  | ...      | 12 1  | 16. African Marigold ..... | 7        | 0  | ...      | 3 4   |
| 5. Wild Succory .....                  | 4        | 5  | ...      | 8 9   | 17. Common Pimpernel.....  | 7        | 8  | ...      | 12 0  |
| 6. Naked Stalked Poppy...              | 5        | 0  | ...      | 7 0   | 18. Mouse-ear Hawkweed     | 8        | 0  | ...      | 2 0   |
| 7. Copper-coloured Dog }<br>Lily ..... | 5        | 3  | ...      | 7 8   | 19. Proliferous Pink.....  | 8        | 0  | ...      | 1 0   |
| 8. Smooth Sowthistle .....             | 5        | 0  | ...      | 11 12 | 20. Field Marigold.....    | 9        | 0  | ...      | 3 0   |
| 9. Alpine Agathyrus .....              | 5        | 0  | ...      | 12 0  | 21. Purple Sandwort .....  | 9        | 10 | ...      | 2 3   |
| 10. Small Bur-reed .....               | 5        | 6  | ...      | 4 5   | 22. Small Purslane .....   | 9        | 10 | ...      | 11 12 |
| 11. Common Nettle Wort                 | 5        | 6  | ...      | 10 0  | 23. Creeping Mallow .....  | 9        | 10 | ...      | 12 1  |
| 12. Common Dandelion ....              | 5        | 6  | ...      | 8 9   | 24. Buckweed .....         | 9        | 10 | ...      | 9 10  |



## FOR MY YOUNGEST READERS.

How big was ALEXANDER, Papa?

"How big was Alexander, Pa?

The people call him great;  
Was he, like great Goliath, tall;  
His spear an hundred weight?

"Was he so large that he could stand  
Like some tall steeple high;  
And while his feet were on the ground,  
His hands could touch the sky?"

"Oh, no, my boy, about as large  
As I or uncle James.  
'Twas not his *stature* made him great,  
But greatness of his name."

"His name, oh, aye, I know 'tis long,  
But easy quite to spell;  
And more than half a year ago  
I knew it very well."

"I mean, my child, his *actions* were  
So great, he got a name  
That every body speaks with praise,  
And tells about his fame."

"Well, what great action did he do?  
I want to know it all."

"Why, he it was that conquer'd Tyre,  
And levelled down her wall.

"And thousands of her people slew,  
And then to Persia went,  
And fire and sword on every side  
Through many a region sent.

"A hundred conquer'd cities shone  
With midnight burnings red,  
And strewn o'er many a battle ground  
Were thousands stiff and dead."

"Did killing people make him great?  
Then why was Aaron Young,  
Who kill'd his neighbour the other day,  
Put into jail, and hung?"

"I never heard them call *him* great."  
"Why, no—'twas not in war;  
But he who kills a single man  
We always should abhor."

"Well, then, if I should kill a single man,  
I'll kill a hundred more,  
*I should be great*, and not get hung,  
Like Aaron Young before."

"Not so, my child, 'twill never do;  
The Gospel says, Be kind;  
And they that quarrel, and they that kill,  
The Gospel do not mind.

"You know, my child, the Bible says,  
That you must always do  
To other people as you wish  
To have them do to you."

"But, Pa, did Alexander wish  
That some strong men would run  
And burn his house, and kill him too,  
And do as he had done

"And every body call'd him GREAT

For killing people so.

Well, now what right had he to kill,

I should be glad to know.

"If one should burn the buildings here,

And kill the folks within,

I do not know if this is great,

It is a wicked sin.

"But I suppose that when we grow

Up men, that we may do

Things that poor little children are

Not old enough to show.

"But yet I cannot make it out,

You say, Pa, do not hate,

And live in love and peace, and yet

These fighting folks call GREAT."

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## ENGLISH HISTORY.

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### *Parley tells of the First Inhabitants of Britain, and of the Early English Kings.*

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WHEN you look at all the things you see, as you walk through the streets of London, or any other large town, and notice coaches and fine horses, and beautiful clothes, and good roads, and steam-boats, and steam-carriages that will take you forty miles in an hour, you would hardly think that this country was once full of wild savages, who lived upon roots and acorns, and had no other clothes but what they tore from the backs of wolves, and other wild animals, not much wilder than themselves.

But so it was. About two thousand years ago, the whole of Eng-

land, Ireland, and Scotland, was an uncultivated waste ; and the people were quite wild, and lived in caves, or in rude huts, just as the savages of America and the South Sea Islands do now.

It is supposed that these savages came from the other side of the water, where France now is. The people that lived there were called Gauls, or Celts ; and although it is so long ago, yet some of the people in the highlands of Scotland speak the same language that these people then did, which we call the ancient Gaelic, or Celtic language.

Well, these wild people, the ancient Britons, as I told you, had no clothes but the skins of beasts, and no houses but such as were formed of branches of trees, or dug in the earth. They used to paint their bodies with figures of the sun, moon, and stars, after a rude fashion, with woad and other dyes. They had weapons to fight with, large clubs, spears, with iron heads, and swords ; and they knew how to use them.

Wild as these people were, like all other savage barbarous nations, they had what they called a religion ; and a strange religion it was : not the religion we enjoy, which teaches us to live in peace and love, and to trust in the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour, to receive us into a place of bliss when we die, to dwell with him for ever. No, indeed, their religion was very different, and their forms of worship consisted in a great many superstitious ceremonies. Their places of worship were in the open air, and consisted of rude stone pillars, standing in a circle. Some of these circles of stones are standing to this day ; so we can tell what sort of places they were.

In the middle of these circles a large stone was fixed, and on this—would you believe it—they used to sacrifice human beings ; that is

to say, they used to take men or women, and after having said some prayers over them, and performed some ceremonies, the priests, which were called Druids, used to take out their great knives, and kill them; by stabbing them in the breast, or cutting their throats.

Poor things! they did not know better. They were very ignorant; they were so silly as even to believe that God liked to see this cruelty. What a blessing it is to us that we have the Bible, which tells us that God does not will that any such things should be done.

The Druids considered the oak to be very sacred, and set a great value on the mistletoe, a sort of plant, which grows on the oak. Whenever they found a mistletoe, they held a feast under the oak that bore it. The custom still remains in country places, or something after the same kind. I dare say you have often seen the mistletoe hanging up in the kitchen, and girls and boys dancing, and sometimes scrambling for a kiss under it.

The Britons lived in this way for a great many years. Nobody knows when the islands were first peopled; and we should know nothing about England at that time, had not a great warrior, named Julius Cæsar, written an account of it.

Julius Cæsar was a Roman general, and afterwards Emperor of Rome. He came over to England, and made himself acquainted with the inhabitants. His object was to found a Roman colony, and to make Britain subject to Rome.

Well, he came over; but the Britons did not like his coming: he never asked leave; he never said, I should like to come into your country and see it, and shall be glad if you will let me do so. No, no, he was not civil enough for that; and thought, because he had got a good many soldiers, that he had a right to go where he liked.

But the Britons thought differently, and said, "You sha'n't come here, Mr. Cæsar."

It would not be right for one strong man to go into another man's house, and set himself down in the arm chair, and say to the people in it, Bring me the bread and meat out of the cupboard ; give me the key of the cellar, and let me eat and drink as much as I like,—would it? No, you say. But great conquerors have always done more than this.

Julius Cæsar was opposed by the Britons. When his ships came near the coast, he found the whole of the hills covered with *Britons*, determined to dispute his landing. This was at Dover. So he sailed farther up the coast, towards Deal, and there he made a landing, of which I will tell you another day.

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## AUNT PARLEY'S TALES.

### NO II.

#### THE SLIDING PARTY.

It was one of the finest evenings in January—I can remember it very well ; I was then a young girl, and was delighted with such beautiful evenings as the one I am going to tell you about. The moon shone bright, the stars glittered like so many gems in the sky, not a dark cloud was to be seen, not a breath of wind, not so much as to shake the tops of the tallest trees ; true it was very cold, and the snow laid deep on the ground ; and though most of the busy



world had retired to their houses, to enjoy the long evening by their wintry fire-side, I was tempted to take a stroll out to admire the beautiful prospect. I did not remain out long, as it was the practice of my father to relate stories to amuse us in the evening, while mother and myself sat at work. When I returned home, I found them all seated round the blazing fire ready ; and all seemed happy but my eldest brother, John ; he was evidently uneasy, and could not sit still long together, and kept looking about, and listening, and often going to the window. At last, he told his father that his play-mates were going on the river to slide, and that he should like to go. We all begged of him not to think of going out on the ice, and told him it would be better for him to stay at home, and hear father's stories ; but all to no purpose : he had made up his mind to go, though he knew how unhappy we should all be while he was away. He promised to be home at nine, and said he would not go near the bridge ; for there the current was more rapid, and, of course, the ice would not be so safe ; and his father cautioned him of the openings in the ice, and that he might be liable to fall in, and get drowned. John heard all that his father said : but boys love to roam, and are fond of adventure ; and, I am sorry to say, that when they set their hearts on anything, it often happens, that the advice of parents is of no use to them : and so it was in this case. He had just turned the corner of the house, when he heard the merry shout and laugh of the party ; and he waited till they came up, and all went towards the river. They had a mile to walk, but that was nothing to a set of crazy-headed, self-willed boys ; they soon got there, and were busily engaged in their sport.

It was, indeed, very fine sliding ; and they staid until the clock

struck nine, when John proposed to go home ; but the rest insisted on staying a *little* longer, " only a few minutes," as they said. John had many unpleasant feelings about stopping, after the clock had struck nine, for he knew that his father would expect him, after his promise ; but he at last yielded to the intreaties of the rest, and tried not to think of the uneasiness his absence would cause at home. Their few minutes were spun out into more than an hour, and they did not get home, as we shall see presently, before half-past ten.

From the time John went, we were all unhappy, and kept asking father if he were not afraid that he would get drowned ? So much were we all concerned about our brother, that it made the tears steal silently down our father's face, and he resolved, that in future he would spare us all this anxiety, by using his authority to keep him at home. After the clock had struck nine, and John did not return, we became impatient, especially his little sisters, who ought to have been in bed long before that time, but they were unwilling to go until they saw their brother return ; and father did not compel them, for he was the kindest of fathers, and sometimes a little too indulgent. But when the clock struck ten, the pain of the whole family was extreme. Father would have gone after him to see if anything had happened, but he was lame with the gout, and could hardly walk across the room ; and we had nobody to send. Oh, what a wretched half hour we spent !

There lived at the public tavern a man whom they called Sailor Jem ; he had once been a sailor, and he happened to see the party start off for the river. While he was sitting telling stories, and hearing the news, a man came in to warm his feet, and Jem asked him what news he had. " A sad accident," said he, " has just happened

at the bridge ; a party of boys were sliding, and one of them is drowned." Jem heard no more, but came breathless to my father's ; he found us already in trouble, but his story made us all half-distracted. My father was more composed, and begged of Jem to go directly to the river, on the road which he saw John take, and see if he could make any discoveries.

Jem started immediately ; he had only got a quarter of a mile when he met the boys returning all safe. So he accompanied John home, and saw him restored to his anxious family. Our joy was great when we saw him safe, and father did not interrupt it that night, by talking to my brother about his conduct, but the next morning at breakfast, he endeavoured to show him wherein he had done wrong. They had not been to the bridge, it was true, but then he did not come home at the appointed time.

You will see by this, how much you can do, if you choose, to make a whole family unhappy, by not taking the advice of those whose age and experience enable them to judge better for you than you can for yourselves. And remember one thing, that a promise should be held sacred. Had he come home at nine, as he ought to have done, he would have saved us an hour and a half of the most intense suffering ; and I hope, if you make a promise, even the most trifling, that you will keep it.

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## SOMETHING ABOUT DOGS.



How unjust it is that the name of the dog, the most faithful friend of man, should be applied by us, as it often is, to a bad or mean-spirited person.

Look at this fine fellow above. It is a shepherd's dog, so called from guarding the flocks, and very useful, indeed, he is. I dare say you have seen one running over the sheep's backs, to turn the foremost back, or down a lane, or into a field. What could the shepherd do without his dog?

And then how faithful is he! He has often been known to go

for days and days without food, and never to leave his master. A shepherd once laid a wager with another man, that he would keep his dog four days without food, and he should not be able to entice him away. The experiment was tried. The dog was kept without food; then came the tempter with some meat, which he showed to the dog. The dog followed, but would not go far, and every time returned at the whistle of his master. He was tried again and again; suffered to be without food for another day, but still he would not leave him. The shepherd laid down and pretended to be dead; the other person, came and held the meat, but the dog, so far from leaving his master, absolutely flew at him with great ferocity every time he ventured to approach, although he carried the food in his hand.

This is faithfulness, and ought to be a lesson to us. If we were as faithful to the good Shepherd as was this poor dog to his master, how much happier should we be!

Shepherd's dogs are almost reasoning animals sometimes; and the stories that could be related of their sagacity are so numerous, that you might write a book quite full of them. I heard a shepherd say, that once he wanted his dog Bruno to fetch back a ram which had run away into a flock of ewes. The dog, on getting into the flock, immediately cut him off from the rest of his species with about a dozen ewes; he then drove them to some distance, and then dashing among them, separated the ram from the ewes, and brought him to his master. The place where the ram joined the ewes, was a mile from where the shepherd stood, and therefore he could have no influence over the dog at that distance.

There are many other species of dog equally faithful and sagacious. The Newfoundland dog is particularly so. Often have they been

known to rescue drowning persons from a watery grave. If you could recollect ten years ago, you would remember a dreadful gale of wind, June 11th, 1829, during which a vessel was driven on the beach at Lynn. No boats could get to the assistance of the crew, who were, however, all saved and brought ashore through the activity of a fine Newfoundland dog. The surf was rolling furiously, and eight poor fellows were crying for aid, which the spectators could not afford them, when one man directed the attention of his dog to the vessel, and the sagacious animal at once swam towards it, and the crew joyfully made a small line fast to a piece of wood, which the dog seized and swam with to his master on shore; to this line a larger one was attached, which was drawn on shore, and by this means the whole eight persons were saved.

If you have been in the streets of London, you may perhaps have witnessed the sagacity of a French dog which accompanies a Frenchman with an organ. This dog evidently feels the greatest interest in collecting the pence; he runs up and down the street, looks at every door, down the areas, and up at the drawing-room windows, and uses every mode of expression that a dog can use to obtain pence from the inhabitants. While his master plays in the middle of the street, the dog will canvass at both ends. When a halfpenny is thrown to him, with evident joy in his look, he leaps on to the organ, and deposits it in his master's hand.

People are so delighted with the sagacity of this dog, that the organist obtains a great deal of money. I have in one street seen him collect sixpence in the course of a quarter of an hour. He was once tried with a piece of meat, and, strange to say, he refused that, but took a penny. Dogs are used for drawing all sorts of car-

riages now-a-days, and are very much worked and frequently very ill-used. It is a pity that such a good and faithful animal should ever be hurt. The people of Kamschatka use dogs for drawing sledges ; here is a picture of one of them.



They will travel a great many miles over the snow in a day. It is considered that the Kamschatkan dogs are of wolfish descent.

It is supposed by Buffon and other naturalists, who ought to be the best judges in such matters, that all kinds of dogs had their origin in the shepherd's dog, and that the varieties are the consequent of climate, food, and treatment ; but it is difficult to say if this be really the case. But of this we are certain, that the dog in its numerous varieties answers every end that could be gained by even the creation of distinct races.

We have in the varieties of the dog, an animal that watches our flocks ; another which tracks and hunts down noxious wild beasts ; another which destroys and digs out vermin from the earth ; another which guards our house and lives ; another which will plunge into the deepest waters, and save us from being drowned, besides many other kinds useful to us in a variety of ways.

Surely after this we shall not think lightly of the dog, and most certainly we shall not use him ill ; for remember he has affection, fidelity, and obedience,—three great virtues, even in a man.

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## WORDS AND THINGS.



“**WHAT** has become of the butterflies, father ? ” said a little boy to his papa on new-year’s day this year. “ We have had no winter yet, and yet I do not see one butterfly.”



"What is become of them? That is the question for you, my son," said the father. "Now which do you think is the most likely? They may be all dead; they may be in a warmer climate; they may be hid away far in the earth. So you see it is quite a matter of speculation."

"Speculation! I do not understand that, father."

"I thought you did not, and therefore I must tell you what speculation is. There are several sorts of speculation. It is called a bad speculation when a man engages in any undertaking which, instead of bringing profit, brings loss. When he engages in this plan or scheme, of course he weighs well all that may be against it, and all that may be for it. He says, for instance, if he is going to enter into business, Well, the goods will cost me so much, and I shall sell them for so much; and there will be so much for carriage, and so much for this, and so much for the other; but I think it will do. Then he goes to work, and in the end is ruined."

"And why is he ruined, father?" said the little boy.

"Because he made a bad speculation, and perhaps did not take into consideration certain *contingencies*."

"There, now, father, you put me out again with another hard word. What are contingencies?"

"What are contingencies! It is quite as well that you should know this. In everything that we do there is always something uncertain about it; things will sometimes take a contrary turn from what we expect, owing to something having occurred that we did not or could not foresee. We cannot look into the future, you know, but sometimes we make a mistake, and act as if we could. I knew a little boy once, who, being of a *speculative turn of mind* (you know what I mean by this, I suppose), who said to himself, Before mar-

bles come in, I will buy up all the alleys I can get as cheap as I can, and sell them to my playmates. So he borrowed some money of his mother, and bought, oh! such a load of white alleys and other sorts of marbles, thinking he should have a rare market among his school-fellows. He had been very successful on former years, and this emboldened him.

"Well, he bought his marbles; the season came on, March weather, hard and dry ground, and all that; but just as his sale commenced, the rains came on. It rained more or less every day for a month, and the boys could not play marbles; added to this his school-master had *interdicted* their use, on the *ground* of their being very dirty sport; so poor Peter Simple had all his marbles on his hands. The rainy weather and the master's *interdiction* were the *contingencies* in this case."

"Interdicted and interdiction! I can't understand the story quite perfectly, without you tell me what these words mean."

"To interdict is to make a law by word of mouth against any thing or practice."

"And what has all this to do with butterflies?" said the little boy.

"A great deal; because you were speculating on their destiny, and the word *speculation*, as I use it now, does not mean exactly the same thing as it does in the connexion I have just described to you."

"Men are very apt to endeavour to look into the future. Now the future is hid from us. Philosophers, as they call themselves, sometimes want to know what is the cause of that, and what is the cause of the other. They are called speculative philosophers; they want to look into the cause and nature of things, their origin, and

why they were made just as they are. This kind of mental speculation sometimes leads to great blunders, and yet we must not forget that it sometimes leads to great results when it is connected with practical experience and experiment.

"But about the butterflies. You were wondering where they went to; and you might *wonder a long while*, without you watched the insects and made yourself acquainted with their habits; and this is the great difference between the old philosophy and the new. The old philosophy was all speculation; the new is all demonstration."

"But what is demonstration?" said the little boy.

"If I say I have a black ball in my right hand, and a white one in my left, this is only an affirmative, is it? I only *say* so. Do I?"

"Yes."

"If I show you the balls, that is demonstration, a proof to the understanding."

"And what proofs have we about butterflies?"

"We can trace them:—First, the butterfly lays eggs; these are hatched by the heat of the sun, and out comes a—what?"

"A butterfly."

"No, nor anything like a butterfly; quite a distinct kind of animal—a caterpillar."

"A caterpillar! And where do the butterflies come from?"

"You shall hear. The caterpillar is the insect in its imperfect state, and the butterfly the same insect in perfection."

"Well, who would have thought it?"

"Not even you in all your speculations. The caterpillar, thus hatched from the butterfly's eggs, goes on eating and eating for a

considerable period. It begins to make for itself a little house or covering, or affixes itself by its tail to some worm-hole in a tree ; for every species has a different method of securing itself, and then, after remaining in that state during the cold weather, it changes itself into a—what ?”

“ Butterfly.”

“ Yes ; the whole of the insect bursts from its enclosure, and displays a beautiful form, adorned with wings, horns, six legs, a delicately-formed body, and mounts away into the air. It enjoys a delightful existence for a short time, then lays its eggs and dies.”

“ Well, this is wonderful.”

“ The transformation of the chrysalis to the butterfly has been” likened to the soul’s resurrection from the dead body. Tell me if one is more wonderful than the other. There are several kinds of flies that come out of other forms. Here is one rising from its *chrysalis*, or *grub*, as it floats upon the water.



## PETER SIMPLE'S ADVENTURES WITH A CLOCK.

WHAT is a clock good for? I should like to know that. I know what a house is good for; to eat in, and drink in, and live in, and sleep in. I know that chairs are made to sit down upon; tables to put books, and plates, and dishes, and all sorts of things upon. There are the hobs on each side of the fire-place, I know what they are for. I know what the carpet is for, and the fender and fire-irons, and side-board and book-case; aye, and the piano-forte, I know what that is for, although we have not got one. I like that the best of any; but what is the good of a clock? So said Peter Simple to himself.

"Go on again, my little man," said, I "you will stop bye and bye."

There it stands, a great tall ugly thing, with two hands, and never a leg, with its hands on its face; a pretty sort of place to put hands in, and then it goes click clack, tick tack, and every now and then, ting, ting, ting, ting, and stops between its tinging almost as if it were out of breath; then it gives a cluck, as much as to say, There's music for you. And pretty music it is, all of one sound. Why, a piano-forte is a hundred times better than a clock. I like to hear the piano-forte play; it makes me feel as if I could kick and caper about all day. I should like to know what good there is in this Mr. Clock. "You know I do not like you," said the little boy, shaking his fist in the clock's face; "you always tell my mother when it is time to go to school, and if I could get the door in your stomach open, I would spoil you for a nasty tell-tale as you are. I am quite tired of your tick tack, and as to your striking, I should like to strike you, you ugly-looking thing."

Here the clock struck one—two—three—four—five—six—seven eight—nine.

"Peter, Peter, where are you? Do you know it is time for school?" said a voice in an adjoining room; it was Peter's mother.

"Aye, I'll be even with you some day," said Peter, "depend upon it."

Peter vowed vengeance on the clock, but set off to school, and was barely in time; but as he had not far to go, he was not long after the appointed hour; he said his lessons, and came home again at twelve o'clock. At one o'clock he had his dinner.

He then went into the garden, and romped about with an idle playmate, who lived next door, one Thomas Slovenly, who asked him at last to go and fetch the kite, that they might fly it in an adjacent field.

Peter ran in full of delight at this notion. His kite was behind the clock, and his string on the top of it. He first got his kite out and laid it on the table; then he mounted on a chair, but that was not high enough to reach the top of the clock head, so he got a stool, and placed it upon the chair, and mounted on that, but still he found it difficult to reach his string. While straining himself to reach his hand over as far as he could, the clock struck—one—two—oo. It quite startled Peter, and down he fell, chair and stool and all. It was time for school. "Peter, it is time for *school*," said his mother as she entered the hall, where Peter laid on the floor, bellowing with all his might,

"What have you been at?" said his mother.

"Only getting my string off the top of that nasty clock."

"Come, come," said his mother, "go to school."

But Peter made a great to do. He said he had hurt himself, and could not walk. He had made a great bump in his head. "Oh, my head; oh, my *poor* leg," said he, and began to roar again with all his might.

His mother, thinking him to be really hurt, took him up and laid him on the sofa, bathed his head with vinegar, and rubbed his leg; but she would not let him stop away from school. She looked at the clock and said, "Come, my dear boy, it is half-past two o'clock; I must send Sarah with you to excuse your being so late."

"I do not believe that clock, Mother, it is always telling stories. I don't believe it can be two o'clock yet."

"My dear," said his mother, "that clock always speaks the *truth*."

"I wish you would get rid of it though, mother, and buy a piano-forte; I should like that a great deal better. If the clock played a tune every time it struck, I should like it better; but when last it struck, it only knocked me down, you know. I *hate* the clock; do buy a piano-forte, there's a dear mother."

"Perhaps some day you may know the clock's value, my dear; but come—now for school. Come, Sarah, take Peter to school, and explain to his master why he was not there sooner."

Peter was taken off, though very unwillingly, to school, vowing vengeance within himself against the clock, which he looked upon as his greatest enemy. He thought he would endeavour to find the key of the clock case, and see if he could not stop its ticking, and, what was worse, its telling the time for him to go to school. And he made up his mind that very night to creep down-stairs when every body was a-bed, and see what he could do to destroy the clock. I will tell you all his adventures some day.

## THE TWO FRIENDS.



I LIKE the writings of Mary Howitt very much, and I dare say you like them too, if you are acquainted with them. I am, therefore, very glad to avail myself of the kind permission of the publishers,



to give you one of her "Tales in Prose," entitled "The Two Friends."

Edward and William were friends from boyhood ; their ages were nearly the same, and their stations in life similar. Edward was an orphan, brought up by his grandfather, the proprietor of a small farm. The father of William was a small farmer also, a respectable worthy man, whose only ambition—and such an ambition was laudable—was to leave to his son the heritage of a good name.

Both boys were destined, by their natural guardians, to fill that station in society to which they were born ; but it happened, as sometimes it will happen in such cases, that the boys, though trained up in hard-working and pains-taking families, where the labour of the hand was more thought of than the labour of the head, were, nevertheless, very bookishly inclined ; and, as they were both of them *only* children, their fancies were generally indulged, and no one took offence that their pence and sixpences were hoarded up for the purchase of books, instead of being spent in gingerbread and marbles. And partly to gratify their own tastes for learning, and partly to fall in with the wishes of the village schoolmaster, who took no little pride and pleasure in his docile and book-loving pupils, they attended the grammar-school long after their village contemporaries were following the plough. At fifteen they appeared less likely than ever voluntarily to lay down Homer, and Virgil, and our English divines and poets, for any pleasure it was probable they would ever find in growing turnips, or selling fat cattle.

Perhaps this taste for letters might be also stimulated by the grammar-school having in its gift, every five years, a scholarship in one of the universities ; and which was awarded to the youthful

writer of the best Greek and Latin theme. The term was about expiring, and one of the two friends was sure of the nomination, there being no other candidate.

It was now Christmas, and the decision took place in March. The themes were in progress, and every thought of both youths seemed to turn itself into good Greek and Latin. Just at this time the father of William suddenly died; and, what made the trial doubly afflicting was, that his circumstances had become embarrassed, and the farm must, of necessity, be sold to pay his debts. This was a great sorrow; but, young as William was, his mind was strengthened by knowledge. He turned his philosophy to the best account; he faced his adverse circumstances with manly courage, and with a clear head, and an upright heart, assisted in straightening his father's deranged affairs, and in providing that every one's just claim should be satisfied. Yet it was with a heavy heart that he left the comfortable home of former independence, and retired with his drooping mother to a small dwelling, with the remnant of their fortune, barely sufficient to support her above want.

When William saw his mother's melancholy prospects, he, for a moment, almost lamented that he could not turn his hand to labour; and at times the gloomy thought crossed his mind, that, perhaps, had he been a humble ploughman, he might have saved his father from ruin. But youth is strong, and so is intellect; and the force of a well-stored and active mind buoyed him up; and he felt *that* within him which would not let him despair, nor even murmur; and he knew, besides, that were the scholarship but once won, the way

would then be opened to honourable advancement, and even competency. Vehemently, then, did he bestir himself; what before was interesting, he now pursued with ardour, and what before he had done well, he now did better; for the intellect, like a rich mine, abundantly repays its workers.

Sometimes the idea, almost in the form of a wish, crossed his mind, that Edward, knowing his altered circumstances, might relinquish the field, and thus secure to him what had become so doubly desirable.

It was now the end of January, and, during a hard frost, the two friends met every evening to recreate themselves in skating, an exercise in which both excelled. But William seemed at this time the sport of misfortune; for, as he was performing, almost for the twentieth time, a *chef d'œuvre* in the exercise, his foot caught a pebble in the ice—he was flung forward to an immense distance with terrible velocity, and in his fall broke his leg. Edward, unconscious of the extent of the injury, with the assistance of a cottager, conveyed him home insensible. The poor widow's cup of sorrow seemed now full to the brim; and William vainly endeavoured, amid the agony of suffering, to console her. Edward was like a ministering angel; he spoke words of comfortable assurance, and supported his friend in his arms while he underwent the painful operation of the bone being reset.

In a short time the doctor pronounced William out of danger, but he was unable to use the least exertion; even exercise of mind was forbidden, and days and weeks were now hurrying February into March.

"Alas!" said he, one day, to his friend, "there is no hope of the scholarship for me; but why should I regret it, when it only secures it to you!—And yet, for my poor mother's sake, I cannot resign it, even to you, without sorrow; and, dear Edward," he added, his whole countenance kindling up at the idea, "I would have striven against you like a Dacian gladiator, had it not pleased heaven to afflict me thus!"

Edward was a youth of few words, and after a pause, he replied, "If your theme is finished I will copy it for you; mine I finished last night."

"No," said William, "it is mostly in its first rough state, and wants yet a few pages in conclusion; yet you can see it—read it at your leisure; and, since it is impossible for it to appear, if any ideas or phrases seem to you good, you are welcome to them. But I beg your pardon," added he, correcting himself, "yours, I doubt not, is already the best."

Edward did as his friend desired;—he took from William's desk the various sheets of the unfinished theme. He carried them home with him, and without any intention of appropriating a single word to his own benefit, sat down to its perusal. He read, and as he read, grew more and more amazed:—were these thoughts—was this language indeed the composition of a youth like himself!

He was in the generous ardour of unsophisticated youth, and his heart too was devoted to a noble friendship, and the pure and lofty sentiments of his friend's composition, aided the natural kindness of his heart. It was midnight when he had finished the half-concluded sentence which ended the manuscript, and before morning he had

drawn up a statement of his friend's circumstances, accompanied by the rough copy of his theme, which he addressed to the heads of the college; he also made up his own papers—not now from any desire or expectation of obtaining the scholarship, but to prove, as he said in the letter with which he accompanied them, how much more worthy his friend was than himself.

All this he did without being aware that he was performing an act of singular virtue; but believing merely that it was the discharge of his duty. Oh, how beautiful, how heroic is the high-minded integrity of a young and innocent spirit!

Edward did not even consult his friend the schoolmaster about what he had done, but took the packet the next morning to the nearest coach town, and called on his friend William on his return, intending to keep from him also the knowledge of what he had done.

As soon as he entered the door, he saw by the countenance of the widow, that her son was worse. He had been so much excited by the conversation of the evening before, that fever had come on; and before the day was over, he was in a state of delirium. Edward wept as he stood by his bed and heard his unconscious friend incoherently raving in fragments of his theme; while the widow, heart-struck by this sudden change for the worse, bowed herself, like the Hebrew mother, and refused to be comforted.

Many days passed over before William was again calm, and then a melancholy languor followed, which, excepting that it was unaccompanied by alarming symptoms, was almost as distressing to witness. But the doctor gave hopes of speedy renovation as the spring ad-

vanced, and, by the help of his good constitution, entire, though perhaps slow, recovery.

As soon as Edward ceased to be immediately anxious about his friend, he began to be impatient for an answer to his letter; and, in process of time, that answer arrived. What the nature of that answer was anyone who had seen his countenance might have known; and, like a boy as he was, he leaped up in the exultation of his heart, threw the letter to his old grandfather, who sat by in his quiet decrepitude, thinking that "for sure, the lad was gone mad;" and then hardly waiting to hear the overflowings of the old man's joy and astonishment, folded up the letter, and bounded off like a roebuck to his friend's cottage.

The widow, like the grandfather, thought at first that Edward had lost his wits; he seized her with an eagerness that almost overwhelmed her, and compelled her to leave her household-work and sit down. He related what he had done; and then, from the open letter which he held in his hand, read to her a singularly warm commendation of William's theme, from the four learned heads of the college—who accepted it, imperfect as it was—nominated him to the scholarship—and concluded with a hope, which, to the mother's heart, sounded like a prophecy, that the young man might become a future ornament to the university.

It is impossible to say which was greater,—the mother's joy in the praise and success of her son, or her gratitude to his generous friend, who appeared to have sacrificed his prospects to those of his rival. But while she was pouring out her full-hearted-torrent of gratitude, Edward put the letter into her hand, and desired her to read the rest, while he told the good news to William. The letter

concluded with great praise from the reverend doctors of what they styled Edward's "generous self-sacrifice;" adding, that in admiration thereof, as well as in consideration of the merit of his own theme, they nominated him to a similar scholarship, which was also in their gift.

Little more need be added; the two friends took possession of their rooms at the commencement of the next term; and, following up the course of learning and virtue which they had begun in youth, were ornaments to human nature, as well as to the university.



## THE OLD LADY—HER CAT AND ITS NINE LIVES.



### LIFE THE FIRST.

A CAT has nine lives, so everybody says. Certainly they go through more disasters than any other animal, and have more hair-breadth's escapes. I have seen cats fall from the top of a house, and get up



and run away as if nothing had happened ; that is, you will say, because they always alight on their feet. Perhaps there may be something in this ; be that as it may, I am about to relate to you the adventures of a cat, which are as wonderful as they are true.

There she is, if you look in the picture ; she seems as if she were entering into conversation with the old lady. And so she did in her way ; she could purr when she was happy, and mew when she wanted any thing ? but more than this, she could show by her looks that she understood a good deal the old lady said to her.

She was a good old creature, was this old lady, and she loved her cat because she had nobody else to love, and her cat loved her ; and well she might, for the old lady made a pet of her. She fed her every morning from her own table with new roll and new milk ; then for dinner she would have cooked for her a little kidney, or some other savory morsel. At tea-time puss used to stand with her feet on the elbow of the old lady's chair, and many a nice bit did she receive during that meal, with a saucer of milk before the tea-things were taken away.

Then she had a nice bed. A cushion stuffed with wool by day to repose herself upon, and for night she had a little wicker basket, with a hole to creep in at : there she curled herself so snugly, that many a poor creature would have envied her. In the morning she used to run up-stairs the moment the servant came down, and mew at her mistress's door till she was let in ; and then she would stop with her till she was dressed, turning her tail and rubbing against her mistress's garments, till she came down-stairs, as much as to say, I am glad you are well this morning.

But it was not always so with miss puss, I can assure you : she

had seen many adventures, and had many lives. Few cats had gone through more troubles of the cat kind. Her birth was an exceedingly melancholy one. Shall I tell you about it? Well, then, you must know that the mother of Mozette, for that was her name, was what is called a stable cat; that is, a cat kept in the stable to look after the rats, that they might not eat the horses' corn.

Mozette's mother gave birth to five little kittens; and pretty little things they were, and fond enough she was of them. She thought, too, she had secured them from all danger by hiding them in a hole in the hay-loft, which she had lined with hay to make it nice and warm. She never left her young ones except she was very hungry; and then only for a few minutes, just to keep herself from starving. She would then return, and purr fondly over her kittens, showing how much she loved them.

There was an ugly ill-tempered stable boy, named Sturt, and a very cruel boy he was to cats. He was fond enough of dogs, and never so fond of them as when they turned a cat on its back, or drew a rat from his hole. His chief delight was in cat hunting.

He had a fierce little terrier dog, which he taught to be as cruel as himself. This dog was always on the watch for cats.

Poor puss, our cat's mamma, had secreted her kittens in the hay-loft on purpose to guard against this dog. But she often heard him bark in the day, and felt quite frightened, although she knew he could not get up into the hay-loft. Still she feared, that some day when her kittens grew big, they would come down and he would tease them.

The dog Snap, for that was *his* name, never saw puss but he chased her round the stable yard. On one occasion, this boy,

Sturt, set him on, and puss could not get out of the way, till she flew up an apple tree; and here the dog watched her, and would not let her come down. Puss thought of her kittens, and at last made a desperate plunge at Snap, scratching his face and eyes most wofully, and ran with all speed to the ladder leading to the hay-loft.

Up this she ran, and Snap after her. When she had mounted three or four of the steps, she turned round and gave him such a parting scratch, as tumbled him off the ladder; while Sturt threw the curry-comb at her, as she made good her retreat into the hay-loft.

Nor was this all; for feeling incensed at his dog being beaten, Sturt followed puss, and at last found her hiding place, with the five little kittens. "Oh! oh! marm," said he; "here you are and your kittens. With that, he attempted to drag the kittens out; but puss flew at him with the greatest violence, and bit and scratched his hands till they bled profusely.

It was a day or two before the Fifth of November, and Sturt had for some time been preparing squibs and crackers for that well-known day. It occurred to him, that the best way to dislodge the old cat, would be to treat her with a squib or two: "For that will bring her out," said he to himself, "if anything will."

Full of this notion he hastened down-stairs, and groped his hand to the bottom of the oat-bin, where he had his combustibles for fear of being found; and, procuring a light, he took one of the largest "double bangers" he could find, and ascended quietly into the hay-loft.

He crept cautiously to puss's hole, and, having lit the end of the

squib, placed the thick part so that it would rush into the hole as soon as it took fire, and retreated to the corner of the hay-loft to see the sport.

Presently the squib ignited, and, just as he had supposed, darted into the cat's hole. But puss never came out, and in a moment *the whole of the hay-loft was on fire.*

Sturt hastened to run down the ladder; but in his alarm and hurry missed his step, and put his leg through a hole in the floor of the loft. Before he could extricate himself, the flames were all blazing around him. He called out as loud as he could, but to no purpose. He made, however, towards the outside door—at last he reached it; but he was all of a blaze. He leaped down into the stable-yard half-roasted, and in the fall broke his leg.

As to puss, after the squib had exploded she endeavoured to get off; but she could not leave her kittens. First she took one up in her mouth, and then the other; then she tried to take two at once. Oh! if you had seen this poor cat's affection for her young, how much better you would have thought her than that wicked boy!

At last, however, off poor puss darted with one of her kittens. It was the one you see in the picture. She ran up a wooden water-spout, leading in a slanting direction to an adjoining shed, with the kitten in her mouth. She then bore it over the gable end of a house, till she got into a gutter on the other side: along this she travelled, and again mounting on another roof—on the top of this she walked, still carrying her kitten in her mouth, till at last she came to the cow-house and hay-stack, at the other side of the farm. Into this hay-stack she leaped, bearing her offspring with her in safety.

Poor puss returned for her other kittens ; but, alas ! when she got back nothing was to be seen but a quantity of red and black rafters, and vast masses of burnt hay. The poor kittens had perished in the flames.

Such is the first life of Mosette. How she came to be called MOSETTE shall be told you in her *second life* and adventures.

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## ABOUT ENGLAND IN EARLY TIMES.



### CHAPTER II.

I TOLD you about the early Britons, the Roman invasion, and many

other things. I am now going to tell you about what happened after Julius Cæsar had been over to England.

The Britons did not like the Romans at first, and the Druids tried all they could to excite the people to drive the Romans out of the country.

The reason they did this was, because the religion of the Romans was different to that of the Druids by which they governed the people; and these knew that if the Britons embraced their religion, they could not do as they pleased with them.

Suetonius, a Roman general, saw that the Druids were the great enemies of the Romans; and so he took a part of his army and went to the places where the Druids kept themselves, and cut down their sacred groves of oak, destroyed the temples, and threw the Druids into the fires which they had kindled to roast the Romans.

Nothing but bloodshed, you see. However, after this the Britons remained quiet, as we suppose, for a period of five hundred years, and began to like the Romans very well; they imitated their manners and customs, and adopted their mode of living. Some of them learned their language, and more became acquainted with the arts and luxuries of Rome.

But this had an evil effect on the Britons, for they lost a good deal of their courage; as they had the Romans always to defend them, they had almost forgotten how to defend themselves. They were no longer the warlike, bold, and ferocious Britons.

Just as the Britons had become womanish and weak, so had the Romans in their own country. They had conquered nearly all nations, and obtained so much wealth, that they thought of nothing but of enjoying it. The more hardy and uncivilized nations found

this out, and vast numbers of them began to march into the Roman territories, first wresting one place from them and then another.

The Romans, of course, wanted all the men or soldiers they could obtain to defend their country; so they recalled them from the more distant provinces, one of which was Britain: this was in the reign of an emperor named Valentinian.

When the Roman legions were gone, the Britons thought they should do very well; but they were mistaken: for the Scots, who lived in a country which was barren, compared with England, said to themselves, "It is much easier to go and rob others than to work ourselves."

So large numbers of them came over the Roman wall, the mountains, and the Frith of Forth, determined to kill as many of the Britons as they could, and to take away their cattle with the fruits of the forests, and whatever property they could lay their hands on.

The poor Britons, instead of fighting like lions, as they ought to have done, and driving back the Scots, first applied to the Romans to come back. A legion was sent back, but recalled. The Scots came again when the Roman legion was gone, and used the poor Britons worse than before.

Well, I do not like fighting; but I really think the Britons ought to have been ashamed of themselves to do what they did. Instead of fighting, they asked the assistance of two tribes of people from Germany, called Saxons and Angles.

These were warlike people, and soon drove the Scots back to their own country. This service being performed, and a proper return made for it, of course the Britons expected the Saxons would go back again: but no, the Saxons were not honest enough for that;

so they turned round upon the Britons, and said, "You cannot take care of your own country, we will take care of it for you." They



therefore drove the Britons from their lands and farms, and took possession of them themselves. This is what is called the power of *might over right*.

The Saxons then divided the kingdom into seven parts, or small kingdoms. This is called the Saxon Heptarchy.

I will tell you about the Saxons and their doings another time.

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# PETER PARLEY'S CALENDAR OF SCIENCE, NATURAL HISTORY, AND PHILOSOPHY.

## ZOOPHYOLOGY.

### *Sea Anemonies.*

THERE are many curious things in this world. I only wish I could tell you of all I have noticed, but this is impossible : I can however name some—and cannot forbear mentioning the Sea Anemone. It bears a close resemblance to a swimming flower, tinged with the most lively colours ; from which its name is derived.

These seeming flowers are zoophytes, and vary in form according to their contraction or expansion ; and very great is the difference between them. They are, too, very faithful barometers ; and if they could be made use of at all seasons, would be very serviceable : but they can only be used in the summer.

When winter comes on, they retire from the banks, and seek shelter in deep waters, which are warmer. When they want to change their places (for even these things are not without their wants or desires) they suffer themselves to be carried away at the mercy of the waves ; while others use their tentaculæ as so many feet. When they have found a spot suitable to them, they attach themselves to it so strongly, as to allow themselves to be pulled to pieces, before they will separate ; and this power of adhesion exists after the animal is dead.

There are several opinions as to the cause which produces this adhesion. Some philosophers think it is caused by the animal se-

creting a sort of cement from its body, others attribute it to a vacuum being formed underneath its base: be that as it may, these Actiniæ are very curious plant animals. They do not like a very strong light—noise alarms them—odours affect them—and fresh water kills them. So you see they have senses as well as we, and I have no doubt but they feel pleasure also—God makes nothing in vain.

#### CONCHOLOGY.

You know the meaning of this word? It signifies a discourse about shells. Did you ever notice a muscle-shell? When it is closed, you would think it an odd thing for travelling—would you not? Perhaps, when you have been walking by the side of a fresh river or canal, you may have noticed some creases or small furrows in the mud—these are made by the travelling of muscles.

When a river muscle is inclined to move from its place, it opens its shell by means of a fleshy protuberance of a reddish colour. This is divided into two lobes, and answers the purpose of feet.

This then is pushed out in a forked direction, and makes a furrow in the sand, into which the shell is drawn in a vertical position (vertical means upright). From this position it almost immediately changes into a horizontal one (horizontal means lying flat like a watch or money on a table); the tentaculæ shovelling back the sand, and lengthening the furrow, while the animal journeys on its way, not quite so quick as a steam-carriage, but equally certain. It, in short, turns topsyturvy, turning over at every motion; not exactly the way we like to travel on a stage coach.

Many varieties of, if not all, muscles, travel in this manner. Those found in the salt springs of Nubia, emigrate during the rainy season to a considerable distance ; and sometimes wander so far, that they have neither strength, nor sufficient moisture, to enable them to find their way back to the streams in which they live.

Besides this wonderful property of moving about, muscles have a number of little cords growing from their bodies, by which they fasten themselves to rocks. More than this, they will breathe water like their finny neighbours, and can even sport upon the surface of the billows—so much for muscles.

#### MOSSES.

Now is the time for mosses. I went out this very day and collected some beautiful specimens : for they flourish chiefly in winter, and seem destined by Providence to keep fresh the verdure of the earth, when other plants are withered and dead ; and to protect the roots of those withered plants from the vicissitudes of the seasons—a provision which gardeners are glad to imitate.

I took a walk round Hornsey, Highgate, and Crouch-end, on purpose to collect mosses. And will you believe it? I brought home in my basket no less than twenty varieties. I found them in different situations : some on old walls, others on the stumps of trees, others again on hedges, and some on decayed vegetables and bushes.

In woods that are densely shaded, there is a great profusion of mosses, chiefly of the sort called hypna, which cover the soil where none of the large plants would grow for want of air and light.

When mosses grow in water, they have a strong tendency to convert it into firm land, by forming a sort of soil, as they successively decay: thus bogs are formed, which after many ages become good soil.

One remarkable thing about mosses is, that they seldom send their roots into the soil, and do not by any means impoverish it. They seem to derive their chief nourishment from the moist air, which perhaps accounts for their growing on trees, walls, and bare rocks, where there is little, if any, soil to support vegetation.

I should advise you the first fine day, to go into the fields and lanes, and collect some mosses; and shall be glad if any of my little boys and girls will send me an account of their adventures.

#### ANIMAL MECHANICS.

*Balancing of eggs on a bare rock.*—I was reading the other day a work written by the celebrated Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood; the work is called "De Generatione." He says, a bird (*alca pica linn*) lays only one egg; and without making any nest, or preparation for its reception, she deposits it on a sharp acute stone, and with such firmness, that she can leave it and return to it with safety. If the eggs should be removed by any means, it can never be replaced, and rolls thence into the sea. The spot, he observes, is incrustated with a white cement, and the egg as soon as it is laid is slimed over with a soft viscous or glue-like humidity, which quickly causes its firm adhesion to the rock.

## ORNITHOLOGY.

*Tanquam despiciatus sum vinco.*

You will wonder what the meaning of this is, if you do not understand Latin ; and as you may be sure you will continually meet with expressions in that language, if you read much, I should advise you by all means to learn Latin. You will also be surprised to find that this has anything to do with a bird ; but it has, and I will tell you why.

I dare say you have often seen skimming the placid lake, or flying close to the smooth path, a small bird, which seemed to cut the hair like an oyster-shell, when thrown from the hand. It has a white breast, with dark wings and back, and is a very pretty bird as regards form—this is the “Martin.” Now, although the little martin seems very insignificant, yet it is more than a match for the hawk, which is the fiercest bird of prey common in England. When a martin sees a hawk hovering about any spot, he immediately makes up to him ; determined if not to kill, at least to annoy him to such a degree, that he shall do no mischief in his locality. He flies then at him, screaming and twittering in his usual way. The hawk in the first instance is very angry, and makes a sweep at him ; but the martin being more quick and nimble on the wing, darts away from him, and the hawk has enough to do to recover himself. Again the martin flies at him—again the hawk makes a plunge, now turns round and pursues ; but the martin is first on one side, and then on the other ; now at top, now at bottom ; one moment behind, and another before : so that the hawk is so puzzled and

bewildered, and at last so completely exhausted, as to be glad to give up the contest, and fly away screaming as if for his very life. The hawk at first despises the martin, but is at last glad to run away from him; and thus it is, that the martins of the East bear the motto : *Tanquam despiciatus sum vinco* (though despised I conquer.) There is nothing like courage and perseverance; and no one knows what he can do till he tries. It is not so much to strength that we are to look, but to a determined habit of mind. Who would think, to look at it, that a martin could drive away a hawk?

#### CONCHOLOGY.

Would you ever believe in a shower of snails? Well, even this has been said to have taken place. In the south of England, a little banded snail (*helix virgata*) is very common in most of the arid maritime pastures, and the sheep downs of many inland places.

It happened, from some unknown cause, that those inhabiting a dry field in a parish near Bristol, were, in one season a few years ago, greatly increased; so as to become an object of much consternation. Millions upon millions of these young snails, minute in appearance, spread over a considerable district. The place was visited by hundreds, from neighbouring villages and distant towns. Persons who could not attend, purchased the snails at a halfpenny each; and there were persons who made a deal of money by the sale of them.

People wondered much, that such a thing should happen; and, as they could not account for it by their reason, they immediately

began to find it out by the imagination, which is a great deal more common than reason is in this world.

Some said it was a warning from Heaven, and that we were to be eaten up by snails for our sins. But at last autumn came, the snails retreated to their holes in the banks, excepting those which were not devoured by birds and other animals, and mankind lived on unscathed by snails or misfortunes. Never attempt to attribute an occurrence to the vengeance of Heaven, merely because you do not know the cause of it, but confess ignorance when you are really ignorant.

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## PETER SIMPLE'S ADVENTURES WITH A CLOCK.

*(Continued from Page 56.)*

When the evening was come, Peter could scarcely learn his tasks for thinking of the clock, and how he could spoil its ticking. First he thought of one thing and then of another. He knew that his father wound up the clock once a week ; but he had never seen the inside of it, and was almost afraid of there being some live thing or other within. The more he thought of the matter, the more he felt sure it was so ; for, said he to himself, Father is forced to lock it up, else it would get out, and that is the reason why the door is always shut. But I am determined to know what it is, and put an end to it somehow. The time came for going to bed, and Peter was told

to say his prayers—which he did, repeating every word, but never thinking at all of what prayers were for. I dare say he could see no more use for them, than there was in the clock.

After the servant put him to bed, Peter laid awake a good while thinking what to do. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the moon shone full in upon his bed. In the day-time he had made up his mind to go down-stairs, and get the key of the clock-case out of his father's bureau, and see what was inside of it; that he might stop its ticking, and clicking, and striking, and telling tales, as he called it.

But when the night came he was afraid to move out of his bed, everything was so still and lonely. The moon seemed to shine so coldly, and the further end of the room seemed so dark; and then, as he lay with his heart beating, he heard the clock tick—tick, from the bottom of the stairs, as loudly as if it were close to his ears. His courage failed him.

He put his head under the bed-clothes, and after tossing first on one side and then on the other; now lying on his back and now on his face, at last doubled himself up, his knees and nose together, and went off sound to sleep.

Before he was well asleep, as he thought, Sarah came and shook him by the shoulder, and said, "Come, come, Master Peter, it will soon be *nine o'clock*."

The clock again, thought Peter, half asleep and half awake, rubbing his eyes. "Come—get up, get up," said Sarah. "You will be too late for school."

"School and clock, clock and school. I wish the clock was dead, and the school too. I have not had any sleep," said Peter.



"No sleep? Why you went to bed at nine o'clock, and have slept twelve hours by the clock."

Peter could stand this no longer, and began to cry. "I wish there was not a clock in the world," said he. He, however, got up and dressed himself, whimpering all the while. At last he washed and crept slowly down-stairs, and just as he got on the last stair, near which the clock stood, and he was about to give it a kick with his foot in very spitefulness—the clock struck—nine.

"There, Peter," said his mother, "you will be late to school again. Come, make haste; take your breakfast, and run all the way."

Peter went off to school with half his breakfast. When he got there, his master looked very angry. "Peter," said he, "do you know what it is o'clock?"

"No, sir," said Peter.

"Then I must teach you," said he. With that he laid him across his knee, and caned him on the breech till poor Peter could not stand. He found it a great deal more difficult to sit.

When he got to his form, one boy said, "What's o'clock, Peter?" and another, "A clock is a thing *what ticks*; another, a good deal more waggish, said,

A clock's a thing that's made to tick:  
How do you like our master's stick?

Peter cried more at this, than at the whipping he had received, and made such a noise, that the master came to him and said, "What are you crying for?" and without hearing why, said, "Leave off, sir, or I will cane you again." Still, Peter cried; still the master told

him to leave off. "Leave off," said he, shaking him; "Leave off," said he, boxing him. "Leave off," said he, caning him again; "Leave off; leave off; leave off; leave off." With every "leave off," he gave him a cut, till he was out of breath, and pale with anger.

Peter found it very difficult to leave off, but did squeeze his mouth together, so as to make no noise, and went to his writing and arithmetic as usual, till it was time to go home.

When he got in-doors he met his father, who pointed up to the clock, and said, "Do you see how late you are? I wish you would learn to come home from school in time," said he; "it is almost *one o'clock*."

Peter looked at the clock, as much as to say, You won't do that much longer, old boy; I think I am a match for you, at any rate.

After dinner, it being half holiday, Peter was allowed to go into the garden. When he had been there some time, his father called him from the cellar, to take four bottles of wine into the parlour.

This Peter did, and ran into the garden again. A short time after, he went in to get his kite, and what was his astonishment to find the key in the clock case. As he stood looking at this, half inclined to go and open the door, and see what was inside, his father entered the parlour, locked the door, and put the key in the drawer of his bureau.

"How shall I get this key?" said Peter. "Father, may I get a pencil from your bureau?" said he; "I want to draw a picture of our new summer-house."

"With all my heart," said his father; "take the one with a slide to it from the second drawer."

This was the very next drawer to that in which the *key* was placed

and Peter, trembling all the while he did it, first opened this drawer, and took out the key ; he then opened the other, and took out the pencil, and tried to look as innocent as if he had done nothing wrong : but that was a very difficult matter.

“What have you done now, Peter? You have upset the ink, I suppose, or broken the drawer,” said his father.

“No—o, father,” said the boy ; “I only hurt my finger.” The truth was, he had hurt something much worse than his finger—he had hurt his *conscience*, and it smote him in the face, and made him look pale.



To avoid this confusion, he ran into the shrubbery, and hid the key in an old tree, and then went about as if nothing had happened. After a short time, he felt more calm.

The afternoon passed away, and the evening set in ; Peter all the time thinking upon the best means of opening the door of the clock case, and cutting the cord. He thought it would not take long, if he

could get his father and mother out of the way. How to do this was the difficulty.

When he got out of the school, he vowed vengeance against the clock ; and determined, that another night should not pass before he had destroyed it. He came part of the way home with Samuel Thorp, a very shrewd lad. "Samuel," said he, "do you know what is inside a clock?"

"Why, yes, to be sure," said Thorp ; "don't you? Why, pulleys and weights, and cat-gut, and machinery."

"But what makes the clock go?" said Peter.

"Why, the weights and the pulleys. If you were to cut the cord, the clock could not go at all."

"What, could not my mother tell when it was time for me to go to school?"

"No," said Thorp ; "nor yet when you ought to come home. A clock is a shocking tell-tale."

"I believe you, *it is*," said Peter. "I wish there was not a clock in the world. But did you say cut the cord?"

"Yes, to be sure. If you cut the cord, the clock won't go."

"Won't it? Then I should never get another flogging for not knowing what's o'clock."

"I can't tell anything about that," said Thorp ; "but I wish you would change tops with me. I'll give you my two pegs for your boxer, if you like."

Peter was a very simple lad, and immediately changed tops with Thorp ; and, after having a few spins, ran home, his head full of the best way to open the clock-case, that he might cut the cord.

He had not got far, however, before he met William Playful, who

asked him to have a game of bat-ball with him. He immediately threw down his hat and book-bag, and entered into the game with some spirit.



After playing till he was tired, he said, "I must go home now ; I begin to feel hungry."

So Peter put on his hat and took up his bag, and again set off for home ; and, as his stomach kept calling out, *Make haste, Peter, make haste*, he soon reached his father's house.



## TALES OF THE SEA.



BY SAILOR BEN.

**HERE** I am, my lads, a Jack Tar of the right sort, who frisks in a cap full of wind like one of old mother Cary's chickens. Got ashore at last, after having been all round the world in the good ship *Spitfire*.

Spitfire? Yes, she did, and bullets too, and red-hot balls sometimes; or else, I suppose, Old England would by this time have belonged to Monseer, the Frenchman.

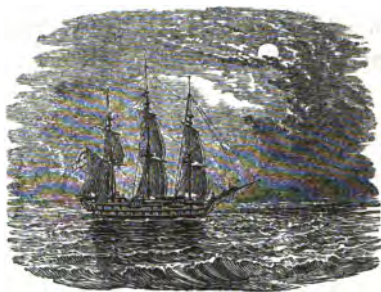
Do you want me to tell you a story? Bless you, my little dears, I have got none to tell you; mine are only old yarns picked up

here and there, and everywhere. What! do you think I can give a preachment? It is impossible.

I was bred to the sea, and was therefore determined to make it bread to me. My father and mother, poor creatures! both went down in the Royal George, just fifty years ago.

Did you never hear about the Royal George? Well, then, I must tell you it was a most shocking accident. I recollect very little about it; but still I can tell you how it was.

The Royal George was one of the finest ships in his Majesty's navy, and carried a hundred guns. When she rode upon the water, she looked like a floating town: when she was full manned, she had a thousand men on board. Here is a picture of her sailing by



moonlight near Portsmouth harbour. She was commanded by as good an old admiral as ever lived, and as brave a man in the service. Admiral Kempenfelt was his name: his ancestors came over with William the Third.

Well, the Royal George was brought to Spithead to undergo the operation of careening ; that is, to have her bottom cleaned. To do this, it was necessary to heel her on one side. This was performed by bringing all the guns and heavy metal from one side to the other, so that she might heel over ; then the men went with their scrapers and brushes, and scrubbed away on the other side as hard as they could.

She was heeled over so much that her lower port-holes were nearly even with the water's edge ; but nobody thought there was any danger. Indeed, there was great fun and merriment going on on board, for the admiral liked to make his ship's crew as happy as possible.

There was on board the ship a lieutenant, who was a very head-strong, self-willed sort of fellow ; and who would never allow anybody to have an opinion but himself. He was the son of a lord, but so tyrannical and proud that every one hated him.

My father, as I have heard say, being first gunner, went several times to the lieutenant, and told him the ship heeled too much, and that a slight gust of wind from the south-west would overset her.

"Go along, fellow," said the lieutenant, "or I will overset you. If you think you know better than I do, you had better take command of the ship." So he would do nothing to avoid the danger.

My father went to him a second time, when he flew into a violent passion, and called him all sorts of ugly names. Just at this moment the water began to run into the ports.

"The water is running into the ports, Sir," said my father. "Then let it run out again," said the lieutenant. But this the water would not do, and immediately the ship began to fill.



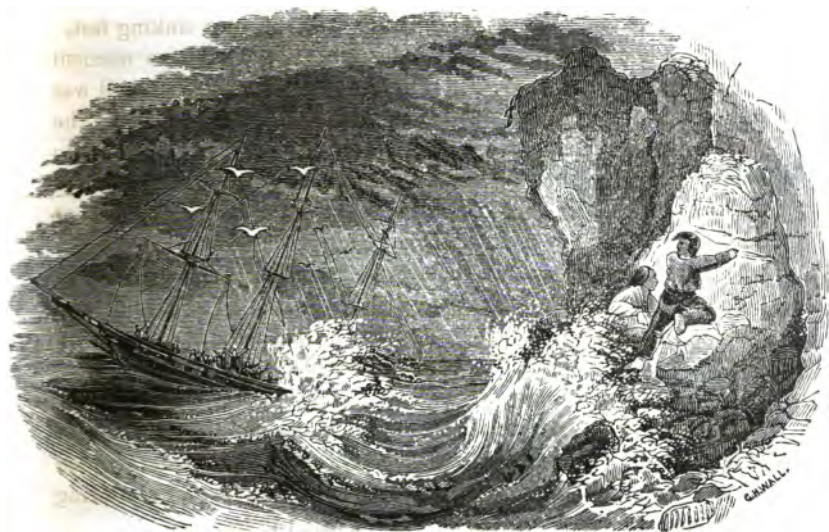
Everybody was in the greatest terror: some ran up the ladders, but the passages were soon choked; others squeezed themselves out of the port-holes and dived through the water. The good old Admiral was immediately on deck, giving his orders like a brave seaman as he was; but it was of no use, the ship was sinking fast.

What a horrid scene! nearly a thousand persons in one moment sinking into a watery grave. The Admiral, when he saw all was lost, got into the pinnace with some others, who tore him from the quarter-deck. He begged permission again to enter the cabin to secure some valuable nautical papers (for he was the first naval tactitian of his age), but before he could get back the ship went down—yes, sunk down like a stone; and created for a few moments a gigantic whirlpool, which sucked the boats that had put off from the shore into it, and upset many. But, at last, all was still, and nothing was to be seen but the bubbles arising from the last dying breath of the poor creatures at the bottom of the sea.

Thus it was I lost both my parents, for my mother had gone from Portsmouth to see my father. I was left behind in the care of a poor woman, who, when she heard of the awful event, adopted me as her son. Of the many things I have seen in my sea-faring life, I will tell you hereafter, if you will listen to me.

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## THE LITTLE MARINER.



Ay, sitting on your happy hearths, beside  
 your mother's knee,  
 How should you know the miseries and  
 dangers of the sea!  
 My father was a mariner, and from my ear-  
 liest years  
 I can remember night and day, my mother's  
 prayers and tears.

I can remember how she sighed when blew  
 the stormy gale;  
 And how for days she stood to watch the  
 long-expected sail:  
 Hers was a silent, patient grief; but fears  
 and long delay,  
 And wakeful nights and anxious days were  
 wearing her away.

And when the gusty winds were loud, and  
 autumn leaves were red,  
 I watched, with heavy heart, beside my mother's dying bed ;  
 Just when her voice was feeblest, the neighbours came to say,  
 The ship was hailed an hour before, and  
 then was in the bay.

Alas ! too late the ship returned, too late her  
 life to save ;  
 My father closed her dying eyes, and laid  
 her in the grave.  
 He was a man of ardent hopes, who never  
 knew dismay ;  
 And, spite of grief, the winter-time wore  
 cheerfully away.

He had crossed the equinoctial line, full  
 seven times or more,  
 And, sailing northward, had been wrecked on  
 icy Labrador.  
 He knew the Spice-isles, every one, where  
 the clove and nutmeg grow,  
 And the aloe towers, a stately tree, with  
 clustering bells of snow.

He had gone the length of Hindostan, down  
 Ganges' holy flood ;  
 Through Persia, where the peacocks brood, a  
 wild bird of the wood ;  
 And, in the forests of the West, had seen the  
 red deer chased,  
 And dwelt beneath the piny woods, a hunter  
 of the waste.

Oh ! pleasant were the tales he told of lands  
 so strange and new ;  
 And in my ignorance I vowed, I'd be a sailor  
 too :  
 My father heard my vow with joy,—so in  
 the early May,  
 We went on board a merchant-man, bound  
 for Honduras' bay.

Right merrily, right merrily, we sailed before  
 the wind,  
 With a briskly heaving sea before, and the  
 landsman's cheer behind.  
 There was joy for me in every league, de-  
 light on every strand,  
 And I sat for days on the high fore-top, on  
 the long look-out for land.

There was joy for me in the nightly watch, on  
 the burning tropic seas,  
 To mark the waves, like living fires, leap up  
 to the freshening breeze.  
 Right merrily, right merrily, our gallant ship  
 went free,  
 Until we neared the rocky shoals within the  
 western sea.

Yet still none thought of danger near, till in  
 the silent night,  
 The helmsman gave the dreadful word, of  
 " breakers to the right !"  
 The moment that his voice was heard, was  
 felt the awful shock ;  
 The ship sprang forward with a bound, and  
 struck upon a rock.

"All hands aloft!" our captain cried—in  
terror and dismay

They threw the cargo overboard, and cut  
the mast away:

'Twas all in vain, 'twas all in vain! the sea  
rushed o'er the deck,

And shattered with the beating surf, down  
went the parting wreck.

The moment that the wreck went down, my  
father seized me fast,

And leaping 'mid the thundering waves,  
seized on the broken mast:

I know not how he bore me up, my senses  
seemed to swim,

A shuddering horror chilled my brain, and  
stiffened every limb.

What next I knew, was how at morn, on a  
bleak, barren shore.

Out of a hundred mariners, were living only  
four.

I looked around, like one who wakes from  
dreams of fierce alarm,

And round my body still I felt, firm locked,  
my father's arm.

And with a rigid, dying grasp, he closely  
held me fast,

Even as he held me when he seized, at mid-  
night, on the mast.

With humble hearts and streaming eyes,  
down knelt the little band,

Praying Him, who had preserved their lives,  
to lend his guiding hand.

And day by day, though burning thirst and  
pining hunger came,

His mercy, through our misery, preserved  
each drooping frame:

And after months of weary woe, sickness,  
and travel sore,

He sent the blessed English ship that took  
us from that shore.

And now, without a home or friend, I wan-  
der far and near,

And tell my miserable tale to all who lend  
an ear.

Thus sitting by your happy hearths, beside  
your mother's knee,

How should you know the miseries and  
dangers of the sea!



## ORDER AND DISORDER.



“ ‘ A PLACE for everything, and everything in its place ;’ that is my motto,” said Miss Steady.

“ What stuff,” said Miss Thoughtless ; “ what is the use of being so precise and old maidish ? ”

Miss Steady is a very orderly little girl, and so I must give you an account of her habits.

She is very remarkable for neatness, and for the nice order in which she keeps her room and her clothes. She has had a very pretty little chamber all to herself since she was six years old ; and

you may go into it at any time, and not find anything out of its place. She is now, as you see her in the picture, putting it in order. If you open any of her drawers, you will find everything laid out smoothly and sorted. There is a separate place for her prayer-book, another for her fan; and as to her clothes, they are all doubled and folded in the neatest manner.

At eight o'clock Miss Steady goes to *bed by herself*. She folds up all her clothes very neatly, and puts them in a chair near the bed, with her shoes and stockings always laid by her. She puts all her chairs in order, places all her lesson books and playthings carefully in her closet, undresses her doll, and folds up her doll's clothes, and puts her to bed. After saying her prayers, she lays her every-day Prayer-book and Bible on the table, where she keeps it.

All this she does by herself; and when she is ready to get into bed, she takes good care to place the extinguisher over her candle.

On Saturday night she takes her clean clothes out of her drawer, and puts them all in their places, and can go in the dark, and get anything she may happen to want. At any time, on any occasion, she always knows where to lay her hand on anything. She is also exceedingly polite.

She never asks questions out of order at the breakfast or dinner-table. She knows when little girls may speak. She knows there is a place for her questions: by this means she never interrupts the conversation of others.

When she comes home from school, she always puts away her books, and her bonnet, and shawl, and thus has never any trouble at hunting for them, as many persons have.

It is, however, very different with Miss Thoughtless, for she is so

idle, and disorderly, and negligent, that sometimes she forgets to clean her teeth in the morning, and would, I believe, forget to wash her face sometimes, if she were not told of it.

Then as to her playthings, they are all crammed together ; what she would call higgledy-piggledy, or scattered about in various places. On one occasion, her dolls were stuffed into the kitchen drawer along with greasy dusters, corks, black-lead, whiting, shoe-brushes, and hearthstones.

Then as to her clothes. At night she slips them off in a bunch, and just as they came off, so they lie ; sometimes on the floor, or they are thrown on the bed.

Sometimes she leaves the candle burning after she gets to bed, by herself ; and on one occasion she set her bed-curtains on fire.

She is continually calling out Mary : “ Mary, where is my bonnet ? Mary, have you seen my shawl ? ” Once or twice in the morning she came down-stairs with only one stocking on, because she could not find it. She had gone to bed with her stockings over her heels, and one had got wrapped up in the bed-clothes.

Miss Sprightly rarely does anything for herself. She wants Mary on all occasions to pin her tippet, to tie her shoes, to put on her clogs. When she proceeds to do anything, she wants the servant to wait on her.

What a difference between these two young ladies ! If you were to see them, you might soon tell which was Miss Sprightly ; because you would see something disorderly in her looks, something disorderly in her dress, and something disorderly in her manner of speaking.

## SPORTS.



WILLIAM TELL.

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No. I.

## TALES ABOUT ARCHERY.

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"The bow is bent, made from the shaft."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE merry days of England were those of the bow and the green-wood tree, when the rustic and the forester, with bugle and hound, took a long course with the sun, and supped on the fat buck.



Did you never hear of these times? Did you never hear of the feats of the bowmen of the by-gone ages? Well, then, I must tell you something about them.

It is so long ago, that it is quite impossible to tell when bows were invented, or who invented them. They were, however, used by the earliest nations, and many thousands have been slain by arrows.

I dare say you recollect, that the early bowmen did terrible execution in all our wars, particularly in our wars with the French. I cannot tell you when shooting with the long bow began among the English; but in the reign of Edward the Third, most of the sheriffs of the counties had to provide five hundred white bows, and five hundred bundles of arrows for the war against France. Before this, if you recollect, Richard the First was killed by an arrow.

Robin Hood was one of the best bowmen of the olden time. It appears pretty certain that he was an outlaw, and had a band of men at his command. With the aid of these he frequently committed depredations on the property of others; way-laying and robbing rich men, or travelling parties, and dividing his booty among his associates. Robin was not, like most robbers, a black, morose, ill-tempered, tyrannical, cruel fellow, but a rosy-cheeked, fair-haired, laughing, merry archer; and many a feast he gave to the poor, and many a joke he played the monks, and many a droll thing he said to make people laugh.

He often disguised himself in various manners, and by means of this, could introduce himself into houses and castles, and learn what the inmates were about, when they intended to travel, the roads they would take, and what they would be likely to take with them. Some-

times Robin became acquainted with very wrong doings, and he never failed to serve the weak if he had it in his power.

It chanced on a time, that Robin had wandered away from his companions, and lost himself in a wood. As the night came on, he made as much haste as possible to force his way through the bushes and brambles, with a view to get out before it was dark. While he was doing this, he suddenly came upon a low sunken door, concealed behind a knot of decayed trees. He said to himself, "This is odd; I should like to know where this leads to." He tried to force it; but all his efforts were of no use. The door was strong and firm, bolted within, and locked, and barred, and chained, I have no doubt.

This, however, gave the outlaw a clue by which he found his way out of the wood; for supposing the door to be connected with a passage under ground, he set his face in the direction he supposed the passage to lead, and in a short time found himself out of the forest, and opposite Senfell Castle. Just as he was immersing, however, he saw two evil-looking fellows entering the wood at a short distance; they seemed in close conversation, and looked round fearfully, as if they did not wish to be observed: this made Robin desirous of following them.

He did so. The men proceeded cautiously through the trees; and, after various wanderings, stopped before the little low door which had before excited Robin's curiosity.

One of them now applied his ear to the crevice underneath the door, and after listening for a second or two, said, "It is time."

"Not yet," said the other; "he may not be here for an hour. Is the boat safely moored, for the wind is piping aloft, I hear?"

" I pulled her up under the rocks ; we shall be on the beach again before flood."

" Oh, yes," said the other. " But, hark ! What is that ?"

It was Robin, who, having listened for some time, was now mounting a tree, from the forked arm of which, he could both see and hear without being himself observed.

" It is the creaking of the branches of the old oak, for the storm is lowering above. Hush !"

A loud clank, as of a falling chain, and presently the withdrawal of bolts, gave intimation that some one was about to issue from the little low oaken door.

It opened, and out came an oldish person in a large dark cloak, and with him a Monk in his cowl. They were leading a little boy between them. The Monk had a lantern.

" Oh, uncle, dear uncle," said the little boy, " what are you going to do with me ? Oh, pray, do not send me away, dear uncle, do not."

" Hold thy tongue, or I will cut it out," said the uncle.

The little boy was about nine years old ; a sweet little fellow, with his golden locks hanging about his shoulders ; but his eyes were red with weeping, and his face pale and sickly.

" Now, Monk," said the uncle, " I'll leave him to you."

" Oh, do not, pray do not leave me, uncle," said the little fellow.

" If you leave me, I shall be killed. Do not let me be killed ; I will be a good child, and do all you wish ; indeed I will, dear uncle."

" Shall it be as you said ?" whispered the Monk to the old Lord.

" It must."

" What ! Death !—The deep ?"

“ I *will* have it so. Why ask again ? Have I not determined ? He must be disposed of—do it at once—away with him—nothing but death.”

Just at this moment a rush among the trees, a twitching of the bow-string, and a whiz of the arrow, were heard. “ Ha ! ” said the Baron, “ treachery ! treachery ! I am slain.”

Robin’s arrow had penetrated his breast ; he fell bleeding before the door of the subterraneous passage leading to the castle. Another arrow, as skilfully aimed, laid one of the ruffians low ; the other fled.

“ Oh, Monk ! Monk ! I am dying,” said the expiring Lord. “ Here, come hither ; I would make my peace—with—with God. Swear to give the rightful heir his own.”

“ Swear it, Monk,” said Robin, jumping from the tree, holding his sword towards his throat ; “ swear it to Robin Hood.”

“ Aye,” said the Baron ; “ is it Robin ? Then the boy is safe. Here, come hither ;—take him ;—I have fallen in an evil deed ;—I deserve to die—and I die—”

The Baron did not die, however, immediately ; he lived to be conveyed to the castle ; here he made a full confession of his wicked intentions towards his little nephew.

You wonder what could have made this uncle so cruel ; I will tell you. The baronial estates went to the uncle on the death of his nephew, his brother’s only child. It was his cruel object to destroy the boy for the sake of the estates ; and, with the aid of the wicked Monk, the two ruffians had been engaged to take the young heir out to sea, and throw him overboard.

Robin, however, prevented this ; the Baron confessed his villany,

and died apparently penitent. The child was put under the protection of the king, and lived to enjoy his possessions; not, however, without remembering Robin Hood.

There are many such stories connected with archery. One that I could relate to you is equally interesting.

"Oh, do relate the story, Peter Parley, pray do."

Well, you shall have it. You must know, then, that some years ago, the country which goes by the name of Switzerland was under the Austrian government, and people were little better than slaves. They were made to pay very heavy taxes, and to perform the most menial offices, while the proud Austrians lived upon the fruits of their labour, and governed them as with a rod of iron.

One of the Austrian governors, by name Gresler, was a very great tyrant, and did all he could to break the spirit of the Swiss people; but it was of little use. They were fond of liberty, and liberty is a spark, which the more you tread it down, the more it flies in your face.

Gresler went so far in his tyranny, as to command his hat or cap to be stuck upon a pole in the market-place, and ordered that every Swiss who passed it should bow to it. The poor Swiss people wished Gresler's head had been there instead of his hat: they did not like bowing to the man, much less to his hat; but they were afraid of the consequences, which were imprisonment or death.

There was, however, one noble-minded man, who was neither afraid of imprisonment nor death, who refused to bow to Gresler's cap; his name was William Tell. He not only refused to bow to the hat, but incited his fellow-countrymen to throw off the Austrian yoke.

He was soon seized and brought into the presence of the tyrant.

William Tell was a famous bowman, and had his bow and arrows about his person when he was seized.

Gresler, after calling him a rebel, and telling him he had forfeited his life, proposed that he should exhibit a specimen of his skill as an archer, promising him, that, if he could hit an apple at a certain distance, he should be free. Tell was glad to hear this, and began to have a better opinion of the governor than he deserved ; but the cruel *man* placed the apple on the head of Tell's only son, a boy about seven years old.

When Tell saw this, he almost fainted, and his hand trembled so, he could scarcely place the arrow in the string. There was, however, no alternative, he must attempt the feat, or die.

" I am sure you will not hit *me*, father," said the little boy. " I have seen you strike a bird on the wing at as great a distance. Oh, father," continued the poor child, " do you not recollect the weather-cock ?"

Tell had on one occasion, on a wager of skill, at four successive shots, struck off the four letters, E. W. N. S., of the vane of the church steeple.

Tell did remember it, and the tears came into his eyes. The ground was measured ; the boy was placed against a tree. Tell requested that his eyes might be covered.

" No, dear father," said the child ; " I will not wince, nor stir, nor breathe, while you take aim. Do let me see you shoot, father ; I am sure you will hit the apple."

It is impossible for you to understand what Tell felt, as he was going to shoot : you cannot understand it, unless you were a father, like Tell.

All the spectators seemed to hold their breath as Tell prepared to shoot. Twice he levelled his bow, but dropped it again. His eyes were so full of tears he could not see the apple; he could see nothing but his son.

At last he summoned up all his courage: in a moment the bow was bent—swift went the arrow—it pierced the core of the apple, which it split in twain, and imbedded itself in the tree.

The spectators shouted. Tell was taken to Gresler, who was about to set him free, when he observed a concealed arrow sticking under his girdle.

“Ha!” said he, “that arrow! Why that concealed shaft?”

“It was for *you*,” replied Tell, “had I killed my child.”

Tell was immediately seized and hurried away to be put to death. He made his escape, however, and a short time afterwards roused the whole country, who took up arms to recover their liberty, and placed Tell at their head.

Tell was again made a prisoner, and was being conveyed in a boat, in which Gresler also was, across one of the lakes in Switzerland. A storm came on, which drove the boat to the shore; Tell leaped out before any one else could land, and, taking aim at the tyrant, shot him dead as he sat in the boat.

After this, Tell made his country free, and it is a free country at this day.

#### ABOUT ARCHERY.

Having told you so much about archers, I must now tell you something about archery; how to bend your bow, and how to use your arrows.

There are many implements of archery :—The bow, arrows, tassel, glove, brace, guinea, belt, pouch, and grease-box.

The *bow* is to shoot with. The first thing to be done, is to secure a bow. Some boys will construct very good bows themselves. They should be made of two pieces of lance wood, or ash, joined together, the separate way of the grain. But unless a lad is an adept at making them, he will not succeed in making a good one, and it will probably cost him more than buying one.

The back of the bow is flat; the inside of it is round. The bow must always be pulled towards the inside, or it will break. The young archer should be careful in this.

**ARROWS** are sometimes blunt, and sometimes sharp. The sharp ones are for target shooting, the blunt ones for roving : some are long, some shorter. The principal thing, however, to be attended to is, to see that they are perfectly straight, well made, and that the plumes are securely fitted. There should be three on each arrow; one, which is of a darker colour than the other, is called the cock plume, and in shooting should be placed uppermost.

The **STRING** of the bow should be whipped with sewing silk at that part which receives the arrow, and at the noose and eye. The young archer should never attempt to use a string the least out of order. A bow, five feet long, should, when bent, have the string about five inches from the centre. This will be a guide in stringing the bow.

The **TASSEL** is used to brush the dirt or dust from the arrow, in case it should require cleansing.

The **GLOVE** has places for three fingers only, with a wrist strap to fasten it on. If you were to shoot much without the glove, your fingers would soon be sore.



The **BRACE** is to protect the arm of the hand, which holds the bow, from being hurt by the percussion of the string.

The **QUIVER** is made of wood or tin, and may be worn at the side, or over the shoulder. It is used to contain the arrows.

Besides this, there is the Belt, Pouch, and Grease-box. The former is worn round the waist, the second at the middle, and the latter by the side of it.

**TARGETS** are made, in the first instance, with straw bands folded round a centre, and sewn together, having a facing of canvass, painted with various circles; the centre spot, called the bull's eye, being usually gilt, or painted black or red. The arrows lodged in the various circles are reckoned as follow:—

Outer circle, 1; second, 5; third, 7; fourth, 10; fifth, 15; the next, 20; and the bull's eye, 25.

Each archer shoots twenty arrows; the amount of these being added up, he, who has gained the most, obtains the prize, or is said to win the game.

*To string the Bow.* Be careful in doing this, or you will fail in the attempt. Take the bow in your right hand by the handle, the flat part towards you, and let your arm rest against your side: put the lower end of the bow against the inside of the right foot, bring your left foot forward, and place the centre of the left wrist on the upper limb of the bow below the loop of the string, the fore-finger knuckle on one edge of the bow, and the top of the thumb upon the other; then up with your bow and loop it. This, however, can best be learned by observing how another does it.

If you attend to my directions, you may go and have a game with your bows and arrows; but mind this,—never put your arrow in the

string when any one stands between you and the target, or near it. You may shoot out an eye, and this is more precious than any pleasure that can possibly be derived from bows and arrows : be careful of this, I entreat you.



## THE OLD LADY—HER CAT, AND ITS NINE LIVES.



## LIFE THE SECOND.

You recollect how poor puss and her kitten escaped from the burning barn. That was an escape from *fire*. I am now going to tell you of as marvellous an escape from *water*.

Here is the little kitten : here she is ; look at her. She seems to be in comfortable quarters, does she not ? There is the old Lady taking her tea with her two little grand-children. As to Mosette, she is playing with some of the little girls' play-things, which have fallen from the table, and how pleased she looks.

Well, I must tell you what happened to the little kitten after her mother saved her from the fire.

Perhaps you would like to know what became of the cruel boy, who was so wicked as to set fire to the hay-loft. Well, he never recovered from his fright and fall. His leg grew worse and worse; at last it mortified, and the cruel boy died. Sorry, indeed, was he that ever he had been cruel.

Puss brought up her kitten in the hay-stack. She did not go near a house for a long time; and if she saw a lad or a dog, she would hide herself for hours: at last, however, her hunger was so keen, that she ventured to the doors of a cottage at no great distance, and sometimes picked up a piece of bread or bone, or something of that kind, with which she satisfied her hunger. She then returned to her kitten, and thrummed over it, and fondled it; for she was very fond of it indeed.

Little Pussey grew very playful, and used to teaze her mamma very much, by playing with her tail. Puss used to bear it very patiently, and scarcely ever beat her or bit her for so doing. Then she would run and jump on her mamma's head, and kick, and tear, and frisk, like a little mad thing.

In one of these mad fits, Miss Kitten tumbled from the hay-rick, which had been till then her home. She did not seem at all disconcerted at this mishap; for, although the height from which she fell was considerable, she was not hurt by the fall. Puss, however, was greatly disconcerted, and jumped down after her. Vainly did the old cat try to lift her offspring up again. It was of no use; the kitten had grown too big to be carried.

Puss, however, tried all her means to get her out of harm's way, and she thought she had done so; but, alas! the judgment of cats, like that of men, is sometimes deceitful.

She had brought her kitten into the cow-house, and took up her lodging behind one of the cow-bins. It was not a very nice place, for there was nothing but the cold hard ground to lay on. It was, however, the land of milk, and that was something.

There was a little mischievous pet, the spoiled son of the cow-keeper, who was ever at some strange trick or other. Indeed, so well was he known for his strange tricks of every kind, that the boys and girls called him Tricksey. He was only seven years old, and as full of mischief as a monkey. Sometimes he would catch half a dozen mice in the cow-house, and tie them all together by their tails, and throw them into the pond to see them swim. Once he put quicksilver into his mother's dumplings, so that they boiled all the water out of the pot. He had on one occasion pulled the linch-pin out of the cart-wheel, so that the wheel came off; but in this case he was silly enough to get into the same cart, and he got a severe fall for his ingenuity.

Unluckily, this mischievous boy soon discovered puss and her kitten. "What a pretty kitten," said he. "I'll have some fun with her." So he took her up without more ceremony, and frightened enough the poor thing was. She tried hard to get away, but the young urchin held her fast.

"Be thill; be thill," said the boy, for, old as he was, he could not speak plain; so he gave puss a tap or two on the head. "What thall I do with her? Let me see. Oh, the thall drag my cart."

So the little boy harnessed her into a small cart he had, and then endeavoured to make her draw it; but this was work the kitten had not been used to, and so, instead of drawing forward, she pushed backward, and upset the cart several times.

After many ineffectual attempts to make a horse of her, the little boy said, "Well, if you won't draw the cart, then you must ride in it."

So he put her in the cart. Puss jumped out again and ran away. The boy soon caught her, though. "Now," said he, "you shall not run away again." So he took out his top-string and tied her four legs together, and then put her in the cart, and dragged her round and round the ground.

After a while he grew tired of this. "Now," said he, "you shall be a sailor; I will give you a thail in a thip."

At a very short distance from the cow-house was a water-mill, turned by the stream of a small river, the water from which ran pretty briskly, and continued its course for many miles.

Tricksey went into the house and got a bowl, and, having put the kitten into it, ran with her, full of delight, towards the mill tail.

When he got there, he went down to the side of the river. He then put down his bowl, untied the kitten's legs, and put her into it; the poor thing struggling all the while to get out.

The little boy wanted to put the bowl into the middle of the stream with the kitten in it, that she might have a swim.

There was a plank bridge a little way down the stream, and Tricksey thought, if he could get upon this, he might reach over and place the bowl, kitten and all, safe on the top of the water; so away he ran.

When he got to the plank, he found it necessary to kneel down upon it; and in putting the bowl and cat over, what with the struggling of the one, and the weight of the other, over he went himself, splash into the water, while the kitten, securely seated in the bowl, sailed down the stream.

What became of the little boy, I never heard ; but as to the kitten, she kept in her course in the middle of the river, mewing piteously, and turning herself round and round in the bowl, with a view to jump on shore, if possible.



But the river grew wider as she went on, and opened into a large sheet of water, and there swam the poor kitten, like a ship without sail, rudder, or compass, all alone on the watery waste.

The old lady, you see in the picture below, was walking out with her son and daughter, and three grand-children: one of these, Edward, a rosy-faced little boy, about eight years old, had strayed away from his party, and saw the poor kitten as she swam along. Away he ran, and told his grandmamma, father, and mother, what he saw.



They all immediately repaired to the brink of the river; but the bowl, with puss in it, had rested among the flags and bull-rushes of a little island in the middle of it.

Edward's father, being a humane man, called a lad, who was at work in an adjoining field, and offered him sixpence to fetch the little voyager from her perilous situation, and in a few moments Miss Kitten was borne safe to land, bowl and all.

"Oh, what a pretty little kitten! What a beautiful little dear tortoiseshell. Oh, papa! do let us take it home." "Do," said the kind old lady; "it looks as if it would be a good mouser."



"What a pretty little creature," said Miss Sophia. "Yes, my dear, you shall have some milk and bread, for I dare say you are very hungry; and I will carry you home in my bag, and you shall lie on my little doll's bed."

"But what name shall we give it?" said Edward; "Can't we call it by some name,—Water Cat, or Bullrush, or Yellow Fly, or something?"

"What do you say to Mosette," said the old lady; "it puts me in mind of the finding of Moses in the bull-rushes."

"A capital name," said Edward. "Here, Mosette, Mosette."

"Mew, mew," said the kitten.

"There, she answers to her name," said the boy; "it must be Mosette. Are you agreed?"

"Oh, yes, it shall be Mosette," said father and mother, brother and sister. Such is the second life of Mosette.



## PETER SIMPLE'S ADVENTURES WITH A CLOCK.

PETER the Simple, as we shall now call him, soon found himself within his father's house. When he got in, his father looked very angrily at him, and, without saying a word, took him into the hall where the clock stood. He then pointed with his finger to the clock's face. "Do you see that, Sir?" said he.

Peter looked up at the clock, and, while he was looking at it, it went *cluck*. Peter thought it seemed pleased that he was in disgrace, and chuckled over it. "There," said his father, "it gives the warning; it is on the stroke of two; and as you have chosen to loiter on your way home in this manner, you shall return to school at this very moment."

"But I am so *hungry*, father," said Peter, whimpering.

"And I am so *angry*," said his father; "so get along, Sir; and I will call on your master to know why you come home so late from school every day; and I hope your master will punish you as you deserve."

"One—*two*," said the clock.

"Oh, you would wish me to get two beatings, would you? you spiteful, old, ugly, mahogany-looking thing." And Peter began to cry.

"Go along," said his father, "out of the house; take up your bag. I shall follow you, depend upon it." So Peter was forced to go back to school without his dinner, and went crying all the way. As to the clock, he felt that he could cut it, and hack it, and break it

all to pieces. "Aye," said he, "let me only get another night over my head; you shall see if I won't be revenged on you for this."

When Peter reached the school, his master saw that he had been crying, and said, "What! have you not left off crying yet? I shall give you something to cry for before you go home, depend upon it." So Peter was more frightened than ever, and could not learn his lessons, for he felt both faint and ill, and very unhappy.

When he went up to his master, therefore, he hesitated and stumbled so in his lessons, that Mr. Thwackum grew quite out of patience with him, and said that he should stop till ten o'clock at night, if he did not learn them properly.

Peter determined, therefore, if he could get outside the door, to run off, and not come in again. He asked leave to pass outside, and then took to his heels, and darted across several meadows, till he concluded he had got too far to be followed.

When he thought it was time to go home, he made towards his father's house. "Aye," said he, "I shall not be home late this time, and perhaps father will forgive me, if I promise never to do so any more, *not till the next time*."

So Peter went boldly into the parlour. "Why, Peter," said his mamma, "what, are you come home already? Why, it cannot be five o'clock!" She then went and looked at the *clock*. "Why, it is but a little after four. You must have been playing truant, and shall go to bed without your supper."

"Well," said Peter to himself, "that clock is a tell-tale. Oh, if I could get at it, I would tear it to pieces." And then he stamped his feet, and bellowed with all his might.

His father came in shortly after this; he was just going to call

at the school. When he saw Peter, he looked at the clock, and said, "So you have stopped away from school this afternoon, have you? Come, Sir, march to bed immediately. No words." Saying this, he drove him up-stairs without further delay.

The servant was then sent to put him to bed. She, however, was what is called a good-natured girl, and brought up a thick slice of bread and butter under her apron; she also contrived to bring up a little mug of tea. Poor Peter was very glad of this. After a short time he got into bed, and, sobbing awhile, fell asleep. When he got to sleep, he began dreaming about the clock. He thought that it walked up-stairs and stood before the bed; that its hands turned round and round with a rapid whirl, and every now and then stood at the hours 9, 12, 2, 5, while the door in its front opened and shut several times, showing him something in the form of a skeleton.

Peter awoke in a great fright; it was just day-break. The clock was still in his eyes. He pulled the clothes over him—then he paused awhile—then he listened; it became a little lighter, and he had more courage. The first beam of the rising sun threw a red ray on the upper part of the ceiling. Peter listened—the clock was ticking; he listened again—suddenly it struck *four*.

"There it is again! Now is the time to do for it. Shall I?" He listened again; all was silent. "Nobody will be up for a long time yet," thought he. "He would be quiet enough by breakfast-time, I dare say. Let me see! Where is my knife?" Then he drew his trousers to him, which laid on the chair by the bed-side, and fumbled in his pockets for his knife. "Oh, here it is," said he; "but—oh! I have not got the key; it is in the hole of the old tree. What shall I do?"

"I will creep down-stairs. I think I know how the doors are

fastened. Hush!" He got up, put on his clothes very quietly. His heart, however, would not lie quiet at all, but beat, beat, beat, at his side, as if it wanted to force its way through.

"What can make my heart beat so?" said Peter. "I know I am not afraid; if I *were*, I would do for this clock some how; for I have suffered enough through it." And then he thought of the scoldings, and floggings, and fastings of the last day or two.

So he crept down-stairs very gently, undrew the bolts of the door which led to the garden, lifted the great bar of the outer door, and took off the chain; presently he found himself in the open air.

He ran to the tree, in the hole of which he had hid the key of the clock-case; having secured it, he ran on tip-toe back again. He went into the hall, where the clock was, but he could scarcely see it, as the shutters were not opened. Just as he was feeling for the key-hole, he thought of his knife. "Oh," said he, "plague take it, that is up-stairs; I left it on the bed." So the silly boy crept up-stairs very gently, obtained the knife, and was soon before the clock-case again.

"Now for it," said he, as he opened his knife. All was silent. He stood with the knife in one hand, and the key in the other—now the key is in the lock—he turns it—the door opened. Peter got a glimpse of two or three long cords, and two long round brown-looking things, which startled him, for he had never seen the inside of a clock before.

He listened—he trembled; but he drew his knife, and stretched his hand out to cut the cords. Just as the edge of it, however, touched the string, the loud alarm bell of the clock began ringing at a violent rate; the alarm weight ran down with a loud grat-

ing noise, and Peter dropped down on the ground terribly frightened.

The noise went off, and all was still again. Peter listened; nothing was to be heard but the regular tick of the clock. "Aye," said Peter, "I have given him a cut, and he has cried out. I must do for him now, as he will rouse father and mother. "There," said he, "you tell-tale, take that (here he made a plunge with his knife at the cord), and that," said he, "and another—there."

In an instant the weights dropped down with a loud and dreadful crash; a slight jingle of the bell was heard; one tick—a click—it was over, and a red fluid gushed out from the bottom of the clock-case.

"Aye," said Peter, "it is his blood; I have killed him—he does not tick—he is dead.

Peter then ran up-stairs, scarcely knowing where he went to, jumped into bed with his clothes on, rolled himself up in the sheets, and listened.

All was silent. "He will never tell tales of me again," said Peter; "I am glad he is done for."

Presently he heard Sarah getting up in the next room; after a little she went down-stairs. Peter heard her open the front parlour shutters; then she cried out, and ran up-stairs; she knocked loudly at her mistress's door. "Oh, Ma'am," said she, "here are thieves in the house! Murder! Fire! Help! Murder!"

Mr. Simple was in a few minutes down-stairs: he noticed all the doors to be open. "Why," said he, "somebody has been at the clock! The cords are cut! and, I declare, the four bottles of wine, which I placed at the bottom of the case to be handy when I

wanted them, are all broken to pieces by the falling of the weights! What does all this mean?"

"I am sure I don't know, sir," said Sarah, who sobbed as if she had been attacked instead of the clock.

"Ha! a knife! Why, it is Peter's pocket knife! What can this mean?"

"As sure as I am alive," said Sarah, "that silly boy has been and cut the cords. I heard him say he would do for the clock the other day."

Mr. Simple, without saying another word, went up to Peter, who was trembling under the bed-clothing, and ———; but I shall tell you what he said, and what a clock is good for, another time. I like to keep *you* in suspense, although Peter did not like the weights to be so.



## ABOUT ENGLAND IN EARLY TIMES.



You wonder what became of the Britons after the division of their country among the Saxons. If you listen to me, I will tell you. I will first tell you what kind of people the Saxons were.

Great numbers of the Britons were slaughtered by the Saxons, who drove them from one place to another. Their determination was, if possible, to exterminate the Britons; that is, to kill them all.

The poor Britons fled on every side; a large number of them, however, made a bold stand among the mountains of Wales: these could never be subdued. Their descendants are the Welch people of the present day, and a sturdy determined race of people they are.

Some of the Britons took shipping and fled to France. The place,



at which they took up their quarters and settled themselves, is now called Brittany.

People fond of fighting never agree long with any one; if they have nobody to quarrel with, they will quarrel among themselves. I dare say you have seen this among your school-fellows.

So it was with the Saxons. After they had driven the Britons out of the way, they could not remain at peace; but who could they find to fight with, you will say?

They began to quarrel and fight with one another. Some of the chieftains wanted more land than they had obtained; others wanted more fertile land; others, I really believe, made a quarrel just for the sake of fighting.

One of the chiefs, however, somewhat more powerful, a great deal more enlightened, and equally regardless of blood, turned his arms so spiritedly, first against one, and then against the other of these chieftains, that at last he conquered them all, and made himself king of England, or Angle Land. He was crowned at Winchester, A. D. 829. His name was Egbert.

The Saxons were a very superstitious and idolatrous people. They worshipped the sun and moon, Tuesco, Woden, Thor, Friga, and Saturn. From the names of these gods, we have the names of our days of the week: Sunday, or Sun day; Monday, or Moon day; Tuesday, or Tuesco's day; Wednesday, or Woden's day, and so on. There was one Gregory, a monk, who is now called *Saint Gregory*, passing through Rome; he was interested by the beautiful faces of some captive British youths who were arranged for sale. A benevolent wish darted into his mind, and, upon learning they were called Angles, he exclaimed, "The name well suits them, for they have angel faces,

and ought to be co-heirs of the heavenly inheritance." Inquiring further of their king, who was called Ella, his enthusiasm burst



forth, saying, "Hallelujah!—the praise of the creating Deity must be sung in these regions."

When Egbert was crowned, however, the people were Christians. Two hundred years before this, a king of Kent had been converted to Christianity by St. Augustin. For Gregory having attained to the Papal chair, quickly set on foot his promised mission to Britain, appointing Augustin and forty other monks to the work. They arrived in safety in the Isle of Thanet, and, through the influence of Bertha, the Christian queen of Ethelbert, had a conference with the king. He gave them all the encouragement the habits of his people and the opposition of the native priests would allow, with liberty to preach as they pleased. At this time the See, or Bishopric of Can-

terbury was founded, and from this moment the people became more enlightened.



England's troubles are, however, not over yet; the Saxons did not enjoy in peace the country they had wrested from the inhabitants; it was not very likely that they should.

At a future time I shall tell you about the invasion of England by the Danes, and of good King Alfred. You will like to hear about him.



## TALES OF THE SEA.

BY SAILOR BEN.

*(Continued from Page 89.)*

I TOLD you how I lost my father and mother ; I shall now tell you of what befel me when I was a little baby.

The poor woman, who so kindly took me under her care, had no children of her own, and grew as fond of me as if I had been her own child. But, about three years afterwards, just as I began to run alone, she had a little boy of her own to provide for.

She did not love me the less, however, but did all she could to make me happy. The best thing she did, though, was to send me to school.

So I used to go to school at nine o'clock in the morning, and came back at twelve ; but I was of a roving disposition, and when I was about seven years old, began to play the truant. It was only an old woman's school that I was sent to, and she, poor old creature, was blind of an eye and lame of a leg ; and I used very often to get on the blind side of her, as we call it, when we deceive people. But I can tell you that deception never did me any good.

The old lady was rather fond of me, and used to look over my faults ; and, when I played truant, she only set me in the corner for a short time, and scolded me a little ; so I played truant very often. I will tell you of the first time I played truant, and how it was.

I was sent as usual to school one fine summer's morning. Oh !

such a lovely morning! I can think of it now as if it were but yesterday. The sun shone so brightly, and the birds sung so sweetly, and, what was more delightful to me, was, that as I passed along the fields I had a glimpse of the salt water, which was only about a quarter of a mile off. The tide was flowing, and the waves seemed to dance with delight. When I looked at the glitter of the waters, my heart seemed to dance within me; I felt as if I could leap up into the air. Oh, how I wished I had been a bird.

I had a good mind to play truant; but then I thought I should be found out; and then I had heard it was wicked; and then I thought of how good it was for my foster-mother to pay for my schooling; and then I said, "No, I won't play truant, I will neither wait till school is over, and then go to the river."

But before school was over, my mother sent for me to fetch her some water, for she was washing. I was very fond of the water, but did not like the carrying of it, although I had a pail on each side of me, and walked in a hoop to prevent their hurting my heels.

I went home and fetched the water; I think fourteen or sixteen pails full; then I had my dinner; then I was sent to school, but it was half-past two o'clock.

So I loitered along. I thought of the river, and of how pleasant it would be to get a boat and have a sail on it: then I said to myself, "It is too late for school now; it is no use my going now, it will soon be three o'clock;" but something told me I had a right to go, late or early. I tried to make myself believe that I could stop away and do no wrong, but could not.

Well, I turned up the lane that led to school, but with a heavy heart. I looked back at the water, and how it did glitter to be sure.

I turned up the lane, saying to myself, "I wish I had not to go to school," and I think I began to cry.

Just at that moment I met Samuel Spirtsail, the boat-builder's lad. "Oh, Ben," said he, "come and go with me in our master's boat: we are going for a cruise."

"I can't," said I; "I am going to school."

"Why, it is time to come home," said he; "what is the use of going to school; it will soon be four o'clock? Come along; come along; we shall be home by time school is over."

Away I went, never asking myself any more questions. The thought of going a sail in a boat, completely overpowered my half-formed resolutions.

Well, we ran down to the river, got into a boat, and were in a few minutes in the middle of the stream, pulling away with all our might: presently Spirtsail hoisted the lug; that is a square sort of sail, and we were going before the wind like chaff.

I never shall forget that sail, nor the delight I felt at it. The boat seemed to cut the water like a knife; and the foam at her bow, and the rush of it past us, and her beautiful luff, with her gunwhale almost in the water, made me determine to be nothing but a sailor.

Away we went before the wind, down the river towards the sea, which was only five miles below. Samuel hoisted his blue-and-white neckerchief for a flag, and cried out at the very top of his voice as he hauled it up, "Doesn't she cut along?"

I could scarcely speak, I was so delighted. My eyes were fixed on the shore, which seemed in a full gallop; windmills, houses, trees, passing each other as if they were running races together.

In less than an hour we had ran down to a place called Sea Cliff,

being, in fact, but a very short distance from the ocean itself. The river was, however, protected by a sand-bank, called a bar, so that the water entered it only by one small channel,

“ Shall we go out to sea ? ” said Sam.

“ Oh, yes,” said I ; “ I should like to have a good rocking.”

“ Then you shall have it, my boy,” said he, and immediately steered the boat towards the opening of the river, which led directly to the sea. I looked a-head, and saw the waves dancing, and throwing up their spray ; I heard also their tremendous roar on the beach, but I did not feel at all alarmed ; I thought we should have a rare rocking, and that was all.

Presently we came to the narrow part of the Channel, and the cliffs hung over us on one side ; on the other was the said beach. When we got close to it, the sea was dashing over it in fine style, and some of the spray fell into the boat.

We soon felt our bark going up and down ; presently a larger wave took her up, and down she came on the other side. “ Hold fast, Ben,” said Samuel ; I did, and the boat dashed on.

When we got a little further, the waves became more turbulent ;—up and down, up and down. It was as much as Sam could do to keep her in her course ; presently a larger wave lifted her up and let her down again so suddenly, as to shake the wind out of her sail ; at the same time Samuel let go the sheet, or it broke, I forget which.

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.



No. I.

## CRICKET.

SPORTS and pastimes! Do I think you ought to know something about these? To be sure I do. Sport and pastime is as necessary for a boy as study. Limbs are as much made for exercise as brains are; and cricket is an excellent exercise for legs and arms, and every part of the body.



Cricket is the game for me. I am too old for it now ; but when I was a boy, I could send the ball as far as any of them, and take my runs, too : aye, and if you had seen me bat in hand at the wicket, you would have said, He knows how to do it.

Perhaps many of my little friends do not know how to play cricket. They may not know the rules of the game. What signifies ? They have got old Peter Parley to tell them.

Cricket is a noble game. Why, do you know, that even blood royal has stood, bat in hand, surrounded by the young buds of nobility ; and I can tell you this, that the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, was a noble cricketer, and few could bowl him out. I will tell you an anecdote of Prince George, which occurred when he was a cricketer.

I said few could bowl him out. There was, however, a little shoe-maker who lived at Slough, near Windsor ; a little man, who, having a keen eye and strong arm, had acquired such extraordinary skill in bowling, that few could defend a wicket against him. The Prince heard of the little man, and felt desirous of trying his skill, for the Prince considered himself one of the first batsmen in the kingdom.

A confidential friend of the Prince arranged a match between the Buckinghamshire and Berkshire cricketers, to take place on a certain day, and the Prince went disguised as a civilian.

Well, the game began, and the Berkshire men had the first innings. The Prince being on this side, it soon fell to his Royal Highness to take the bat. " What bit of a thing is that at the wicket ? " said the cobbler.

"Oh, he is a tailor," said some one who stood by.

"Then," said the bowler, "I'll break his bat for him."

He took his run and aim, and sent the ball with amazing force and velocity. The Prince blocked it as dead as a stone.

The shoemaker held his hand over his eyes, and surveyed the Prince from top to bottom. "No tailor could do that," said he; "he must be a lad of wax."

"He is," said the second.

"Then I will melt him before I have done with him. Play."

Away went the ball again, as if it had been sent from one of the ancient war engines.

The Prince tipped it with the edge of his bat, without striking a blow, and it flew off to an amazing distance, in a direction by no means well guarded. Three runs was the result.

"You have got a *strange* customer there, I am sure," said Long Stop, who generally stands immediately behind the wicket.

"We shall be better acquainted presently," said he. "I will give him a ball he is not used to."

After giving the Prince many other balls with great force, from which several runs were obtained by his clever management of the bat, the bowler seemed to summon up all his energy for one grand effort. He went back for a considerable distance, took an exact aim, ran with all his force to the propping course, and delivered—how—?

As gently as the thistle-down flies along the air; the ball ran along the grass like a snake, and stopped just in the middle of the wicket, knocking off the cross-piece like a fly.

A shout rose from the Buckinghamshire men, and the Prince

threw down his bat, seemingly mortified : in a moment, however, he walked up to the bowler, and put a heavy purse into his hand.

A horse was in waiting at a short distance, and the Prince immediately left the field. The next morning, however, the Slough shoemaker received a notice to attend the castle. " For," said the Prince, " if he makes shoes as well as he plays cricket, he shall be my shoemaker." And this bowler was shoemaker to the Prince and to George the Fourth, after he came to the throne.

Now, then, I will tell you something about the game of cricket.

#### SINGLE WICKET.

There is double wicket, and single wicket, in the game of cricket. I shall tell you about single wicket first, because it is not so difficult a game as the other.

Single wicket may be played by almost any number of persons. It is usual to have four or six of a side ; or five, perhaps, is the better number.

In single wicket, there is of course only one wicket, one batsman, one bowler. The opponent party stand in the field to catch the ball.

The bowler stands twenty-two yards from the wicket, and endeavours to knock the bail off the wicket ; but sixteen yards is enough for younger boys,

The wicket is three rods stuck in the ground, with a small piece of wood laid across the top of them. If the ball strikes the wicket and knocks off the bail, the striker is out, and retires from the play.

If the batsman strike the ball, and send it into the field beyond those who stand by, he runs to the stump at the bowler's station, and back to his wicket ; and, as often as he runs to and fro, it is

called a run, and a notch is made in his favour on the tally towards the game.

If, while the striker is running, the ball can be secured, returned, and made to strike the wicket before he comes back to it, the striker is out, and the run is not reckoned. He is also out if the ball be caught.

#### RULES OF THE GAME.

1. The first innings to be determined by toss or drawing of lots.
2. The bowler must pitch the wickets, and the striker measure the distance for the bowling-stump.
3. The distance to be that of the bat and the length of the batsman's foot from the middle stump.
4. In running, the striker must touch the bowling-stump with his bat or person.
5. He is out if he does not ground his bat before the ball strikes the wicket.
6. When the striker is out, the first fieldsman takes his place. The out-striker will bowl, and the bowler take the field.
7. No more than one minute is to be allowed between each ball.
8. When the striker hits the ball, one of his feet must be on the ground, and behind the poppin-crease, or it shall be declared "no hit."
9. The fieldsman must return the ball, so that it shall cross the play between the wicket and the bowling-stump, or between the wicket and the bounds; the striker may run till the ball shall be so returned.
10. The striker is out if he takes up the ball while at play, or

if he stop the ball, when delivered by the bowler, with his hand or foot, or any part of his person.

11. He is out if he knocks down his own wicket, or if he prevents the ball from being caught by any of the fieldsmen.

12. The ball to be bowled, not thrown or jerked, and the hand of the bowler must not be above the shoulder in the delivery.

13. Should the bowler deliver the ball over the striker's head, he is allowed all the runs he can make, though he may not strike the ball.

14. When there shall be more than four players to a side, there shall be no bounds. All *hits*, *byes*, and *overthrows*, will then be allowed.

Such is the game, and such are the laws of single wicket. Double wicket differs little from it, only it is more complex. My young friends should learn to play single wicket first, and then they may attempt the regular game.

Should they wish to know the full particulars of this noble sport, they will find them detailed at length, among a great many other games, in the "Book of Sports," published by Darton and Clark. But mind, the time is now coming on for cricket.

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**BARZILLAI BUNKER AND THE THIEF.****BY MARY HOWITT.**

**THERE** was one Barzillai Bunker, a member of the Society of Friends, residing near New Concord, in the back settlement of New Jersey. He was of wonderful staid demeanour and of such inflexible features that you might have doubted if he could smile; assuredly, a laugh was beyond the power of his muscles: yet Barzillai had a spice of humour in his composition, and, in a quiet way, enjoyed a joke as much as any man.

Barzillai was a farmer, and had a small location a short distance from the settlement of New Concord. It was in January, or, as Friends call it, the first month in the year 1795; and near Barzillai's abode lived one Jonas Familyman, a lazy good-for-nothing fellow, who had taken a small tract of land, which he managed much as the sluggard managed the garden in the days of good king Solomon. The cattle of Jonas, as may be imagined, were not over-well supplied with winter fodder; and, as he was too improvident to have wherewithal to barter, and money was out of the question, after the wolves had devoured his three sheep, there seemed no other way to him of keeping life in the bodies of his three cows, than by making free with the rich haystacks of his flourishing neighbour, Barzillai Bunker. Barzillai, who would have missed a straw had it been taken, soon saw that other than his own people cut the rick, night after night. But Barzillai, if he were quicker sighted than most men, was also less communicative—and not one word did he say of his suspicions.

All this time, however, he was thinking to himself what he should do; and, accordingly having made up his mind, on sixth-day, or as it is commonly called Friday, night, he took a dark lantern in his hand, and seated himself under one of his ricks. Here he had not

been long stationed before he perceived his neighbour Jonas quietly steal up, and seat himself in a partly-cut rick, and ply the cutting-knife with tenfold the agility he commonly used, on either ordinary or extraordinary occasions. Barzillai was glad to see that his neighbour had the proper use of his arms, and could make them move when it suited his purpose.



In a short time Jonas had released a handsome truss from the stack, and heaving it upon his shoulders, quietly, and securely as he

thought, marched off with his plunder, little thinking, poor man, that Barzillai was tracking his heels all the time. A merry thought meanwhile was in Barzillai's head, and he advanced upon him until they came to a lonesome piece of unreclaimed swamp which Jonas had to pass. Barzillai was concealed from sight by the burden which poor Jonas carried, and just as they were at the entrance of the frozen swamp, he took the candle from the lantern and set fire to the hay on either side, and then, extinguishing his light, slipped aside to see what would come of it. On Jonas went a few paces, unconscious of the growing conflagration at his back, till it suddenly burst forth into a wild blaze and seemed to envelope him in fire. Down, in a moment, went the blazing mass, and the poor thief stood revealed by the clear flame through the darkness. In an agony of sudden horror his hands were extended wildly forward; his hair lifted his fragment of a hat from his head, and then, after a cry, between a scream and a groan, he darted forward like a maniac, not daring to look behind him till he was totally lost in the blackness of the night.

After witnessing this spectacle, Barzillai went quietly home and to his bed. The place was so lonesome, and inhabitants so few, that there was no probability of the circumstance having been witnessed, and he said not a word to any of his household of what he had done, or of what he had discovered.

The next morning, poor Jonas, pale, and with his lean melancholy figure, looking yet more woe-begone, came to the house of Barzillai.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, when he found himself alone with his neighbour in his comfortable parlour, "I have been a wicked wretch, I have been a thief—good Mr. Bunker, forgive me!" and saying that he fell upon his knees before him.



"What is it thou hast done, friend,—what is it thou wouldst have of me?" asked Barzillai with great serenity.

"Oh, worthy, good Mr Bunker," cried Jonas, "the vengeance of the Almighty has pursued me—I have robbed your stacks time after time, but last night fire from heaven consumed my plunder, and it is of the Lord's mercy that I am spared!"

"Rise, my friend," said Barzillai, "thine is a strange confession."

"It is to you," cried Jonas, still on his knees, "that I must make confession, and from you I must obtain pardon, before I can implore forgiveness of Heaven. I have been a sinner all my days, Mr. Bunker, but this Providence of Mercy has redeemed me, and from last night I shall be an altered man!"

All sense of joke was gone from the mind of honest Barzillai, and he too, like the poor penitent, was humbled by the sense of the Almighty's influence which had thus made him an instrument to reclaim his poor erring brother. Barzillai leaned against the rude mantel-piece of his parlour and wept; and then taking poor Jonas by the hand, seated him beside him, freely forgave him what he had done, and began such a conversation with him as strengthened all his good resolutions.

Jonas and Barzillai wept together—it was like the repentant prodigal coming back to his father's house; and Barzillai lived to witness the rich and abundant fruits of the poor man's penitence, in the happy change which took place, not only in his outward circumstances, but in his whole conduct. Of course he kept secret his own share in the event of the night; he had neither wife nor child to communicate it to, and he learned to love the repentant Jonas too well to hint a word to his discredit. The whole circumstance never would have

transpired had he not accidentally related it to an old Friend in England, during one of his religious visits to that country.

Barzillai has long been dead, but the descendants of Jonas Familyman are a numerous and flourishing colony, in and about New Concord.

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## MORE ABOUT ENGLISH HISTORY.

### ALFRED THE GREAT.

I AM now about to tell you of the wars between the Saxons and the Danes, and of king Alfred, who was called the Great.

A great many kings and conquerors have been called *great*. Some have been called great because they had great armies, and went about plundering and murdering different nations, instead of living at home in their own country by honest labour.

Some, however, have better deserved the name of great, than persons of this description. Others have been called great, not because they were great conquerors, but on account of their doing a great deal to make people happy ; such as making good laws, and taking care that people should obey them.

Of this kind of great men was king Alfred ; he was not only a hero, but a good law-maker or legislator.

Soon after king Egbert. came to the throne, a nation of people living in Denmark, who were little better than sea pirates, came over to England in considerable numbers. They came over in armed ships, and having landed, marched into the country, and robbed the

people of the produce of their harvests ; took away their cattle, burnt their houses, ill-used their wives, and slew their children.

Many battles were fought between the Danes and the English, particularly on the southern and eastern coasts ; sometimes one party was successful and sometimes the other. When the Danes had collected their booty, they fled to their ships, and when they were beaten they did the same ; so that the Saxons, or English, always had the worst of it.

On one occasion, after a dreadful battle, in which they defeated king Edmund, who was a very virtuous prince, they committed very great cruelties ; burned the Christian churches, and, seizing the poor



king, bound him to a tree, and scourged him nearly to death. They wished him to deny his faith, and become a pagan ; but Edmund

would not, he remained faithful to his Lord and Master, which so incensed the Danish chieftain, that he had his head struck off. The corpse of the king was afterwards removed to the town now called Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk.

Soon after this king Alfred came to the throne. He was the son of Ethelred, and very early gave promise of becoming a great and good king.

There are many interesting anecdotes told of the early years of Alfred, in the Saxon chronicles, which are very interesting. It is reported, that one day when walking outside of the palace, he saw a wolf enter a poor man's cottage, and in a few minutes return with an infant in its mouth, which it wanted to carry off to its den.

Alfred, says the chronicler, had nothing but his staff or stick in his hand ; but he rushed upon the wolf, and compelled him to drop the infant : at this time, one of his attendants coming up despatched the savage animal, and the infant and young prince were saved.

When Alfred was very young, he travelled much both in France and Italy, and astonished many persons by the quickness of his replies ; but he did not take to book-learning, and the reason of it was as follows.

There was an old monk who was deputed to the charge of Alfred in his early years ; and this old man, wishing to make a prodigy of him before his time, set him to read Latin, and gave him so much to learn, that the poor child became disgusted with it : and instead of loving, hated the very sight of a book, and perhaps he never would have loved learning, had it not been for his mother.

Aye, there is nothing like a good kind dear mother ; they can do

the most with children if they will try. Did you never hear of a step-mother? They are sometimes thought to care nothing about their children; but it is not so, they very often make the best of mothers.

Such an one was the mother of Alfred; she was a step-mother, and her name was Judith. She was very fond of reading; and as she was very fond of Alfred, she used to read to him every night; and tell him the stories of former times, and about the Danes and early Britons. Alfred was so delighted with what he heard her read, he determined to learn to read himself—and so he set about it in good earnest; he found it very difficult, however, at first, for the



Saxon letters and language is not so easy as the language we use. Alfred, however, soon overcame every difficulty; and when he was

able to read a page without stumbling, his good mother Judith made him a present of the very book he was so much in love with—the Saxon chronicles.

Do you know what a manuscript is? I dare say not. It is a book in writing. At this time all books were written by the pen, and this made them very dear; for it took a man a whole year to copy one book, while now ten thousand times as much may be printed off in one day by the steam printing-press. The manuscript his mother is giving him in the picture, is not in the shape of a book, it is rolled up the same as we roll up a map.

After this Alfred began a regular course of studies; but he was soon forced to go and fight against the enemies of his country. The Danes had become more atrocious in their depredations than ever, and Alfred gave them battle in several places; but it was of little use, for when he defeated them they took to their ships, and went over to their own country, and returned the next time in greater numbers.

At last Alfred was defeated, and obliged to flee. No one knew where he was; some thought he was killed, others that he had fled to France. The whole kingdom was in the greatest alarm; the Danes had it all their own way, and eat, and drank, and sang in their camp, as if their good fortune was never to have an end.

Alfred was not far from them, however; he disguised himself in the habit of a Goatherd, and hired himself as a manservant to a herdsman in the island of Athelney. He was not ashamed of doing the lowest drudgery; and I dare say had to chop the wood, make the fire, look after the kind, and do all the odd jobs of the household.

He often used to think of his poor ill-used people, of his ill-fated kingdom, and of the best means of driving away the Danes ; and I have no doubt that he had not much time to think of anything else. It is recorded, that on one occasion, the herdsman's wife gave him the charge of watching some cakes baking on the hearth ; his thoughts being occupied in the manner I said, were not directed to the cakes, consequently they were burnt. When the housewife saw this, she was exceedingly angry ; railed at the poor king, and told



him he was a lazy good-for-nothing fellow. " You do not care about turning the bread, but you will be glad enough to eat it when it is done," said she in the bitterness of her heart.

The poor king, much to his credit, was patient of this reproof,

and admitted that he *had done wrong*. This is one of the things that made Alfred a great man.

After this Alfred wandered about in various disguises, and held communications with many of his friends. He very frequently came close upon the encampments of the Danes, who supposed him to be dead. Indeed, they had currently reported such to be the case; and I have no doubt they began to think that all England was their's, and that they could do as they pleased with it.

While Alfred was wandering about, he was more than once in such distress, as to be almost without food. The Danes ravaged the country in all quarters, and the inhabitants were obliged to go back



again to the old times, and make bread of acorns. While Alfred was at the house of a very humble yeoman, he found himself reduced



to one loaf and one bottle of wine ; but a poor beggar appeared whose house had been burnt by the Danes, and who like Alfred was a fugitive : the king could not refrain from dividing his last loaf and bottle of wine with the needy stranger. This is another reason why Alfred is called the Great.

I will tell you more about Alfred hereafter.

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### THE OLD LADY—HER CAT AND ITS NINE LIVES.



HERE she is again, little Mosette, as we agreed she should be called. You see her here, not so well employed as she ought to be.

Miss Sophia was so delighted with her kitten when she reached home, that she scarcely knew how to make enough of it. She got up early the next morning, and made a very pretty collar of red leather, which she fastened with an odd bracelet buckle, and with a little bow or rosette under Mosette's chin. Mosette did not un-

derstand this token of kindness, and found it rather inconvenient at first: by and by, however, she became used to it, and played about as merrily as could be.

However, our pets are not without their inconveniences; nor was Mosette. Poor little thing, she could not tell the mischief she was capable of,—not she; nor how much confusion she could make in a family. She seemed, however, determined to try.

The old lady, whom I before spoke of, was named Bellamy, and a good kind-hearted creature she was, as ever lived, only—she was very *particular*.

She never liked to see things in disorder; and if ever she scolded the maids, or was at all cross to her grandchildren, it was when they made a litter, as she termed it, in one case, or did not clear away as they went, in the other: and, to tell the truth, the old lady had very frequently occasion to be out of temper on this account.

As to herself, and all that belonged to her, it was always in what is called apple-pie order; that is to say, every part of her dress was well adjusted: her dressing-room, her bed-room, her drawers, her wardrobe, her toilette, and her work-box, had every thing arranged with as much precision as the specimens in a museum; and very proper it is that all of us should take a lesson from this Mrs. Bellamy.

Kittens are not remarkable for arranging things in due order; and there are some things in which kittens take a particular delight, with an especial view and object to put into disorder—particularly such a thing as a lady's work-box.

Mrs. Bellamy was subject to fits of the rheumatism, and was obliged to repose herself on the sofa, and do her little jobs of needle-work, or embroidery, or pursue knitting, in as quiet a way as possible. Mosette was parlour company : indeed, she was considered to be a parlour cat, and Master Edward and Miss Sophia taught the servants to look upon her as a very different animal from a kitchen or coal-hole cat. She was cleaned every day, fed with milk and bread, and choice bits from choice dishes, and petted and cosseted in such a way, that if Mary, the servant, happened to disturb her while lying stretched on the hearthrug, when she wished to sweep the ashes out of the fender, and make up the fire, Miss Sophia would cry out, " Don't hurt my kitten, Sarah," and run and take her out of harm's way into her pinafore, till the danger was past.

One day, when Mosette was lying on the hearth-rug before the fire, good old Mrs. Bellamy was reclining on the sofa. She had been very busily employed during the afternoon in working some shawl borders, and had her work-box spread out before her in its usual beautiful arrangement.

The work, upon which the old lady was engaged, required silk of various shades, and little reels, perhaps a dozen or more, were nicely arranged in little niches, or squares, in the work-box ; at the same time there were several kinds of worsteds and cottons, either in balls or reels, arranged in the same manner.

The old lady worked on, thinking, I dare say, of "*nothing particular*," as a great many people do, when she became overpowered with sleep : first she nodded, then she went on again with her work ;

then she took a pinch of snuff, and roused herself; then she nodded again, and at last fell into a gentle doze, which I have no doubt would have done her a great deal of good—but,

Mosette was as usual stretched out before the fire, sound asleep; and it so happened, that at the time the old lady fell into her nap, that Mosette awoke from hers, and, after a yawn or two, began to look out for something to do.

A kitten is not long at finding amusement. The old lady's pin-cushion hung dangling from her side, which was soon noticed by Mosette: first she gave it a gentle pat with her paw, to see, I suppose, if it were motionable; this great discovery being made, it was easy to convert it into a plaything.

So Mosette began with as much earnestness as Galileo, when he noticed the swinging of the lamps in the Ducal palace; not to discover the cause, or to ascertain the ratio of oscillation,\* but just to have a game. In doing this, and in patting the pincushion backwards and forwards, she scratched the old lady's hand, and woke her, who exclaimed peevishly, "You disagreeable pet of a kitten," put her pin-cushion into her pocket, and dozed off again.

What is the next game? thought Mosette. There was the work-box, close to the side of the old lady: kitten jumped up to it, smelt it all round. She put her little foot on one of the reels of silk—it rattled—*that was enough*.

Mosette soon rattled it out of its little cell, and bowled it about the floor under the chairs, beneath the sofa, and round the legs of the

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\* Some day I will tell you what this expression means; till I do, puzzle yourself with it; it will do you good if you find it out.—P. P.

table, during which time the silk continually unwound itself, and catching on the various articles round which the reel was driven, helped to tie them up. At last, however, the reel was patted under the fender, and Mosette lost her plaything.

She soon found her way to the work-box and got another, and then another, and then a ball of worsted, and then a ball or two of cotton, and then a piece of wax, till she had unwound, mixed cotton and silk and worsted, and twisted and twined them round the legs of almost every chair in the room, and particularly round the feet of Mrs. Bellamy.

Poor old lady; fond of order, and a place for everything, and everything in its place, little did she dream of being tied by her legs to the legs of the table, the legs of the chairs, the legs of the sofa, and the legs of her footstool, by silk, cotton, and worsted, out of her own work-box; but so it was.

Mosette was not easy, however, with this feat; she wished, I suppose, to do something more striking, and to make a noise in the world, and so she mounted herself upon a small fancy table, which stood by the window looking into the garden.

On this table was a large round fish globe or glass, in which sported, though not so mischievously as Mosette had done below, three gold fishes. The kitten, when she saw them glistening in the sun, and wagging their tails, began to wag hers. There is always something serious or funny going to happen when a cat wags her tail.

First she walked cautiously round the glass, and made her observations upon them. Then she tried to pat them with her paw, but that was of no use (you see her in the picture trying to do this);

then she mounted on her hind legs, and stood with a foot on each side, and looked into the water. She appeared very important just then, I have no doubt.

After looking at the fish for some time, one of them made a plunge; Mosette in a moment made a dash at it. In doing so she overbalanced the small table upon which the glass had been placed; and immediately bowl, and cat, and fish, and table, were all swimming together on a Turkey carpet.

Mrs. Bellamy awoke with the noise; the servant came running in. Mrs. Bellamy rose hastily from the sofa; but, being tied by the heels, her movements increased the disaster, for in endeavouring to move forward, she made a slip; and, trying to save herself by the table close by, capsized it, as the sailors say. At the same time her work-box shared the fate of table, fish-glass, and fishes.

Mosette scampered off as soon as the door was opened by the servant; scalded with cold water, and with her wet feet left many black marks in the hearth-stoned kitchen.

"Oh! my goodness, Madam;" said Mary, as she entered the apartment, "what an awful event. The fishes is broke; and—oh! it's a sure sign of a parting, or a death, or something worse, Madam.

"Be silent," says Mrs. Bellamy, "and untie my feet here; for they are positively tied together by a ball of worsted wound round and round them." And the poor old lady burst into a fit of laughter.

"I do declare, Madam, 'tis all that kitten; aye, you would not believe me, when I told you how she broke the looking-glass with the broom handle—that is, when I broke it—that is, when you said I."

"There, that will do, Mary," said the old lady. "Now pick up the fish, and put them into water; and then help me to find my silks and cottons.

"Yes, Madam," said Mary, "and when I said the cat had eaten the butter, you would not believe me. But I hope, Madam, you are satisfied now: indeed, that kitten is a very great thief, only Edward and Miss Sophia are so wrapped up in her, that they will never allow she does anything wrong, and so, Marm—"

"There, that will do; now go into the kitchen, and let me hear no more of it." Mary went into the kitchen, and, when she got there, observed the print of Mosette's feet over the stones. She seized the toasting-fork, and ran at the kitten with great fury. Mosette got under the dresser, but the incensed girl raked her out, drove her round and round the kitchen; till at last, the poor thing, half mad with fright, flew up the chimney, while Mary with hard-hearted delight cried out, "There stop, for you shall never come down while I am alive."

Poor Mosette! we must leave her up the chimney till next month.

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## SOMETHING ABOUT COWS.



**THERE** is a great deal to be said about Cows. Although they look so quiet, and meek, and patient, and so insignificant, one cow is worth a hundred persons, called conquerors.

Every body knows that a cow gives us milk, and that of this we make butter and cheese ; but there is a great deal more to be said about a cow than this.

One thing very remarkable about the cow is, that it is the most universally known of any animal ; for it is found, either in a wild or domestic state, in every inhabited part of the globe, and is capable of enduring every variety of climate.

To look at one of our cows, and observe its steady staid pace, their quiet habits, and serious demeanour, one would scarcely believe that cows would have sufficient courage to defend themselves



against the attacks of wild animals ; but the cow can do this in its wild state, as well as most animals.

There are many varieties of the cow kind, arising from the differences of climate, food, and habits. There is the bison or bonassus, and urus, both animals of the cow kind. The cow seems, however, to differ much from the buffalo ; and a great antipathy subsists between these creatures.

Besides the many varieties of the wild cow, there are others peculiar to various nations. The *great* Indian cow is one of them ; it is of a reddish colour, has short horns, and a great lump on its shoulders, and is very fat. Then there is the *small* Indian cow, which is very small ; and in Surat there is a breed not larger than a Newfoundland dog.

The Abyssinian cow has a hump on its back, and its horns are pendulous ; being attached only to the skin, by which they hang down. The Sant cow is covered with white hair, has black hoofs, and can outrun the swiftest Arabian horses.

The American cow is another variety, and is a fierce and dangerous animal. The head and foreparts are covered with long hair, as is also the whole body during the winter ; but in summer the hinder part of the body is naked.

In England and other countries there are various breeds of the domestic cow ; and these are considered to be the finest in Europe. In Holland, however, the cow reaches considerable perfection ; but in France, being somewhat stunted in its food, it is small and lean, and neither its flesh nor milk is particularly fine.

It is astonishing to think what a number of ways the cow is made serviceable to us. No part of the creature is wasted ; all are con-

verted into some useful articles of commerce and manufacture. Besides its flesh, which is used as food, and the milk, butter, and cheese, which the cow produces, the hide is converted into leather, its horns into knife handles, combs, and other articles; its bones afford ivory black; its hoofs give us oil, called neat's foot oil; Prussian blue is prepared from its blood; the hair is used in making mortar for building. From the skin of the calf vellum is formed, while the gall, liver, and spleen, have all their respective uses.

The people of Egypt used in former times to worship the cow. This was not to be wondered at in the time of gross ignorance: we in these days of enlightenment worship Him who made the cow, and who gave us minds to make the most extensive use of all his blessings.

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### A STORY OF A QUEEN.

Now hear my tale, ye merry hearts,  
That think with glee of Christmas tarts,  
Who've come from school with happy  
looks,  
Who've learn'd so well, and lov'd your  
books;  
Who've won the kiss of dear Mamma,  
And smiles approving from Papa;  
I think your hearts, my little dears,  
My story'll almost melt to tears.  
It is about a gen'rous Queen,  
Whom some of you have often seen:  
Sometimes she rides in coach of state,  
Whilst men in gold, around her wait;

With long-tail'd horses, white as snow,  
Like Fairy Queen she seems to go.  
What crowds of people stop to gaze!  
They wonder much, and much they praise;  
They praise her outward gilded show,  
Whilst few her real goodness know.  
She loves not show, as you will find,  
Far better things are in her mind;  
She loves to think of all that's good,  
Of those in want of daily food,  
Of old and helpless, young and poor,  
That all the ills of life endure;—  
These she loves better far than gold,  
Or all the wealth that may be told.

But I forget the promis'd tale,  
 And, promis'd once, I will not fail;  
 Nor longer will I make you wait,  
 Your patience will be very great:  
 So take your places by the fire,  
 I'm sure the story will not tire.  
 Come, Emily, and Anna too,  
 And little playmates not a few;  
 To tell this pleasing tale I haste,  
 And not another moment waste:  
 For when you've heard its int'rest  
     through,  
 You'll like it more, because 'tis true.  
 'Twas then, my loves, an aged wife  
 Who'd reach'd the vale of human life,  
 And one of those who once were found  
 In happy England to abound:  
 Who, though they're poor, yet cheerful  
     try  
 To live by careful industry;  
 Who keep their house, their children  
     neat,  
 Nor shame, with rags, the open street;  
 Who, when they've work'd throughout  
     the day,  
 At ev'ning read, at bed-time pray;  
 (Whose labour well deserves the hire  
 That they from richer hands require;)   
 And living thus, content and free,  
 They earn the praise of honesty.  
 This aged wife was one of these,  
 Their neighbours and superiors please;  
 Her merit a kind lady knew,  
 Though very poor, that she was true.  
 She found this poor old woman led  
 A painful life; for long in bed

Her husband, who was older still,  
 Had laid, infirm and very ill.  
 They had but little sav'd before  
 Misfortune came within their door,  
 And that could scarce afford them what  
 Might cheer, and smooth their needy lot.  
 But listen well, my little friends,  
 How Providence good people sends  
 To help the honest poor in need,  
 And give them comforts rich indeed:  
 How well his bounteous gifts repay  
 Those that are found in wisdom's way.  
 A lady, as I said before,  
 Supplied this poor old woman's store  
 With little playthings, bright and gay,  
 That in her basket ev'ry day  
 She plac'd, with cakes and treasures sweet,  
 That children praise whene'er they meet;  
 With little books, pictures, and toys,  
 As lambs for girls, and whips for boys.  
 These little stores she try'd to sell,  
 And oft succeeded very well:  
 The lady too had kindly lent  
 Her money, and the old wife sent  
 To sell her things around the town;  
 When haply, she would earn a crown,  
 And then with joy would she repay  
 The money lent her for the day.  
 How many ladies are there now,  
 Who thus their tender feelings show;  
 Who love to comfort tot'ring age,  
 And all its cares and ills assuage!  
 It may be, darlings, some of you,  
 Erewhile with joy will do so too;  
 Will feel your little bosoms swell  
 With sweetness like the bee's rich cell—

With love, with kindness—feelings bright  
 All have that feel the love of right.  
 But to my story, I forget,  
 I scarcely have begun it yet :  
 The poor old wife, one sunny day,  
 Was early on her peaceful way ;  
 Well furnish'd from her friend she went,  
 Her heart o'erswelling with content,  
 And promis'd, ere the setting sun,  
 To come and tell her all she'd done.  
 Now see the old but tidy dame,  
 Her basket's heavy, and she's lame ;  
 The day is warm, yet all the while,  
 Her aged features wear a smile :  
 She walks along the pavement's side ;  
 For though the pavement's smooth and wide,  
 Her basket, in a crowd so great,  
 Might overbear her aged feet.  
 Onward she walks in timid hope,  
 Yet none to look, or purchase, stop ;  
 She's growing weary, and the day  
 Begins, with speed, to pass away.  
 She's walking where the rich and great  
 Are passing in their gaudy state ;  
 She's far from friends, and humble home,  
 She weeps!— for none to purchase come.  
 None ease her load by one thing sold,  
 Her feeble heart grows sad and cold ;  
 She's thinking of her husband dear,  
 And, sighing, drops a tender tear.  
 How sad was this for one so old !  
 She almost thought she would be bold,  
 And ask the many passers bye  
 In charity her goods to buy :  
 She often tried, but when they came.  
 Her timid heart refus'd for shame.

She could not ask, what must she do?  
 If she could only sell a few,  
 'Twould help to make her basket light,  
 Her heart—how thankful for the night !  
 But now the story changes fast,  
 The saddest part is nearly past ;  
 For gladness comes with cheerful ray,  
 And chases doubt and fear away.  
 Just as she walk'd with downcast look,  
 And once again her basket took ;  
 Just when she had begun to trace  
 Her homeward steps, with slacken'd  
     pace,  
 (Now listen well, my little friends,  
 How happily the story ends ;)  
 Just then, a lady, gentle, kind,  
 Of noble rank, but nobler mind,  
 Came to the spot—she mark'd the dame,  
 Her cleanly dress, her aged frame ;  
 She stopp'd—and though she did not buy,  
 She saw that grief was in her eye :  
 She spoke, and ask'd what made her sad ;  
 The dame replied, " her sale was bad."  
 She told, in simple words, and few,  
 How many streets she'd wander'd thro',  
 To sell her toys, that she might take  
 Her suffering husband home a cake  
 Of new-made bread, a little tea,  
 To soften his calamity.  
 She ask'd her then from whence she came,  
 Her parish where, and what her name,  
 What she had been in younger days,  
 What now, when life and strength  
     decays?  
 Her voice was so expressive too,  
 She answer'd simply all, and true ;

The lady e'en her basket took,  
 And said to her, with gentle look,  
 "I fear, good dame, this heavy weight  
 For one so old, is far too great.  
 Come give it me; I'll show you where  
 You'll find there's pity, kindness, care,  
 E'en for the poor, though e'er so old,  
 To shelter them from want and cold."  
 With this, her basket through the street  
 She bore, nor fear'd her friends to meet.  
*Good lady!* you *must* love her much,  
 My dears, there are not many such.  
 The poor dame follow'd all the while  
 In doubt and fear; but still the smile  
 Of goodness in the lady's face,  
 Show'd, in her heart was never place  
 For what she'd heard some people do,  
 Who're only good in word and show.  
 But on they went, and soon she saw  
 A noble building; at the door  
 The lady stopt, and up the stairs  
 The basket in her hand she bears,  
 And bad the servants kindly treat  
 The poor old dame, to give her meat  
 And comfort her in ev'ry way;  
 For, till she's sent for, she must stay.  
 The poor old dame would taste no food  
 Whilst trembling, doubting, there she stood:  
 She knew not what to think: she thought  
 That she was into trouble brought;  
 Till servants, cloth'd in red and gold,  
 Came, and the lady's message told,  
 That she should follow them to where  
 The lady was who'd brought her there.  
 Now, little darlings, how your ears  
 Long to hear what she saw up-stairs.

They led her to a room where all  
 Was gold that hung upon the wall;  
 Where all the colours you may think  
 Were painted—yellow, blue, and pink.  
 The poor dame star'd, and well she  
 might,  
 So new to her this splendid sight:  
 And there she saw two ladies; one  
 Was her that this kind deed had done.  
 She came and led her to the seat  
 Where sat the truly kind and great;  
 She push'd her bonnet back, and there  
 Show'd her white silver shining hair.  
 "Nay," said the Queen, "soft—see her  
 fear,  
 The poor old dame is trembling here;  
 We must not let the object be  
 Alarm'd, deserves our charity.  
 Replace her bonnet, and inquire  
 What 'tis her seeming wants require."  
 The lady said, with gentle sigh,  
 "Thinks not Your Gracious Majesty  
 That she is far too wan and old,  
 With heavy weight, to bear the cold;  
 To walk all day about the street,  
 And all the ills of fortune meet?"  
 "She is too old," the gentle Queen  
 Replied, "and sad she should be seen  
 So weigh'd with care, and labour too.  
 Come near, good woman, I would know  
 Your many wants and your distress,  
 That I may try to make them less."  
 The dame with trembling tongue told thro'  
 Her little history of woe:  
 The answers of her simple tongue  
 Were artless, free from any wrong:

And so the Queen felt quite assur'd  
 Twas truly what she had endur'd.  
 Now what she said remark, my loves,  
 How very kind the Queen it proves;  
 For all the kindness age demands,  
 Age had from her parental hands.  
 "Then come, good dame, I wish to hear  
 More of your story, do not fear;  
 I think you're such as I would give  
 My help: whilst you, your husband, live,  
 I'll give you weekly a small sum;  
 And weekly you may hither come  
 To take it home; for you have need,  
 In rest and peace, to eat your bread."  
 What were the scenes the pitying eye  
 Of sympathising majesty,  
 So skill'd to read the sufferer's woe,  
 Saw, when her bosom melted so?  
 To her great mind, 'twas far more dear  
 To chase away a weak one's fear,  
 Than see the noble, glitt'ring group  
 In graceful homage, round her stoop.  
 The lowliest of her subjects weal  
 How dear, she could not then conceal:  
 Then did the humble roof displace  
 Within her thoughts each courtly grace;  
 The riven heart, the streaming eye,  
 Of old and helpless poverty,  
 The bitter pangs, the deep despair  
 That oft, unseen, are rankling there,  
 To her were lessons, truths to show  
 How much e'en royal hearts should bow;  
 How oft should think that gracious hand  
 Made those that here so distant stand,  
 Will'd that the high, with tend'rest love,  
 Should shield the poor they're born above.

Thus did the Queen of this great land,  
 Nor shunn'd compassion's sweet demand:  
 She stoop'd to aid the sufferers' need,  
 Sooth'd hearts that while they're blinding,  
 bleed;

And made the remnant of their span  
 As smooth as when its course began.  
 Now hear the sweet reward was her's,  
 Approving love itself confers.  
 For I must tell you something more,  
 Better than all you've heard before;  
 For rays of warm and gen'rous praise,  
 Shining on virtue's winning ways,  
 Beam'd from the Sov'reign's gracious  
 smile

Unseen, but seeing all the while.  
 For he saw that so pleasing scene,  
 Of love, and gratitude between;  
 The mother giv'n, by Heav'n's decree,  
 The aged child of charity.  
 "Whilst this was passing," said the dame,  
 "Some person to the room-door came."  
 She only saw his pleasing face,  
 So full of good and kindly grace;  
 She wonder'd who it was, and found  
 The Queen herself was looking round.  
 "Ah! who," she said, "is peeping there,  
 Come in, and see my aged care."  
 He came, and, looking at the dame,  
 Ask'd her business, and her name.  
 The Queen replied, "I've question'd her,  
 She's poor, and made my pensioner;  
 She has a husband sick at home,  
 And, though so old, she's forc'd to roam."  
 The King, for it was no one less,  
 Was pleas'd, and pity'd her distress;

For he perceiv'd the kind intent  
Of feelings, deep as eloquent,  
And spoke these words, his praise to tell,  
"Well, Adelaide, you'll use her well;"  
And then he shut the chamber door,  
His smiling face was seen no more;  
But, like the parting sun, its ray  
Was left to cheer the finish'd day.  
In such an hour did England's name  
Acquire a newer, loftier fame;  
For they, who rule with thoughts like this,  
Spread, o'er the land, unmingled bliss.  
As swift as silent, deeds like these  
Steel forth upon the truant breeze:  
They whisper mercy, soften fear,  
Bid grief the smile of hope to wear;  
They make the throne an altar pure,  
A refuge to the weak, secure:  
They make the nation proudly stand,  
'Mid falling states, a rescued land.  
The King, we said, had gone away,  
And was not this a happy day?  
My little readers think it so—  
They clasp their hands—I'm sure they do;  
They love the gen'rous King and Queen,  
And say, "How good and kind they've been.  
And now the story soon will end;  
The dame return'd her to her friend,  
Had fill'd her store with many tears,  
And many, many simple prayers.

She told her all that she had done,  
What tender notice she had won;  
How kind the King, how soft the Queen,  
And all the wonders she had seen:  
They both were overjoy'd; it seem'd  
As heav'n upon their work had beam'd.  
And can a Queenly mind so meek  
Aught but her people's int'rest seek?  
Was not her throne, on that calm day,  
Bright with unusual brilliancy?  
That humble form, with age bent down,  
Nor Queen, nor noble, would disown;  
The very Monarch look'd delight  
On that unusual, pleasing sight,  
When he beheld his threshold trod  
By helpless children, lov'd of God.  
Great Queen, we know not half thy love  
Sends, like a spring shower from above,  
Of deeds that shine, as they abound,  
As far, like gems thy crown surround.  
They sound not in the trumpet's note,  
Nor yet on fame's swift pinions' float;  
They are not done for curious eyes  
To tarnish with their scrutinies;  
Their sounds, so sweet, awake delight,  
Like the lone bird at still night:  
For them, no charm has noisy day,  
Their source, thy bosom's sanctuary;  
And they are blest, one secret eye  
Sees and rewards their secrecy.

## BATHING.



What hot weather! Now the eighth of May, and so warm, that every one has taken to their summer clothes. By the time my little readers get the sixth number of Peter Parley's Magazine it will be June, and may be hotter still. However, did you never hear the old proverb, "one swallow does not make a summer:" nor do one, two, or three hot days. We may expect, after this, stormy, cold, windy, wintry weather, or I am mistaken; and many a well-intentioned lady or gentleman, who have given orders



for drawing-room fires to be laid aside for the season, will be complaining of rheumatic pains, colds, and other attacks, if they do not take care of themselves: nay, after the hot days in June, it is extremely dangerous to calculate upon its continuance. Therefore, my little readers, I hope you will take the hint; do not overheat yourselves by running about in fields and gardens with caps and coats off, and then stand without them to get cool. And, above all things, let the weather be ever so warm, do not yet think of bathing in common streams; the sun has not yet sufficient power to bring the water to what I should call a bathing temperature.

But bathe you will, I know that; and swim you will if you can, and if you cannot you will learn. This is all very proper at the proper time; and as I think every boy ought to learn to swim, I shall give you a few instructions both concerning bathing and swimming.

The use of cold water is very great, and I can tell you that Peter Parley never rises in the morning, summer or winter, without sponging himself all over with cold water. It is as necessary that the whole body should be cleansed, as the hands or face. This is one of the reasons why Peter Parley is seldom ill, why he can write so much, and why he lives so long. Peter Parley can swim, too; but he is cautious about staying long in the water at a time.

But some boys will go into the water, and they will keep in it as long as they can; they run great hazard in bathing, and I will tell you first, they either go in when the body is too hot or too cold, or stop in too long.

I will tell you what state the body should be in, before you go into the water; it must not be exhausted by a long fatiguing walk;

it must not be in a state of perspiration. If the body is much exhausted, the blood will be thrown into the head, and death may be the result. If it be in a state of perspiration, this may be suddenly checked, and a severe cold and fever the consequence.

The body should be at a moderate temperature when we go in the water, and in a glow when we come out. If a boy should shiver, if his teeth should chatter, and his feet look very blue after he comes from the water, he has been in too long, and the bathing has done him more harm than good. If, on the contrary, he seem refreshed by it, and glows when he has rubbed himself dry, then bathing has been beneficial.

How long should you stop in the water? Why, the first day you bathe, you should stay in as short a time as possible; you should make one or two plunges, and out again. Rub yourself very dry with a coarse cloth, and then take a gentle walk to promote the glow I told you of.

After this you may stop in two or three minutes; but it should be at least a fortnight before you think of stopping in long enough to take swimming lessons: but even then you must be careful. Should you feel any part of your body, the hands or feet, benumbed or cold; should you experience any pain in the head or sickness at the stomach, that moment come out of the water, for it is then doing you great injury.

I know a little boy, who, from neglect of this advice, kept in longer than he ought to do. He said to a companion, "Oh! I wish my head did not ache so;" but still kept swimming on. At last he got tired and came out of the water; he was very sick, was led home, and put to bed. The next day he was in a high fever, and never left his room for three months.

There is another caution I would give you : never go into the water at any spot without you know what kind of ground is at the bottom ; whether it has glass bottles as a pavement, or mud, or shingle, or sand : and particularly find out if there are any holes and shallows. How many hundreds have been drowned by sinking into a hole which they did not suspect ; therefore, never go into the water unless you are sure that the spot is a safe one.

If you want to learn to swim, take care that you go with at least two lads or boys older than yourself, who are good swimmers, and who are bold and kind-hearted. You may do much towards success in this art, by learning the stroke beforehand, which you may do in some degree without going into the water at all, by throwing yourself on the breast on the grass, or across a swing.

You should, in going into the water, choose a place where the water deepens gradually ; then walk coolly in up to your breast, turn your face to the shore, and strike off. You must have confidence and self-possession ; without these you will flounder about and make no progress.

I must tell you one thing appertaining to the art of swimming ; it is a piece of knowledge you should never forget. It will give you some confidence ; and should you at any time, without being able to swim, fall into the water, it may save your life.

It is this. The whole of the human body, with the lungs inflated, is lighter than the same body of water. The legs, arms, and head of the body are, however, heavier ; but the trunk, particularly the upper part, from its hollowness, is so much lighter than water, that the whole of the body taken altogether, is much too light to sink wholly under water. When you draw in your breath, and fully

inflate the lungs, the body in that case will be a very great deal lighter than water ; and there is, if you have sufficient confidence, no fear of drowning.

If, therefore, a person who cannot swim should fall into the water, and had sufficient presence of mind to avoid struggling and plunging, and would keep his hands *down* and his head up, so as to let his body take its natural position, he might continue long safe from drowning ; certainly till, in most ordinary cases, assistance should arrive.

But still I would have every boy learn to swim ; for in that case a person has the power to save the life of another, which is the next degree of pleasure which should follow saving our own life.

You inquire, " How am I to learn to swim ? " I could give you a great many rules for learning to swim ; but, to make those rules effective, I ought to be on the spot to give them to you. This I cannot be. I should, therefore, advise you to obtain the assistance of some persons whom you can trust to give you directions and advice, and then you will learn to swim in a few lessons. I may, however, give you some general directions, and point out a few matters which will tend to assist you in the art.

First, take care that there are no weeds, holes, stones likely to cut your feet, and particularly that the place, in which you would bathe, be not in an eddy or whirl of water, which is often the case in many spots otherwise very convenient for bathing. The best place for bathing, is a spot with a sandy bottom, which gradually slopes from the shore ten or twelve yards, before a boy of twelve or fourteen be up to his arm-pits.

If you use anything to buoy yourself up, use not bladders,

but corks. Bladders sometimes suddenly burst, and thus become dangerous.

A large plank is a good thing to have in the water where you bathe. You may lay your breast across it, and strike out your hands and feet, or you may hold it by your hand at the end, and, striking with your feet, drive it before you. This will exercise the leg stroke.

Mind, in striking with your hands, that your fingers be perfectly straight, and the thumb kept close to the hand ; the hands are then to be brought forward, palm to palm, and thrust out in a direction level with the chin.

When the hands come down towards the hips, in preparation for the second stroke, this is the time for the legs to be drawn up and struck out ; and thus you swim on, hands and feet moving alternately.

Be careful to draw in your breath at the time your hands are descending toward your hips, because that is the time your body would be liable to sink ; but the sudden inflation of the lungs at this moment tends to keep the head above water. The breath should be expired when the body is sent forward by the action of the legs.

Besides learning to swim, you should learn to float. To do this, you must turn your body gently on the back, elevate the head, and inflate the chest. At this time the hands should act as a kind of horizontal paddle, which can be better shown by a good floater, than told in a book.

There is a mode of swimming lately introduced in the Naval Academy at Naples, called "upright swimming ;" it bears the name

of Bernardi's system. It consists in adopting the motion of the limbs in the water to the accustomed mode used by them when out of it, as in walking, running, &c.

I do not know if this system be taught in our country, but I think it ought to be tried, as it has many recommendations. Its great advantage is, that a person can remain in the water swimming for many hours without exhaustion.

The Neapolitan government has reported very favourably upon this system. They admit that the speed of the swimmer is diminished, but, at the same time, the safety to the swimmer is much greater. I think all persons should be acquainted both with the new and old method.

In my next magazine I will relate to you one or more tales about bathing; in the mean time I would advise you to consult Mr. Martin's book of "Sports." It contains a great deal about swimming, which I cannot tell you here.

In conclusion, I may say, remember the advice I have given you, particularly about the time of going into the water, the state of the body previous to immersion, and all other particulars. The rules of this agreeable exercise, I may furnish you with another time. Do not forget that health and safety are first to be consulted,—pleasure and enjoyment afterwards.

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## THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NEDDY BRAY.



Woo-ho, Neddy,—woo-oo-up. Here he is, and his cousin Samuel taking leave of him over the palings. Whoa, my pretty fellow.

Neddy Bray was the only son of his mamma, who used to carry crockery-ware, pitchers, jugs, and all sorts of jugs; hand-basins, and all sorts of basins; feet-warmers, tea-cups, egg-cups, and all sorts of cups. In short, her worthy governor, lord, and master, was a hawking crockery-man.

The mamma of Neddy was called Gipsy, and a little gipsy she was; for she was sometimes as full of tricks as a monkey. And Neddy, long before he had reached years of discretion, was as wag-gish as his mamma.

Neddy, during the years of his infantine simplicity, used to follow his mamma, or run beside the cart to which she was harnessed. It was a little low four-wheeled crockery phaeton, a sort of little waggon, in which were arranged the dishes, plates, tea-cups, saucers, and vegetable-dishes aforesaid.

Jaffer (for that was her master's name) and his wife, Mrs. Jaffer, used to go to the markets and fairs with the crockery all piled up in such a manner on the sides of the waggon, behind and before, and so arranged within it, that everybody, by taking the trouble to look, might see exactly if there was anything in the whole machine they were likely to want. To enable them to do this, or rather to give them a hint that they might do it, Jaffer used to bawl out as loud as his lungs would allow him, "Here's the royal Victoria china, cheap as at the potteries. China cheap, china cheap, cheap china." Sometimes at the end of this, Mrs. Jaffer would say in addition, "Some of the right sort here,"—while Mrs. Gipsy would occasionally conclude the argument by shouting "Eh-awgh—eh-awgh—eh-awgh."

One fine spring morning, it was on the first of May, when even the chimney-sweepers are merry, on a beautiful sunny morning, Jaffer and his wife having set their machine in due order, entered a village where they hoped to dispose of some of their crockery. Gipsy was tolerably quiet; and Neddy would have been so, but for an untoward circumstance.

On the first of May a stag was turned out in the vicinity of the village of Cowbridge, for the benefit of the cruel feelings of various persons in red coats, and the apprentices, butcher-boys, ostlers out of place, and such persons who had nothing better to do.



The stag, after making a circuitous movement, leaped over some gardens, and took his course directly through the village, with horses, dogs, and ponies,—aye, and even donkeys after him. When Mrs. Jaffer saw them coming, she ran to Gipsy's head, and vainly endeavoured to pull her out of the road. Before she could do this, onwards bounded the stag, and, making a spring, passed clearly over the crockery cart. Gipsy began her "Eh-awgh," the huntsmen came dashing on; the dogs followed the scent; while poor Neddy, not knowing what to make of all this shouting, confusion, yelping, and bustle, and wishing to take care of himself; and feeling, perhaps, that there was no place like home, made a spring after the fashion of that of the stag, and leaped—clean into the crockery cart.

My goodness, what a smash!—he alighted just among the vegetable dishes; and, not finding them very comfortable to his feet, began floundering and kicking to such a degree, that jugs, tea-pots, cream-pots, and all sorts of pots, flew up into the air like so much chaff; while poor Mrs. Jaffer stood horror-struck, as if an earthquake had taken place, and shouted murder.

After recovering herself, she seized a large stake, and ran at Neddy, who, taking her will for the deed, leapt out of the cart with as little ceremony as he had leaped into it, and scampered off just as you see him in the picture.

The next day, to repair the damage, Neddy was sold, and being large enough to work, was purchased by a laundress, to carry her clothes home when they came to be washed, and to take them back when they had undergone that necessary operation.

For several days, Neddy behaved tolerably well ; a little frisky sometimes, but this was cured, by a common medicine applied to his shoulders in the shape of a crab stick, and so things went on tolerably for several days.



But the weather at last grew very hot, and Neddy, who was turned out at the back of the laundress's cottage, would find out a dry, and sometimes a dirty, spot to lay down and roll in, this seeming to give him great pleasure.

The good laundress was just getting up a very heavy wash ; it was summer season, and she was overburdened with bed-furniture, counterpanes, and such things, which were all hung out in the sun to dry among other articles of wearing apparel.

Neddy had very often amused himself in the manner I have

related, and oftentimes he had been forewarned by the logic of the copper-stick, that he was to keep at his own end of the garden, and not to come into the drying ground; and it is probable he might never have transgressed in this particular, had it not been for the following circumstance:—

There was a man who used to amuse himself with playing upon bells, which were fastened on various parts of his person; some on his head, some on his hands, elbows, knees, and feet. He used to stand before doors and windows, and amuse people wonderfully.

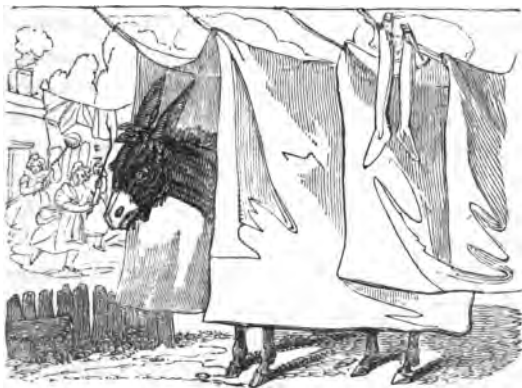
He came into the neighbourhood of the laundress, and immediately the laundress and all her washerwomen ran out to witness the extraordinary performance. The music was delightful; and Neddy, although he could not see the performer, pricked up his ears at the sound of the music.

He had just been at his usual play; and having made a towel of an ash-heap in the immediate vicinity, began to caper at the dulcet sounds. There were several other Neddies in the neighbourhood, who, hearing the music, became delighted; and one set up an accompaniment in the well-known sounds for which donkeys are celebrated. This was caught up by another, and then another, till every donkey, within half a mile, took up the strain, and produced a chorus not very musical, but still pleasing.

Our Neddy, hearing this, began to frisk about in an unusual manner. First he pranced, then he capered, then he kicked; then he leaped over the slight fence into the drying ground. Then he capered, then he kicked, and then he pranced again; leaving the impression of his dirty feet upon the various articles of wearing ap-

parel, hung out to dry and sweeten, which, as he at last became very violent, flew about much in the same manner that the crockery had done aforetime.

What with rolling, what with kicking and rubbing, and leaping over lines, knocking down props, creeping under lines, and overturning peg baskets, Neddy made no little confusion. The poor laundress little thought, while she was enjoying the music in front of the house, what a hornpipe was being performed to it in the rear. She, however, did find it out; for, as soon as she came in, "the thing spoke for itself." She immediately dropped down in a swoon. Neddy, hearing her scream, by instinct, ran and hid himself between the only two counterpanes he had not paid his respects to; and there stood patiently waiting the event.



Away came the washerwomen, with mops, brooms, sticks, pokers,

fire-shovels, and all kinds of offensive weapons in their hands ; and, to make bad worse, drove Neddy over his former work ; which, to do him justice, I must say, he had not scamped ; but he nevertheless gave it a few finishing touches, and bounded back again to his retreat in the duck pond.

Here I shall leave him ; but in my next may perhaps give an account of his other adventures.

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### MORE ABOUT ALFRED THE GREAT.

I TOLD you of many events in the life of king Alfred ; I am now about to tell you of several other acts of his which made him a great man.

You should never forget that life is made up of little matters, and attention to little matters is always necessary if we would be great or good. Alfred felt that he ought to have taken care of the cakes, I dare say ; and very likely he profited greatly by the lesson given to him by the herdsman's wife. Great minds never let the *smallest* trifles pass without extracting something good from them ; you have, I dare say, often seen a bee busy in extracting honey from very little flowers.

I say, then, do not think lightly of trifles ; for, by very little things, very great occurrences are sometimes brought about. I have told you about the growth of coral ; you know that the coral animal is very small, not much larger than a pin's shank. It lives at the bot-

tom of the sea, and working away in its little stony encasement, it grows and grows, and increases and spreads, till at length up springs a mighty coral reef, which is destructive to a whole armament, to a proudly-equipped fleet.

Jesus Christ compared his kingdom to a grain of mustard-seed, small at first, but spreading into a large tree. Who would have thought that twelve poor men, chiefly fishermen, would have been instrumental in spreading religion to every part of the earth: we must never despise small things, nor be inattentive to little matters.

Many a little boy and girl think little faults are of little consequence: why, a little fault is only the seed of a great fault, it generally has the same principle. The thief who steals an apple or a pin, or even a grain of sand, acts on the same principle as he who breaks open a shop or steals a horse.

But I am preaching, you will say; and very proper it is that I should sometimes. What is the use of knowledge without we make a right use of it; and what is the right use of knowledge? To make us good and happy—to make us conscientious, virtuous, and just. This was exactly the use king Alfred made of his knowledge, as you shall hear.

The poor king endured privation for a long time, and remained concealed in the herdsman's house till he almost began to be discontented. But he had learned this great piece of practical wisdom, "*what can't be cured must be endured*;" and so, instead of repining and making himself miserable, as many people do when things do not go on according to their wish, he said to himself, "It is a long lane that has no turning," and made use of two great virtues—patience and resignation. What is patience? you will say. It is to

wait, in meekness and without repining, for a change. What is resignation? It is to feel that what God willeth is the best that can be.

But was he idle? Did he not keep himself in readiness? A wise man's feet are always firm in the stirrup; so it was with Alfred; he was ready to take advantage of any favourable opportunity which might occur for the recovery of his kingdom.

He, however, thought himself to have very little chance of doing this; day after day, and month after month, brought him no news but that of the cruel domination of the Danes and their successors, and he felt himself to be reduced to the direst extremity.

But did you never hear that man's extremity is God's opportunity? aye, never forget that. He who trusts in God will often find this truth realized; so it was with Alfred.

He was sitting by the door of the cottage in which he was concealed, ruminating on his shattered fortune, when he was surprised at beholding the same pilgrim approaching him with whom he had divided his loaf.

The poor man had made the best of his way towards the division of the Danish army; and, having been a witness of its defeat, immediately travelled night and day till he reached Alfred, to communicate the good news to him.

The Danish forces were drawn up before the castle of Oddune, Earl of Devon; and the earl seized a favourable opportunity, during a tremendous hurricane and hail-storm, to make an unexpected sally, when he completely routed them; capturing the famous Reafen or Raven, which was an enchanted standard.

When Alfred received this intelligence, accompanied by the pilgrim, he set off to the other division of the Danish army. He dis-

guised himself as a harper, and boldly proceeded into the camp, and was invited into the tent of the general. The Danish chieftain, thinking there could be no danger in having a little music and a song or two, heard Alfred play and sing with great delight ; but a song cost him a great deal though it was a small matter.



The Danes were quite jovial while Alfred was among them. He was invited first to one tent and then to another, and he played and sung for several days ; but he did something more than play and sing.

“ What was that ? ” you will say. He made use of his *eyes*, while the Danes made use of their *ears*. He watched their doings ; took notice of the way in which their forces were disposed, found out which was the least guarded quarter of the camp, and where the bravest soldiers were.



When he had obtained as much information as he wanted, he then withdrew ; and in a very few days after, just at the very time when nobody among the Danes expected such a thing, there was King Alfred, with an army, in the middle of the Danish camp, dealing destruction all around them.



“Who could have thought of this ?” the Danes would have said, I suppose ; but Alfred would not allow them any time to reflect on their folly. They were forced to get up and fight ; but they were so confounded, that the King obtained an easy victory.

Now, then, you see Alfred as a conqueror ; and we shall see whether he was a truly great man, or not.

Some conquerors, when they have gained a victory, use the poor captives with great cruelty. Some slaughter their prisoners ; others send them into exile ; and some make slaves of them.

Had Alfred done any of these things, he would have been a cruel conqueror. But Alfred acted very differently ; for, instead of killing and slaughtering his enemies, or making slaves of them, he told them, that if they would become peaceable subjects, and embrace Christianity, they should remain in the country, and be kindly treated. This Guthrum, their chief, agreed to, and he and his people retired into East Anglia and Northumberland.

It is said, that the Danes eagerly embraced Christianity. Shall I tell you why ? Because *Christianity embraced them ; it came to them in love*. Alfred showed that he was a Christian, because he *forgave* his enemies. This is the only real way of converting people.

Suppose he had killed thousands of the Danes, and put a great many of them in prison ; suppose he had burned a few, and put others on the rack ; do you think they would have embraced Christianity ? No, indeed. But this has been the way some silly kings, and others, have thought to be the best way of making people Christians : and this spirit is not quite dead in our days. Pray to God every night, my dear little children, that this wicked principle may be destroyed in all mankind.

What was the consequence of this kindness of King Alfred ? I will tell you—PEACE. He who thus honoured the *Prince of Peace* was not without his reward ; for England was peaceable during the remainder of his reign.

And what did Alfred do ? Great conquerors are sometimes never easy but when they are at war ; and when not engaged in this way, get into other kinds of mischief. It was not so with Alfred.

The first thing he did, was to rebuild the churches which had been demolished by the Danes. The next thing was to found schools.

I can tell you, that King Alfred knew what he was about. He was disposed to do good, and he knew how to do it in the right way.

What do you suppose he did next? Why he employed himself in making new and better laws for the government of his people. Do you wonder at his being called a great man?



Then he built great and strong castles, and had some wooden walls constructed—the wooden walls of Old England—ships; he laid the foundation of the British navy. But he made a stronger bulwark for the people than even castle, battlements, or our famed wooden walls. “What can that be?” you will say.

He established TRIAL BY JURY—that is, the law that no man should be punished for any act, without being found guilty by at least twelve of his peers, or equals. Thus, you see, no man can be shut up, or hung, at the arbitrary will of any other man, rich or poor. I hope you will value this blessing.

He was a thorough Englishman, in word and deed. Even in his last will and testament, what do you think he said ?

"It is just," said he, "that the English should remain free as their own thoughts."



In his last illness, Alfred, although suffering great pain, was always patient and resigned. He was no doubt supported by the Hand that had afflicted him ; for he never left off his studies, nor the work of improvement which he was called upon to perform. To the last day of his death, he did something worthy a good king. He died in the year 901—nearly a thousand years ago : but he lives green in our memory ; his good deeds, you see, live for ever.

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## TALES OF HISTORY.

I HAVE in my time told you many tales; but the best and most instructive tales are those which illustrate historical events. Now and then I may probably tell you some of these tales. I am about to do so now.

About eighty years ago, the French and English were at war in Canada, and many battles were fought between them with various success. Both the French and English employed the North American Indians in the war, and sometimes these ignorant savages made a terrible slaughter of any foreigners that might be taken on either side, showing them no mercy, and subjecting them to the most horrid tortures. On one occasion, nearly two thousand regular troops of his Majesty's service were brutally massacred, while on their march to Fort Edward, by the Indian allies of the French, and only one young officer survived to tell the dreadful tale. I must tell you about this young man, because he was a very good young man; and because I wish you to understand, that good deeds are never without their reward either in this world or the next.

This young man, Lieutenant Ellerby, left England for the wars, much against the wish of his mother; and in this he did very wrong. But he had a very strong desire to be a soldier, and not being experienced, thought that he knew better than any body else what was best. I will tell you how his first desire to be a soldier arose.

There was a regiment of cavalry quartered in the town in which he resided, and this regiment made a grand parade every day through the streets, or on a common close by. All the children used to be taken to the windows to see the soldiers; and "Here they come,"

and "There they go," were heard from all sides. Besides this, so captivated were the school boys, that a many of them played the truant on purpose to see the soldiers go through their manœuvres on the barrack field.

It was such a splendid sight, thought every one. There was such sweet delightful music, such beautiful flags, such fine uniform, such waving plumes, and horses prancing, and swords glittering. The little boys did not think that all this finery was put on the soldiers to disguise the horrors of war. Poor little fellows, they were quite carried away by the flags, and drums, and plumes of the cavalry.

It was not long before half the boys in the town had turned soldiers in play. The lower kind of boys had mustered their tin kettles for drums, bean sticks for guns, and lath swords; pocket handkerchiefs for flags, with pop-guns innumerable; and they marched and counter-marched, and drilled and played sham fight, till they ended in real ones.

Then, as to the young *gentlemen* of the Free School, and the pay-boys at the rector's, and the crack school in the Abbey, they all were soldiers outright. Poor Mr. Banyan, who kept a little toy-shop opposite the church-yard, was absolutely worried night and day for toy guns, swords, pistols, cannon, drums, and such things; and it was reported that he had a waggon-load down from London on purpose for the Abbey boys.

Every boy in the town felt himself a hero. There was nothing talked of but "Have you seen my gun? Oh, hav'n't I got a sword!" Then there was measuring of swords, and beating of drums, till swords were made shorter, and drums had their heads beaten in, in the very spirit of competition.

Among the foremost of the boy soldiers was young Ellerby. He was a noble lad ; tall and handsome, and about ten years old. He was one of the first who caught the contagion of the soldier playing. Having a considerable share of pocket-money, he equipped himself right royally.

He bought a drum and a gun, and a sword and a pistol, and a bayonet and a cartridge-box, and a helmet and a halbert ; and equipping himself in *all these things at once*, was general, colonel, corporal, sergeant, drummer, drummajor, and private, all in one.

He said he would be general, and general he was. He soon got an army, consisting of upwards of twenty little fellows, from five years old and upwards ; and if you had seen how they strutted about, and how they held up their heads, and how proudly they carried their swords and guns, and how loudly they beat their drums and blowed their trumpets, you would have thought them fit for anything.

And so they were, in the shape of mischief, I can tell you ; for it so happened, that one morning, when this little band were going out to exercise in the open fields, with flags waving and trumpets playing, they had to pass through a narrow hedge walk, which separated two fields, and which only allowed one person to pass along at a time ; at all events, there was not too much room for two.

They were marching two a-breast, with Ellerby at their head. Just as they had entered the path, which might have been called a defile, they saw, at the other end of it, poor old Kell, the razor-grinder, umbrella-mender, tinker, old-bone collector, and horse, cow, and dog doctor, coming along, with his complicated grinding, umbrella-mending, bone-collecting machine, which, made on the simple

principle of a wheelbarrow, was, with his other accumulated wheels, boxes, side shafts, and baskets, quite a *machine*; and the country clowns used to wonder how a man could invent such a thing out of his own head.

The boys were marching along. Poor old Kell also came on steadily. He had his spectacles on his forehead, and a tolerable good cargo of phials, green bottles, medicine bottles, and all sorts of bottles, in one of his fly baskets before his machine.

"Keep on your right side," said Ellerby. "There is no right side," said the old man, "it is all middle."

"Wheel off," said Ellerby, "we can't break up our march," said he.

The old man, who was fond of boys, did as he was desired, and tried to wheel his machine into the hedge. At this moment the little army rushed by, and one of the little soldiers gave the razor-grinder's instruments a canter, and over it went into the hedge ditch, and smash went the bottles, and off spun some of the wheels.

The old man was in a great rage, and, I believe, was half tempted to hurl his pocket of bones at the offenders; but Ellerby, with a noble feeling, cried out, "I'll pay the damage, Mr. Kell, if it was our fault. Come, help the barrow out of the ditch; and as to you, Mallett, you shall not play any longer."

Now it was noble conduct of this kind that made Ellerby's mother very fond of him; and as he grew older, she was very anxious about him. She was grieved to find he was so fond of playing soldiers; but thought, as he grew up, he would see the nonsense of it.

But he did not; for the older he grew, the more he seemed deter-



mined to be a soldier. He begged, he prayed, he entreated his mother and all his relations, that he might be allowed to enter the army.

I shall not tell you all the particulars of his entering the army ; but he did enter it, and the regiment, in which he had a commission as ensign, was ordered into Canada, to defend the British possessions against the French and Americans.

When the young man set off, his poor mother was sadly afflicted ; but out of pure love to him she let him have his way. She gave him all the good advice she could think of, all the blessings she could pour on his head, and asked him, at a closing interview, if he would grant her one—her last request.

What do you think it was ?

“ My dear, dear child,” said she, “ perhaps you may never see me again ; but you must, you cannot but often think of me. Ever since you was a little baby, I have kept my eyes upon you—when you have been out of my sight, you have been in the eyes of my mind. I see you always,—sometimes as a little curly-headed boy standing at my knee, learning your first prayers ; sometimes as a little helpless infant ; sometimes as my full blooming grown-up son, whose arm was to have been my support in my old age.” And here the dear good creature of a mother wept again and again. Aye, little boys and girls, you little think how much and how deeply your mothers feel for you. If you knew and felt but a tenth part of what they feel, you would never, never give them an unkind word or a careless look. Oh, no ; you would love them more and more every day.

Well ; poor Mrs. Ellerby said, as a parting wish to her son, as

she put the Bible into his hand, "You know, my dear boy, what I have taught you, from your youth up. Here is the book that contains the record of God's mercy to us—carry its spirit with you: if ever a fallen enemy should implore your mercy, save him. If he should hunger, give him food; if he should thirst give him drink—ye are all children of one Father. Promise me, that you will be merciful."

"I do promise it, my dear mother! Though I go to fight against the enemies of our country, yet will I bear your wishes on my heart; and go not less as a soldier of Christ. No one ever shall appeal to me in vain, for my dear mother's sake:" and here he kissed his mother, and hung upon her breast.

They parted; and, in a few weeks, Ellerby found himself on the shores of the St. Lawrence. He had exchanged the downy bed for the flinty rock, the handsome drawing-room for the wild forest: for a state of ease and luxury, he had one of hardship, toil, and misery. Then did he think of his mother's words, and wish, that he had taken her advice, as most persons do, when it is too late.

He, and the regiment which he had joined, had been landed at Quebec: and had to fight their way up to it, harassed by French troops, American sharp-shooters, and Indian savages, whose dreadful war-whoop, and cruel torture of their prisoners, were appalling.

The Indians were artful and scheming in their modes of attack. They would creep among the trees, with a step so noiseless, that they were not heard till they rushed out upon their foes; when they would slay all within their reach. Sometimes they would disguise themselves in the skins of beasts, and dispatch the sentinels at their more remote posts.

On one occasion, Ellerby had several of his sentinels destroyed in this manner : one after another disappeared—no one could tell how : and at last, no one could be induced to take the fatal post.

In this extremity, Ellerby himself took the musket, and put on the sentinel's coat. He had not been long at his post, before he saw, as he supposed, a large hog, common in the forests of Canada, moving among the trees. He listened—it coughed—again—he fired—and sure enough, it was a man : for an Indian, enveloped in a hog's skin, lay, apparently dead, at his feet.



He was, however, only wounded. But when the picquet came up, they were for finishing him outright with their bayonets : this, however, Ellerby would, by no means, allow—he thought of his mother.

The regiment moved on a little the next day ; but, in the evening, Ellerby found means to visit the spot, that he might succour the In-

dian, if any life were left in him. He found him sorely wounded ; and sinking, for want of sustenance. He had provided himself with some wine and food, and administered to the poor creature ; and succeeded in moving him away to a place where he would, in all probability, be found by his tribe.

Ellerby again and again visited the Indian ; but, on the fourth morning, he found him gone. On the same day the regiment took water, and traversed the St. Lawrence in silence.

It was a considerable time after this occurrence, nearly at the close of the campaign, that the English troops were captured at Fort George : after which, they were ordered to march to Fort Edward, which lay at a considerable distance.

On this march, the Indian allies of the French, anxious for head money, and the military equipments of the poor unarmed prisoners, made a furious sally on them. They cut and hacked them to pieces, tore off their scalps, and, in fact, made a most fearful massacre.

In the midst of the slaughter, one of the chieftains, apparently more fierce and bloody than the rest, ran at Ellerby, and caught him up in his arms : he bore him backwards for a few paces, and then put himself in a posture, to defend him against his countrymen.

It was the Indian whom he had wounded, but whose life he had afterwards saved in the woods : and thus, while every prisoner was sacrificed to the brutal rage of the Indians, Ellerby was saved. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Then did Ellerby feel glad at having obeyed the last injunctions of his mother. After this the war drew towards a close. Ellerby, for his good conduct, was promoted, and fought by the side of General Wolfe.

Wolfe commanded the army, whose grand object was to reduce

or capture Quebec. This place stands on a rock ; and it is a very difficult thing to get up to it ; and, defended by a great number of



batteries, it was thought to be impregnable.

Behind the city were some high rocks and hills, called the Heights of Abraham. They were nearly perpendicular, and stood up like an immense wall ; but it was the only point which might be said to command the city.

Wolfe determined to scale these heights ; and, during the night, the soldiers, being first drawn up underneath the cliffs, scrambled up the precipice by the aid of the branches of shrubs.

The French general, whose name was Montcalm, had neglected to guard this important pass ; and, when he saw the English troops had

gained the heights, and were advancing across the plain to the city, sent out his army ; and a general engagement took place.

Both English and French fought with great fury ; while the Scotch regiments, with their broad-swords or claymores, did great execution. Wolfe and Montcalm both headed their men, both rushed into the hottest part of the fight, and both were repeatedly wounded : at last, both of these gallant generals fell, while advancing at the head of their respective columns.



Wolfe, faint with loss of blood, reeled, and leaned against the shoulder of Ellerby. The life-blood was passing from him, and his eye grew dim. At last, while in his last moments, he heard the cry, "They run ! They run !" "Who run ?"—exclaimed the dying hero. "The French"—replied Ellerby. "Then I die contented,"

were the last words of Wolfe : who thus expired in the arms of Victory.

As to Ellerton, he soon after returned to England, and was welcomed with great joy by his affectionate mother ; the campaign had cured him of his rage for soldiery. He thought now, as every honest man must think, that the *sash*, and the *plume*, the *flag* and the *bonnet*, are only splendid disguises to a trade of butchery.

Let us never refuse to defend our country whenever she may require it, and to give our best blood to preserve the laws and institutions of our land ; but let us pray nightly, that the kingdom of peace may be established in righteousness, and that the time will speedily come when war shall be no more.



## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.



## No. IV.—CAT.

SOME sports are good, some are good for little, and some are good for nothing; the cut above represents one of the last. You observe here a boy who is silly enough to stoop down and be basted by other boys, merely that he in his turn may baste some poor unfortunate wight whom he may catch by the leg. Now this is really a bad game; it is calculated to spoil the clothes of the bear, and sometimes, should he kneel on a sharp stone, it may do him a deal of injury: for very few things are more delicate than the knee, owing to the nature of its machinery.

“What machinery?” you say. Machinery of the knee. “Why, I thought machinery was nothing but wheels, and cranks, and straps, and spindles, and such things; I never should have thought there was any machinery in a boy’s knee.”



“ Well, then, this shows you have not thought much ; every joint in the body is a portion of machinery, and quite as mechanical as a mouse-trap. Some joints of the body are what are called ball and socket joints ; others are hinge joints. Now the knee is one of these hinge joints, which enables the fore leg to move backwards and forwards.

Did you never notice the hinge of the parlour door ? If you have not, just go and look at it : observe, there is a bolt passing through the two parts of the hinge, which connects them, and keeps them in their places. In the hinge joint at the knee, the same thing is done, but by a different expedient ; instead of having a bolt passing quite through the bones, there is a strong tough parchment, like a piece of inner skin or membrane, which incloses the joint on every side, and holds the bones together like so many pieces of cord.

If you stretch your leg out, and hold it loosely without straining the muscles, and place your hand upon your knee, you will find that it is loose or moveable ; and that it will, at the pressure of your hand, move about up and down, backwards and forwards. This bone, which thus is loose when there is no occasion for its use, is as hard, and tight, and firm, when you kneel or bend your knee, as if it grew to the other bones ; and if you feel it in this position, you can scarcely believe it to be the same body you felt before.

This little moveable bone is called the patella, or knee-pan ; it is circular, about the size of a crown piece, rather thick, convex on the side, and covered with smooth cartilage. You know where it lies ; but perhaps you do not know that the powerful tendons, which enable you to bring your leg forward in the act of walking, pass through it—but they do.

Besides this, the knee has something still more mechanical. Did

you never notice a waggon wheel? I dare say you have; and no doubt, were you near enough, must have been sensible of the strong smell of the cart-grease in which the end of the axle-tree works: and sometimes, perhaps, you have heard the sweet sounds of a wheel-barrow—creak—creak—creak, squeak—squeak, so as to set your teeth on edge.

But what has this to do with my knee? A great deal in the way of comparison, if you will listen to me.

You know that when the dry wheel grates on the axle, and makes the shrill noise to which I have alluded, the remedy is to grease it; and the wheel has to be taken off, and grease to be stuffed into the hole: it is then put on again. But this is a great deal of trouble, you know, and takes up much time; some carriages have four wheels, which make the job more formidable.

Some years ago, a very clever man thought, that if he could make the wheel supply itself with oil, it would be a good thing, and save a great deal of trouble. So he set to work, and constructed the box in such a manner, that it was made to hold the oil; and which, by the motion of the wheel, trickled down in very small quantities: so that the wheel never grew dry, seldom wanted taking off, and, what was better, it could never drop off through the linch-pin coming out. This invention is called the patent axle, and a very excellent invention it is: I should advise you never to ride out in a carriage without a patent axle, if you can help it.

Now your knee is one of these patent axles, only that it is much more perfect and durable, and has an advantage which the carriage axle has not. Every six or eight months the wheels, of what are called the patent axles, have to be taken off, and the box has to be

*filled with oil.* But in the knee, there is not only the box, and the oil, but an apparatus for making the oil ; and this oil continues to be made and to supply the joint for seventy or eighty, and sometimes for a hundred years without interruption, except it be from cold or disease.

Perhaps, when you have been kneeling on the cold ground, you have the next morning felt your knee stiff. The stiffness arose from the supply of oil being stopped, by your imprudence in kneeling on the cold ground, which chilled the gland that produced it. For you must know, that all around the joint is a little curtain or frill-work of glands ; these fluid glands manufacture a sort of oil called sinria, and this passes to the joint through little tubes, which hang like fringe-work round about the joint, and constantly lubricate it : so that it will wear extremely well, if you do not play at such games as basting the bear, or fall on your knees in leap-frog.



PETER PARLEY'S CALENDAR OF SCIENCE, NATURAL  
HISTORY, AND PHILOSOPHY.

ORNITHOLOGY.

*Stratagems of the Tom-tit.*

DID you never go birds' nesting? I did in my young days, before I learned how wicked it is to make my pleasure consist in giving another pain. I used to take the eggs out of one nest, and the young birds out of another, and destroy a third before it was half built. I remember once climbing up a tree after a tom-tit's nest. The tom-tit is a very little bird, and makes her nest in a hole so small, that it is quite impossible to get your hand in. Well, several school-fellows and myself went out one fine Saturday afternoon, and one of the elder boys told me he had found a tom-tit's nest, but that his hand was too large to get into the hole, and I was to try what I could do, as I was the tom-tit of the school: so away we went into a wood among bushes and brambles, and got many a scratch and many a bruise. At last we came to the spot, where grew a stumpy oak tree in the midst of a hedge of briar and blackthorn. We, however, fought our way through it, and I was pushed up the tree by a boy holding me behind: at last I got fast hold of some branches, and held myself on, while John Stubbs called out, "There you are, Parley, right against the hole; put your hand in."

So I held myself on as well as I could with one hand, and tried to penetrate the hole with the other, but it was of no use; my hand was

too large. "But," said I, very proud of my own cunning, "I am not going to be done by a tom-tit."

"Bravo!" said all the boys; "Bravo! Parley! Here, here is a knife!" So they tied the knife on a piece of stick, and I soon began to cut round the edge of the hole.

After a good deal of cutting and scraping, and grinding, the aperture became considerably enlarged; but I had held on with my hands and legs so long, that I was nearly exhausted. I persevered, however, and at last darted my hand into tom-tit's hole. Immediately, I heard a terrible hiss, like that made by a snake, and in a moment withdrew my hand, and tumbled down from the tree, head over heels, on the top of the hedge.

I was pricked all over, and roared out lustily: to get off this hedge was no easy matter, for the more I kicked, the worse it was for me. My mother used to say to me, when I was stubborn and headstrong, "It is no use to kick against the pricks." I did not exactly know what she meant; but this taught me.

"What's the matter, Peter?" said several of the boys.

"Oh," said I, "there is a snake in the hole! Oh, take me off; take me out of the hedge!"

At last I did get off; but I was sadly torn and wofully crest-fallen: but I was glad I was not stung by the snake or adder, as I supposed it to be. But the worst was some ill-natured boys used, when they wanted to plague me, to say, "When will you go after a tom-tit's nest?"

"As I grew up, I found out that I had no real cause of alarm, and that the extraordinary hissing and puffing I had heard, so unlike

the voice of a bird, and so like the voice of a snake, was only the tom-tit's stratagem to frighten me.

The poor tom-tit, a little blue-looking fellow, who has neither beak, claws, nor any portion of strength to defend itself from the weakest assailant, will, nevertheless, by its hiss, often scare the intruder from its nest as it did me.

The wiles and stratagems of every creature are deserving of attention, because they are, for the most part, the impulse of the weak and feeble instinctive efforts to preserve their own existence, or more generally to secure or defend that of their offspring. Few are able to effect their objects by bodily power; but all creatures probably exert a faculty of some kind to ward off injury from their young, though not often observed by us, or shown to us in such a striking manner as when Peter Parley fell from an oak into a bramble bush.

#### ICHTHYOLOGY.

This is the time the young fry of the salmon leave the spawning groove, and retire to pools; and proceed in myriads along the easy water at the margin of a river, with their heads against the stream, until they reach the tide in the estuary: where, like the kelts, which frequently go down at the same time, they retire to the deepest parts of the channel, and disappear in the sea.

In the summer salmon leave the sea, and ascend the rivers throughout the season. Having reached a proper station, they pair; and in company proceed to excavate a furrow in the gravelly bed of the shallow or running water, at the top or bottom of the deeper pools: into this furrow the melt and roe are simulta-

neously deposited and covered. This operation occupies nearly a fortnight. The eggs sometimes amount to 20,000.

When the fish have spawned, or become kelts, they betake themselves to the deepest pools, and then proceed to the sea; the males commencing their journey earlier than the females. Their favourite food in the sea is the sand eel. So you see everything has some duty to perform, and something to do.

#### MAZOLGY.

#### *The Hedgehog.*

Do any of my young readers happen to know the little village called Woodford, not a great way from the borders of Epping Forest. Well, if you do not, I may tell you, that after a delightful ride through Henhault Forest last Saturday, Peter Parley passed through Woodford. At the lower end of the village is a kind of green, and on this green a whole posse of children were busied in a very extraordinary manner. Peter Parley rode up to the spot. One of the lads, who appeared to be a farmer's boy, had got in his hand what appeared to me to be a ball of dried leaves; and all the others were clustering about him.

"What have you got there, my man?" said I.

"A hedgehog, Sir."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"I am waiting for Jack Woodruff to come with his terrier, to open him, and have some fun."

"What harm has the hedgehog done to you?" said I.

"Oh, we want to have some fun with him. You shall see the dog prick his nose, and then won't he be savage?" At this all the children seemed delighted.

"But why do you wish to tease the poor animal?"

"Why, for fun; its good sport. Oh, here he comes, here he comes—down with him, down with him," cried several voices.

I again interfered. I said, "What will you take for your hedgehog?"

"Take for him—a shilling." So I gave the boy a shilling, and put the animal into my pocket handkerchief. A man came up, a country clown. "Ah! Sir," said he, "you had better kill it; it sucks all the cows, we always kill them."

I soon convinced the man that the poor little hedgehog's mouth was so small, that it was quite impossible it could suck the cows. I told him also it was a most inoffensive animal, and was really of great service by destroying insects. But the poor fellow thought he knew better than I.

So I took my hedgehog home, and now I have him in my garden; and he is happy enough. He has for his companion a tortoise, a rabbit, and a snake; and it is astonishing how well they all agree.

The hedgehog, notwithstanding all the persecutions it endures, is yet common with us; sleeping by day in a bed of leaves and moss, under cover of a very thick bramble or furze bush: such a one as I stumbled into when after the tom-tit's nest. Sometimes it takes up its abode in the hollow stump of a tree. It creeps out in the summer evenings; and, running about with more agility than you would give it credit for from its appearance, feeds on dew-worms and beetles, which it finds among the herbage.

In the autumn it eats crabs, haws, and such wild fruit. In the winter it covers itself with moss and leaves; it sleeps during the severe weather, and when drawn out of its bed (as was the case with



the hedgehog I rescued) scarcely anything of the creature is to be observed, it exhibiting a ball of leaves, which it seems to attach to its spines by repeatedly rolling.

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### PETER SIMPLE'S ADVENTURES WITH A CLOCK.

Poor Peter Simple; we left him trembling under the bed-clothes, his father standing over him in great anger. "Peter," said he, "Peter, you are a very little boy, but a very great Simpleton."

"Aye, Peter," said his father, "if I was only half as fond of striking as that poor clock was, I should get a rod and make you remember this trick, I can assure you."

Peter rolled himself round and round in the bed-clothes, so that it was difficult to tell which was his head and which were his feet. His poor father felt him all over. At last he found his hack, and, giving it a slight tap, said, "Do you hear me, Peter?"

Peter feeling this tap, and deeming it to be only the commencement of a sound drubbing, made a spring, and a tumble, and a roll; and as he was bound hand and foot in the bed-clothes, he rolled down on the floor. This not being quite so soft a place to tumble on as the bed, Peter set up a loud cry, while his father drew the clothes from him, till he was at last quite uncovered.

"Peter," said he, "you have murdered the clock, and you must be tried for it. I am afraid it will go very hard with you. What have you to say for yourself? The clock is done for."

"Oh, father," said Peter, "there is no good in a clock; it is

only a big tell-tale. We shall do very well without it. Do forgive me this once ; do, there is a dear father."

" I suppose you think," said Mr. Simple, " that, now you have destroyed the clock, I shall not know when you ought to go to school, or when you ought to come home ; but do you know, young gentleman, that I have a *watch* in my pocket ? "

Peter had quite forgotten his father's watch, although he had more than once held it to his ear, that he might amuse himself by its ticking.

" You silly boy," continued his father: " and if I had no watch, do you think I should not know the time ? Why, the sun would tell me every day."

" What, when it does not shine, father ? "

" Why, no, perhaps not ; and this is the reason that clocks and watches are so useful to measure time with."

" To measure time with ? I don't understand this, I am sure."

" I suppose you know, that when the sun rises, it is called morning, and when it sets, it is called evening. You have your breakfast in the morning, and your supper in the evening. Is it not so ? "

" Yes," said Peter.

" Well, there was once a time when people used to have no other way of measuring time, than by looking at the sun ; and as they could not tell exactly the time of day by it, as it varied much in its time of rising in various parts of the year, it led to a great deal of confusion, and so various means were taken to measure *time*."

" Well, I can't think how they can measure time. I know how to measure a piece of board, or a house, or a garden ; but it would puzzle me to measure time."

"It did not puzzle you much to kill the clock," said his father :  
"but come, listen to me.

"It was found out that the sun came to the same place in the heavens at particular times ; and every time the earth went round the sun, it was agreed it should be called a year.

"Well, then, this year had to be divided into equal parts ; although this could not be done exactly ; but at last, after a great deal of study, it was divided into 365 days, 5 hours, and 49 minutes, nearly.

"Then each day was also divided into twenty-four parts, called hours ; and the hours into sixty parts, called minutes ; and the minutes into sixty parts, called seconds.

"Well, then, a clock measures exactly hours, minutes, and seconds ; and by my watch I can tell at all times how long it will be before I should get up in the morning, should I happen to wake in the night. If I should be out in the fields, I can tell by my watch when I ought to come in to dinner ; while the cook at the same time knows by the clock, what time to get dinner ready ; and you know when to go to school."

"Oh, father," said Peter.

"Before clocks like these were invented, time used to be measured by water dropping from a glass vessel. Then sand clocks, or hour-glasses, were invented to measure the hours, which are still used at sea ; and sometimes you may see small minute-glasses used to boil eggs with.

"A good while after the invention of water-clocks and hour-glasses, a very clever mechanist constructed a watch,—such as you see in my hand. But I can tell you no more about clocks and

watches now ; but if you will make haste and dress yourself, and come down stairs to breakfast, I will show you what a wonderful invention a clock is." This saying, Peter's father left the chamber, while Peter dressed himself, and went down-stairs, feeling himself a greater Peter Simple than ever.

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### MORE ABOUT THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

WHAT a pity it is that when we have to talk about history, so much of it should consist of tales of treachery and bloodshed. I sometimes feel unwilling to write to my little readers for this reason ; but I wish them to remember that the evils which we so lament, were occasioned by the prevalence of ignorance, and will prevail until ignorance is extirpated—that is, rooted out and destroyed from the face of the earth.

Some people say knowledge is power, and are afraid of it ; they forget the power of ignorance. Oh ! ignorance is like the power of the whirlwind and the tempest, which in its blind fury scatters all before it.

Endeavour, my dear children, to free yourselves from the power of ignorance : this you can only do by minding your studies, attending to your teachers, and learning your tasks. When you read about various transactions, you should ask whether they are right or wrong, and what they lead to.

I am now about to tell you of some other of our English kings. It will be a long time before I shall meet with one like king Alfred.

After Alfred was dead, he was succeeded by his son Edward, and the Danes immediately began to behave ill again. There were a great many Danes in England; the English occupied most of the counties South of the Thames, with Essex; but in the East and North the Danes lived in great numbers, particularly in Northumberland, which they had almost entirely to themselves.

Ethelwold, the eldest son of Ethelbert, was persuaded to claim the crown, and won over the Danes to assist him, and marched his forces to Winburn in Dorsetshire; but Edward marched against him so quickly, that he was glad to flee into Normandy: from thence he returned to Northumberland, and the Danes acknowledged him for their king.

A great deal of fighting took place between the forces of Edward and Ethelwold; but Edmund at last drove his rival to the borders of the East Angles, and Ethelwold lost his life in a skirmish: a treaty was then made between the Danes and the English. From this time Edward kept the Danes in proper subjection, and died at Farringdon in Berkshire, leaving a worthy name behind him; not equal, however, to that left by his father.

When Edward was dead, his eldest son, whose name was Athelstan, came to the throne. He was crowned at Kingston-upon-Thames.

He was, however, conspired against, soon after he came to the throne, by an ambitious nobleman named Alfred, who intended to have seized the king, and put out his eyes. But the plot being discovered, and Alfred pleading his innocence, the king, to show his mercy as well as his justice, sent him to Rome to purge himself by oath before the Pope, and the altar of St. Peter. When he came

thither he took the oath; but was immediately seized with malady, and died in the greatest agony.

After this the Danes began again to be troublesome, and they formed a league with Constantine, king of Scotland; Owen, king of the Cambrian Britons; and Anlaff, who had conquered Ireland: these all mustered a great army in a fleet of two hundred and fifty sail. Athelstan, when he heard of these preparations, marched into Northumberland; and the two armies at last came in sight of each other.

Anlaff had formed a design for surprising Athelstan in his camp, and of putting an end to the war by killing him. He adopted the stratagem formerly so successfully employed by king Alfred, and, disguising himself as a minstrel, entered the English camp, obtaining admission into Athelstan's tent. He entertained the king without suspicion, who rewarded him with a handsome present.

Anlaff was very proud, and, disdaining the present which had been given him, when he thought he was unobserved, threw it under a piece of turf. He was, however, noticed by a soldier, who had a suspicion that he was not what he appeared to be; so he watched him.

After awhile he discovered who the seeming minstrel was, as he had formerly served in Anlaff's army: without attempting to take him, he went immediately to the tent of Athelstan, and informed him of the discovery he had made.

The king was at first greatly displeased with the soldier, for not making his enemy prisoner; but the man told him that he had once sworn fidelity to him, and had he broken his oath to his old master, it might have been thought he would not have scrupled to

do the same to him whom he then served. The king applauded his fidelity, and, taking his advice, removed his tent.

In the middle of the night, Anlaff and an armed band stole into the camp, and fell as he supposed upon the king's tent ; but a bishop who had come late to the camp occupied the ground, and he and all his servants were cut to pieces, and Anlaff made good his retreat.

The next morning a general battle took place, which lasted from morning till night without the least intermission. Anlaff and Owen fled, and then Athelstan marched against the Welch, whom he subdued.

After this a perfect tranquillity prevailed during the remainder of the reign of Athelstan, who was considered one of the most illustrious princes of his time. He died at Gloucester in the sixteenth year of his reign.

Edmund, the brother of Athelstan, succeeded him in the eighteenth year of his age, and was crowned with great solemnity at Kingston-upon-Thames.

The Danes were encouraged by the youth of Edmund to throw off the English yoke, and Anlaff formed an alliance with the king of Norway : he first took possession of York, then of Northumberland, and at last advanced into Mercia.

Edmund however was quite ready to meet him ; and a battle took place at West Chester, which continued all day long with great fury till night put a stop to it. The next day both armies were ready to recommence the fighting ; but the archbishops of Canterbury and York succeeded in making peace between the two parties, by which Anlaff had the part he contended for ceded to him.

Anlaff, when he got possession of the northern counties, began to

impose heavy taxes, which offended the people, who revolted. This gave Edmund an opportunity of recovering his possessions.

The nation was again at peace, and began to wear out the traces of its former commotions ;—Edmund rejoiced in the tranquillity : he was not, however, long to enjoy himself.

There was a festival kept once a year, called the festival of St. Augustine ; and, as the king was sitting at his table with his nobles, at his county palace, at Pucklechurch, in the county of Gloucester ; he remarked that Leolf, a notorious robber, whom he had sentenced to banishment, had the impudence to enter the hall where he was dining, and sit himself down to the repast.

This giving the king cause for anger, he told him immediately to leave the place ; but Leolf, who was probably intoxicated, refused. The king fell upon him, and seized him by the hair, when the robber drew his dagger, and stabbed the king to the heart ; while he was himself immediately dispatched by the attendants of the king.

Edmund was succeeded by his brother Edred, who, being of a weak state of body, fell into superstition. Before this, however, he conducted himself with considerable bravery, and was the first person who assumed the title of King of Great Britain.

Poor fellow ! he put himself into the hands of Dunstan, Abbot of Glastonbury, whom he entrusted with the management of his affairs ; and who, with his creatures, shared in all the spoils of the kingdom. He discarded his reason to gain a passport to heaven ; and Dunstan embezzled the money the king had in his hands, the moment he heard of his death.

After this Edwy came to the throne ; and this poor young prince was persecuted by Dunstan in an inhuman manner, and was at last



dethroned to make room for his brother Edgar, who united the whole kingdom into one.

Edgar took the first precaution strongly to fortify his kingdom, and guarded his coasts with formidable fleets, in which he himself sailed nearly round the kingdom. He was, however, a very wicked man in other particulars; but as he made friends with Dunstan and the monks, he could obtain absolution at any time.

After circumnavigating the kingdom, he came to the city of Chester; and it is said, that the morning after his arrival he summoned all the tributary kings to attend him at that place, who rowed the royal barge down the river Dee with their crowns on their heads, in his way to the monastery of St. John the Baptist, while he himself stood at the helm.



There was one remarkable thing in Edgar's reign which I must relate to you—it is the extirpation of wolves from England. Up

to this time wolves used to be common, and they were formidable and dangerous ; for they would not only carry off sheep and goats, but very frequently waylay and run away with children.

Edgar was very active in hunting and pursuing these ravenous animals ; and, when he found that all those which had escaped him took shelter in the mountains and forests of Wales, he changed the tribute money, imposed upon the Welch princes by Athelstan, to an annual tribute of three hundred heads of wolves : which produced such diligence in hunting them, that the animal has been no more seen in this island.

Besides this, he reduced all the weights and measures to one standard, which was of great importance to a commercial nation.

Edgar was succeeded by his son Edward, called the Martyr, A. D. 975. I will tell you why he was called the Martyr.

Edward was the son of Edgar by his first wife Agelfleda ; but the queen dowager, Elfrida, wished to place her own son, Ethelred, upon the throne. She was a very wicked woman, and did not care what she did to accomplish her purpose.

One day Edward had been following the chace in the woods of Dorsetshire, and, parting with his attendants, rode to Corfe Castle, on a visit to Elfrida and his brother. The queen received him very courteously, and requested him to take some refreshment.

A cup of wine was brought to him as he sat on horseback, and while he was drinking, his back was pierced with a dagger by one of Elfrida's servants. The poor young king, finding himself wounded, immediately set spurs to his horse in order to join his company, and preserve himself from a second blow ; but, fainting with loss of blood, he fell from his saddle, and his foot being entangled in the stirrup,

was dragged along the road till death released him from his tortures. The servants of Elfrida, having traced him by his blood, found him breathless before a blind woman's house which stood on the



road, and much disfigured by the stones over which he had been dragged. To conceal his murder, they threw the body into a well, where it was found a few days after, and buried at Wareham.

Elfrida, to expiate her guilt, built and endowed two monasteries, one at Amersburg, and the other at Werwell; in one of which she passed the remainder of her days, doing penance and wearing sackcloth, and pretending a great deal of sorrow.

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## THE REAPER.



HERE is a picture of a reaper setting off to his daily labour, to reap the corn.

You know what corn is and how it is cut down, and how it is bound in shocks, and the shocks made into sheaves. Afterwards comes the threshing, then the winnowing, the grinding, the dressing, the baking, and lastly the eating.

This little group are singing a song, which I shall call the reaper's song : listen to me, and I will teach it to you.

The sickle's edge is sharpened,  
The worthy men are come,  
So gay and frolicsome ;

The morning birds are waking,  
The yellow ears are shaking,  
For now is the harvest time.

Up, while the morning breezes,  
So fresh around us blow ;  
Up, to the fields we'll go :  
The lark is heavenward springing,  
The reaper's songs are singing,  
For now is the harvest time.

We'll work till evening's glimmer  
Shall on the steeple play,  
Then moonlight's softest ray  
Our homeward path shall lighten,  
And round our garners brighten,  
For now is the harvest time.

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## THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NEDDY BRAY.

### CHAPTER II.

POOR Neddy ! He had sinned beyond all forgiveness ; the laundress was a long time before she recovered. They burnt brown paper under her nose, slapped her hands, tickled the soles of her feet, threw cold water on her head, and lastly poured spirits down her throat : this seemed to revive her.

She raised her head slowly from the ground, and when she beheld all her maids of honour about her, she cried out, " I hope the copper has not boiled over." But it had ; and shirts, and sheets, and such things, were flustering and fuming on the outside.

When the poor laundress saw this, she immediately fell back into her former hysterics, and faintly ejaculated, " Run to the copper."

It was a very pathetic scene, I can assure you ; and while Neddy stood quietly in the duck pond, rubbing his nose contentedly against the palings, he had no idea that his mistress, to whom he was indebted both for food and fun, should be in hysterics about his doings.

The laundress, after a few more recoveries and relapses, at last stood upon her feet; and in a few minutes got courage to walk over the field. It was, indeed, a cruel sight to see so many lines broken, so many props smashed, so much fine linen soiled. The poor woman seized a prop, and ran towards the duck pond.

Neddy quite understood what was the meaning of the prop, and floundered about the water in fine style. He received several hearty thumps, and not having his hide quite so callous as that of old donkeys, he grew quite impatient under this treatment; and, making a bold spring, leaped by the laundress, and flaunted and scampered again over the drying ground.

Another chase took place round and round, Neddy still being pursued by the laundress, quite red with fury; she ran and he ran. At last, Neddy seeing no end to the sport except by making his exit, summoned up all his strength, and, making an extraordinary leap, passed over the palings into the adjoining garden.

Smash went something—it was a cucumber frame; clatter went something else—it was a stand of flower-pots. Away ran Neddy into the centre of the garden, and was obscured from the view of his persecutors.

If the laundress felt herself in jeopardy before, what do you suppose she felt now? Clothes were easily washed, lines could be tied together, props could be spliced; but cucumber frames and flower-pots were not so easily mended.

The garden, into which Neddy had extended his hornpipe, was that of a market-gardener; and asparagus was just coming in. Neddy had not yet tasted this luxury; and withal, being extremely hungry after his unusual exercise, and led by the nose, as most

asses are, came in contact with the asparagus, which he began to devour like an alderman: never asking for mutton chops, or any other viand, as an accompaniment.

The laundress in vain attempted to get over the palings, and immediately ran round to the gardener's door: she knocked—no one answered—again, all was still. Neddy went on browsing.

"Mr. Bean—Mr. Bean," said she; "let me come into the garden—my donkey is in your garden." But Mr. Bean was not at home. Poor man! he was gone to market.

The laundress, accompanied by all her washerwomen, again tried to get over the palings, and at last did so—they ran after Neddy.

The poor donkey, expecting of course another edition of the prop stick, scampered away as fast as he was able.

He ran among the young beans, potatoes, carrots, and onions; at every step doing a shilling's worth of damage. There was no catching him any how, and the ladies, old and young, gave up the pursuit.

Neddy was quite contented, for he had taken a fancy to some young cauliflowers, and began to feel himself in paradise: when he had tasted these, he took a few mouthfulls of young peas, and then turned to the peach-trees, the young buds of which are very finely flavoured.

Well, thistles are good, thought Neddy; but there is nothing like cauliflowers and peaches. If a few thumps with a cudgel brings one into a place like this, I think I should not mind a few every day in my life.

Just as he spoke this, however, he heard a click; and in a moment found himself fast by the leg. He had been caught in a man-

trap ; it was, however, not one of those cruel traps that would cut the leg through : it did not hurt him, but it held him fast.

Great was the joy of the washerwomen when they beheld this. Soon after Mr. Green came from market ; soon after he went to Mrs. Starch ; soon after they quarrelled ; soon after Neddy was in the pound ; soon after a lawsuit was commenced ; and soon after Neddy was sold to help to pay for the expenses of his repast and hornpipe.

Neddy was sold to a widow lady, who wished to learn to ride. She *had* kept a green-grocer's shop, in which she made a fortune, and had a great fancy for donkeys : her name was Button, and she was very stout.

She advertised for a quiet creature, and Mrs. Green recommended Neddy as the sweetest-tempered, best, gentlest, most amiable, most beautiful, and most valuable donkey in the whole universe ; as being swift of pace, sure of foot, a lovely one to look at, and a sweet one to go. If you had heard Mrs. Starch recommend her donkey, you would have thought she had served seven years' apprenticeship to the trade of recommending donkeys.

Neddy was bought—Mrs. Button fed him morning, noon, and night :—

Sometimes with grass, sometimes with greens,  
Sometimes with hay, and sometimes with beans.

Beside this, she had a saddle made, and bought a bridle ; and, this done, prepared herself to take lessons in riding, by buying a riding whip.

Certainly, Neddy was a very pretty donkey to look at ; and much



prettier did he look when he had his bridle on, with his little rosettes of blue on his forehead, and primrose-coloured saddlecloth.

Mrs. Button had a small grass plot, and Neddy was exercised in it every day ; and Mrs. Button exercised herself upon Neddy's back. A little at a time Neddy did not mind, and so behaved herself remarkably well. Mrs. Button was delighted ; and having gained courage every day, at last thought of trying her Jerusalem poney in the streets. Ah ! that was a fatal determination ; and led to a series of mishaps, which, probably, have not yet had an end in Mrs. Button's connections. Donkeys are born to mischief as stones fall downwards.

Mrs. Button had dressed herself in leg-of-mutton sleeves, a lace pelerine, a straw hat and feathers, and a green veil to keep the sun off her face. She mounted Neddy in her garden, and had him led out of the side gate, and then trotted him towards the village.

At first Neddy went on very well ; but the day was very hot, and Mrs. Button was very heavy, and Neddy was rather overcome—at least he thought so. "Is there no way to get this load off my back," said he to himself? "It is a strange thing to me if there be not." At all events he was determined to try.

They came to a part of the road in which there was a long wall on one side. Neddy thought grazing might suit his mistress, so he grazed her knee against the wall ; in return for which he got a sound thump, which made him stand stock still : waiting, I suppose, to see if any more were coming.

"Go along, Neddy," said Mrs. Button. "Tutch—tutch, come up, come up ;" and then she gave him another touch with the whip. Neddy turned his head round in the direction of home ; as much as

to say, if you can't behave better than this, you had better go home, Mrs. Button.

Mrs. Button pulled the bridle, and Neddy turned back again ; and, for the sake of variety, turned himself round, and round, and round again, hoping to make matters square, I suppose : but going forward was a thing quite out of the question.

Mrs. Button began to grow timid ; and just in proportion as she was timid, Neddy was courageous and determined, and resolved to have his own way. And so he first threw up his head, and gave Mrs. Button a blow on the nose ; and then he ran into the hedge on the other side of the road, and then against the aforesaid brick wall : and then giving a lounge, and a twist, and a shy, and a kick, and a summerset all together—off went Mrs. Button, who either from the concussion of the fall, or overpowered with the fright, lay quite insensible.

Neddy seemed quite unconcerned, as if nothing had happened : at last, however, he went to his mistress, and, being attracted by the colour of the green gauze veil, and by the glitter of a large bunch of artificial flowers the lady had in her bonnet, began to make a meal of them.

Just, however, as he was about to ascertain that gauze was not grass ; and paper, and calico, and wire, were not so eatable as asparagus, sweet peas, and young cauliflowers, a lady and gentleman came laughing up the hill, and Mrs. Button came to herself.

Her bonnet was rumpled, her dress was crumpled, her leg of mutton sleeves were flattened ; and her feathers and all the rest of her finery ruined—in the eyes of men, if not of donkeys.

Mrs. Button never mounted a donkey again as long as she lived ;

nor was Neddy called upon to teach her the art and science of riding, he led a gentlemanly sort of life, not being disturbed either by too



much work, or too much victuals. Mrs. Button carefully concealed her disaster from all her neighbours; and, pretending that donkey riding did not agree with her constitution, signified her intention of giving up her establishment on the first opportunity: and as a prelude to such a change in her circumstances, wrote a bill and put it in a neighbour's window—the straw-bonnet maker's close by. "A genteel donkey and harness complete, to be sold—a bargain. N. B. Warranted to drive or carry."

This notification was in the straw-bonnet maker's window many a long day; there did not appear to be a person in the world in want of a donkey—not one. Donkeys were going out, and railroads were coming in; Mrs. Button could not find a purchaser.

It now became a matter of serious reflection to Mrs. Button, as to whether she should keep a donkey at half-a-crown a week expense, without any returns; or whether she had not better have him slaughtered for his hide, and thus put a stop to his eating, drinking, playing, frisking, and mischievous tricks.

Humanity prevailed; and Mrs. Button said to herself, I will give the tiresome creature away, it is of no use to keep him. I will give him to anybody who chooses to have him, except a chimney-sweep. So the bill in the straw-bonnet maker's window was altered, and ran as follows:—"A donkey to be given away."

However, this had not the desired effect. There was really nobody in the village who wanted a donkey, and Neddy remained on hand longer and longer; at last the bill was taken down, and Neddy had to take his chance.

His mistress sent him out for rural excursions round the fields and lanes, to save provender at home; and Neddy was, perhaps, for many weeks the freest donkey in the freest country in the world: but one Monday morning he was missing. The donkey that could not be sold, nor given away, had found out the way to be stolen. It was just like Neddy.

The gentleman who had taken a fancy to Neddy was a gipsey, and Neddy was not the only thing he had taken a fancy to in the village. Sundry articles of wearing apparel, a sheep or two, and many odd matters, had decamped with Neddy, who lent his aid to carry them off.

The gipsey was called Giles, and travelled all over the country in search of things in want of an owner. When he purloined Neddy he was determined to make him go—and he did.

He was quite at home, as you see him, when on Neddy's back ; and he used to smoke his pipe, and look as innocent on his stolen ass, as if he had paid a pound for him.



The gipsey carried Neddy about with him, or rather Neddy carried the gipsey about with him for some months ; and was witness to many roguish tricks, I can assure you, if he could have told of them. Giles made Neddy a very humble patient donkey, and broke him of his wild mad tricks.

The gipsey and his companions had formed a design to rob a house in the neighbourhood in which they were travelling ; the reason for their doing this was, because it was inhabited by a very great coward.

Simon Stickery, that was his name : he was one of the volunteer riflemen, and was corporal. He lived at a place called Little Puddle.

The good people of Little Puddle were a very spirited set of folks. They did such things as barred up the turnpike gates to keep the snow out, and locked up the cellars for fear the thunder should turn the beer sour. Every person who had a house in Little Puddle, had a lightning conductor to his chimney—there is nothing like being on the safe side, said they.

It so happened once, that a drove of Irish pigs came through the town, and ran up all manner of streets; and not only up the streets, but into all manner of houses: and thus invaded the domestic privacy of the Little Puddlearians, who forthwith called a council of war, and agreed to establish a volunteer corps to repel all intruders.

Thus it was that Simon Stickery was a corporal; there were no privates; all were officers of some kind or other, and every one thought himself a hero.

Simon lived a little way out of the town, and was always afraid of being robbed; particularly as he had no one to defend him but his sister, an ancient maiden of fifty, or thereabouts.

He happened to cast his eye upon Giles as he rode through the streets on Neddy, and immediately hastened home in woful alarm; called his servants together, went to bed soon, barred the doors, locked the gates, set the man-traps and spring guns all round the garden, loaded his blunderbuss, and prepared for the worst.

About twelve o'clock at night, as he sat up in his bed, for he could get no sleep, he heard a noise—then he thought he heard footsteps. He leaped out of bed, and looked out of the window, but could see nothing.

He still heard the noise, however. "Who goes there?" he cried. No one answered; still the noise approached. "Speak, or I'll

shoot you," said Stickery. Nobody spoke—"once, twice, three times," said Stickery.—Bang.

He discharged his blunderbuss, and Neddy scampered off with the speed of lightning. The results of it I must leave for the present. Here he goes, faster than he ever ran in his life.



## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.



## No. V.—GYMNASTICS.

Do you know what gymnastics are? If you do not I will tell you. If I was not quite so old, I could show you, as well as tell you: as it is, I must be content to preach, leaving you to follow the practice. Ah, you say, can you tell why poor old Peter Parley is like a finger-post? Do you give it up? Because he can (in this instance) point out the road, but cannot go in it himself.

The other day I went to the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, where I found nearly a thousand children, the sons of soldiers, engaged in school at their lessons, or at work in various ways.



Among the rest were a couple of dozen boys, from seven to fourteen years old, who formed a regimental band ; and I can assure you, that the little fellows strutted away as bravely as ever I saw soldiers in my life ; and, more than this, the musical instruments were exceedingly well used. The drums and fifes, French-horns, clarionets, and bassoons, were almost as well played, as they would have been by men.

In the afternoon, the boys were taken out upon the lawn opposite the school-house ; and there, under the shade of some lofty elms, went through a portion of their gymnastic exercises ; climbing, leaping, throwing themselves over bars, and various other manœuvres.

These exercises are imposed upon the lads, that they may become active and able in the field of battle, to use their strength to the best advantage. I was quite astonished at the agility these poor lads displayed, and wished that every lad in England could be trained in the same way. Every little boy should learn to run, and to leap, to sit, to kneel, to crawl ; in fact, to make a proper use of his bodily powers ; a man who cannot do this is only half a man.

The body is made for motion, and motion it will have, else it will be ill : but there are some motions that are good for it, and some that are evil. It should be everyone's study to practice the good, and avoid the evil.

As I said, I should like to see every little boy and girl making a proper use of their limbs ; but to do this well, they should be trained gradually to those feats of agility comprehended under the term, Gymnastics. If we attempt violent exercise without due preparation, we may do ourselves serious injury.

There are not many auxiliaries wanting for gymnastic exercises :

a line, or a couple of lines, suspended from the horizontal bough of a tree, an upright pole set firm in the earth, a slanting board, and a rope-ladder, will be amply sufficient for all common purposes.

You must recollect that the human body is composed principally of bones and muscles. The bones are for the purpose of strength and sustaining the weight of the various parts ; the muscles are just so many bands, or straps, or cords, to move the bones with ; they are to the body what the rigging is to a ship.

If you look at a ship, you will find that the mast is steadied all the way up by the rattlings ; and that the yard-arms are moved in various directions by the "haleyards ;" namely, ropes running from one part at which the men pull, to the extremity of the yard-arm. These ropes pass through blocks and pulleys, and by their aid the ship is managed in the strongest winds, and the roughest sea.

But all the ropes and rigging of a ship, are as nothing to the muscles in the human body. There are hundreds of muscles named and known, and thousands which have not yet been named. When the little dark hole in the middle of your eye, called the pupil, contracts, as it does when the light falls strongly upon it, a thousand little muscles produce the motion ; when it dilates, a thousand other muscles perform the work necessary to produce the effect required.

The muscles of the body can, by training, be made to perform very wonderful feats. To prove this, I need only refer you to the clowns and tumblers of the streets, or play-houses. You will there find people who can put their legs over their shoulders, bend their backs to such a degree, as to make their foreheads touch their heels. Some will swing by the foot at a great sweep ; others will bend their bodies into the form of a hoop, and roll away without being struck.

I do not wish you to attempt any of these tricks, because such violent exertions are too much for the human frame to sustain long without detriment. Most of the clowns and tumblers die at an early age, or they soon grow feeble and weak.

All that is necessary for little boys to attempt, is to make themselves active: to be able to climb a tree, to leap a ditch, to run a good pace, and to endure moderate fatigue; because those who have been unable to do these things have sometimes lost their lives when they have been put to the push.

As I said you must begin gradually, I should advise you to adopt, in the first instance, the following course of exercises, which will gradually inure you to exertion and fatigue.

## PRELIMINARY EXERCISES IN GYMNASTICS.

### FIRST COURSE.

Exercise I. Hold out your hand at arm's length, till you can hold it out no longer. Repeat this till you have power in your muscles to continue it without fatigue for a considerable length of time.

II. Stand on one foot till you are tired. Repeat this for a similar period.

III. Hop on one foot.

IV. Hold out both arms parallel with your chin, letting the thumbs and fingers touch each other.

V. Hold up the right foot by the right hand; steady the leg and arm by degrees.

VI. Hold up the left foot in a similar manner.

VII. Stand with the knees bent, and exercise them towards the ground, till you can kneel on both knees at once, without supporting yourself by the hands as you drop.

VIII. Raise yourself from this position without the aid of your hands, by springing back on your toes.

IX. Endeavour to touch both your toes with the back straight, the legs close together, and the head down.

X. Take a piece of wood three inches broad and twenty inches long, that will not bend, and hold it across the back ; the three first fingers touching the wood.

XI. Place yourself in the attitude of sitting without a chair, with your arms stretched out in a line with your chin.

XII. Stand with your arms and legs extended, so as to form the letter X, gradually widening the legs, and springing up at will from this position.

#### SECOND COURSE.

I. Lie down on your back, and raise your body from a horizontal to a vertical position, without any assistance from your hands or elbows.

II. Draw up the legs close to the posterior part of the thighs, and rise without assistance.

III. Extend yourself on your back again, and walk backwards with the palms of your hands, and on your feet.

IV. Sustain the weight of the whole body upon the palms of the hands, and on the toes, the face being towards the ground.

V. Lie on the back, and take hold of each foot in your hands, and throw yourself on your face by rolling over.

VI. Lie with your face down, and take hold of your toes while in that position.

VII. With your chest downwards, drag your body along by walking only with your hands.

VIII. Place yourself on your back, and endeavour to advance by means of the propulsion of the feet.

IX. Place your body on the hands and feet, with the breast upwards, and endeavour to rest solely upon the tips of the toes and fingers.

X. Move along on the breast and palms of the hands, and throw the legs over towards the back of the head.

XI. Extend yourself on your back, and throw the hands up above the head at the utmost stretch, then bring them over so as to touch the ground, and, pick up a piece of money previously to be placed there.

XII. In the same manner endeavour to seize a ball by the toes at full length.

Such are my preliminary exercises for teaching gymnastics. And I can tell you, my young masters, that I have tried them, old as I am, and a very droll story it is; but you shall hear.

I said to myself, I must not give directions to my twenty thousand children (for that is the number I suppose to read my magazine), without trying their fitness; and so I went into my drawing-room, and, shutting the door, went through the exercises, as you find them; sometimes making the windows rattle, and the doors chatter, and the boards shake again.

I went through the first course well enough. When I came to the second, I was forced to lie down and roll about on the carpet. I took off my coat and slippers that I might be more at my ease.

I performed several of the exercises tolerably well for an old man. I lay down on my back, I walked on the palms of my hands (Ex. III. Second Course), lay down on my breast, and took hold of my toes, and was earnestly engaged in performing the last experiment but one—but some how or other I made a slip, and came down a tremendous thump on the floor.

Although I felt my old bones crack again, and the pain of their cracking, yet I could not help laughing, and I lay laughing convulsively without rising from the floor. While in this condition, the door suddenly opened. The housemaid hearing the fall, ran up to see what was the matter, and seeing me on the floor, conceived me to be struggling in convulsions. Away she ran, calling "Murder! Fire! Suicide!" and all manner of strange names; and in a moment up rushed three stout policemen to take me into custody for *felo de se*.

The confusion led to another mishap; for some idle wag called out "Fire! Fire!" at the very top of his voice. This was echoed from street to street; a mob congregated round the house, and presently an engine arrived, and the whole neighbourhood was in commotion.

The policemen and the firemen, and the housemaid, cook, and housekeeper, all thought me mad; but I knew what I was at. Every body laughed at Peter Parley, and would have laughed on, had not somebody called out from below "Police! Police! Some of the people are running off with the fire engine!" This turned the laughter the other way.

Next month I shall probably tell you more about gymnastics; for the present I have told you enough for one lesson.

## TALES OF THE SEA, BY SAILOR BEN.



## No. III.

HERE she is! the Spitfire; luffing up against the wind. Look at her, how she shows her teeth; aye! and she knows how to bite too, when there is an occasion for it, as you shall hear by and by.

Many a merry day have I spent in the old ship ; aye ! I have been merry in her when the shot has been flying about my ears like hail. It is of no use for a sailor to be sad. Sailors are never sad—no, even when they have not got a shot in the locker.

You want to know how I got on in my first voyage. We were out on the ocean in an open boat, you know ; and the day closing over us, (a strong tide running us out to sea), we both began to feel a little frightened ; the sail flapped backwards and forwards, as if it had been quite in a passion ; the head of the boat drifted round. “Down with the lug,” said Sam ; “down with the lug,” and in a moment the lug was lowered. In doing this, however, I received a violent blow in the eye, and fell down, stunned, at the bottom of the boat.

Sam, then, as he told me afterwards, got the oars out, and tried to row back again to the shore ; but by this time the tide had set the contrary way, and when I came to myself, I found that we had drifted out a long way into the sea. Sam was sitting at the oar, vainly trying to row towards the shore, his eyes full of tears.

When I saw where we were, I gave a loud cry. I looked around ; we could scarcely see the shore, and it was getting dark. “Oh, what shall we do ? what shall we do ?” said I. “Oh, we shall be drowned, and never see anybody again.”

It now grew darker and darker every moment, and we gave ourselves up for lost. It was very cold too, and I was very hungry. I earnestly wished then that I had not played truant, and vowed never to do so again as long as I lived.

Well, it was a terrible thing for two little boys to be in such a predicament, was it not ?



The stern sheet, that is, the rope which holds the sail, broke ; or Sam, being quite spent, let go of it, I forget which, and immediately it began flapping backwards and forwards, as if it had been mad with rage. The ring at the corner of the sail gave Sam a violent blow on the temple, and down he fell like a stone at the bottom of the boat ; I thought he had been killed.

I managed to get hold of the rope, and secured the sail. I then stepped aft, and took hold of the tiller ; and away we went again before the wind, which blew stronger and stronger. Away went the boat ; she danced over the bar, and was at once out in the open sea, going at the rate of eight knots an hour.

I tried several times to put the boat's head towards the shore ; but the wind blew from the land, and the tide set outwards, so that it was of no use. I once got the boat into what is called the trough of the sea, and she was very near being upset : so I let her go her own way, and looked for any distant object towards which I might steer. But all was blank and watery ; I could descry nothing on the barren waste but dark clouds resting on the horizon, while from the west red and sulphurous-looking clouds seemed to indicate that we should have wind.

The day was now closing in upon us ; and Sam was still lying at the bottom of the boat. I secured the tiller, and went to him ; he could not speak, but he was quite warm : the froth came from his mouth, and he looked black in the face. I rubbed his head, and scooped some water out of the sea, and dashed over him ; and after a little while had the satisfaction to find that he opened his eyes.

" Oh ! Ben," said he, after a few minutes, " where are we ? Oh ! it is almost dark—what shall we do—where are we ?" Then he raised

his head above the gunwale of the boat, and cried out, "We are out of sight of land.—Oh my poor dear mother!"

And so we were. I looked in vain for the shore; it was nearly dark: black clouds had gathered over head. We could not tell where we were, nor whither we were driven. "Keep up a good heart," said I to Sam; "it's no use being down-hearted now. The boat sails well enough, and we will sail her about till the morning, and—"

"Hark!" said Sam, "do you hear?"

"What?"

"Do you hear the thunder."

"No," said I (Sam's ear was quicker than mine). "It is—it is," said he, "it is all over with us."

I listened, and listened, but could hear nothing but the plunging and dashing of our little boat over the waves: presently, however, the wind seemed to subside, and we did not go so fast through the water. It grew remarkably sultry, and the waves seemed to swell rather than roll.

"Ah! it is rising up from the south-west," said Sam; "do you see those black clouds yonder?"

"That's impossible," said I; "for the wind is quite the other way."

"Why, how silly you are, to be sure," said Sam. "Don't you know that the thunder and lightning always travel to windward."

I did not know anything of the sort then; but I was very sorry to hear that it was so; for I fully expected we should be shipwrecked, or boat-wrecked, and should never see our native town again, and could not help crying, although I had made up my mind

to be as bold as a lion : but somehow or other the tears would come into my eyes, but I dashed them out again as if they did not belong to me.

The wind had now entirely sunk ; the ocean was much calmer. There was no dashing of the waves about the boat, but she rose and fell with the swell like a piece of wood, without life or motion : as there was no wind, Sam said, " Let us haul down the sail, we shall have wind enough presently."

We did so, and took to our oars to give the boat a steadiness over the swell ; and, while we were in this position, we distinctly heard the growl of the distant thunder : and now and then a flash of lightning illuminated the atmosphere afar off.

" Ah ! we shall have it," said Sam ; " it's coming up right over head. Stand by for a squall presently."

The boat heaved and heaved, and made our hearts heave also, you may very well believe. For my part, I had considered myself a dead boy for a long time, and was determined to be as fearless of danger as a dead boy would have been.

Boom—boom, went the thunder, which was now much nearer to us. The lightning, too, seemed to shrivel me up every time it flashed across the ocean : my eyes were dazzled with it. Crash succeeded crash at shorter intervals : at last, after a fearful blaze of lightning, which seemed to open the whole heaven, accompanied with a peal resembling the discharge of a hundred pieces of artillery, down came the rain in torrents, more like shots of lead than drops of rain ; at the same time the wind suddenly chopped round, and blew with extreme violence in the opposite direction from that to which it had before blown in.

"Now is the time," said Sam. "Hold hard—hold hard;" and then he flew to the tiller. "In with your oar—in with your oar;" and in a minute we found ourselves drifting backwards as fast as the gale could carry us.

The tide, however, was against us; and the consequence was, that it raised such a sea as you cannot conceive. The boat, by Sam's skilful management, bounded through it; and I sat with my hat to bale out the water which continually dashed into the boat. Yet with all my exertions we were over our ankles in it: but still we went onwards, in what direction we scarcely knew; but we consoled ourselves with the notion that it must be homewards, or at least in the direction of the shore.

The thunder and lightning continued for some time in the most awful manner; but at last outstripped us in its travelling, and once more the sea grew calmer, the wind lulled, and all seemed as if a storm had never been.

We were mercifully delivered that night; but still had to endure several hours' beating about before we could expect the morning. The morning, however, did at last break, for the nights were short; and if you could feel the joy that we did when we noticed the first yellow streaks in the eastern sky, you would say that it amply repaid us for all the troubles we had endured.

The morning at last was breaking, and as it broke the sky cleared entirely; in a very short time it was dawn, and broad daylight pounced upon us before we had time to think upon what we should do.

However, as the light increased, we looked around us—there was no land to be seen on any side. Still, we knew the east from the west, and we were quite sure that we ought to steer eastward.

We got up the sail again, baled the water out of the boat, and were going gaily before the wind; and we should, I dare say, have been as merry as the breeze itself, if we had not thought of the beating we should get when we got home, if we ever should get home.

Presently Samuel said—"There is a ship; look right a-head. My goodness! a large ship. She is tacking to windward too; let us make towards her—she will take us up."

We immediately agreed to steer in the direction of the ship, which was a very large one. As we came nearer we discovered that she was a frigate, and a row of cannon stood out from her port-holes. We soon found ourselves getting nearer and nearer. "How shall we let them know we are in distress?" said I.

"Oh! easily enough," said Sam; who immediately climbed up the mast of the boat, and put his handkerchief on the top of it. "There," said he, "if they see that, they will take us in, I have no doubt."

Presently we came within half-a-mile of the starboard bow; and just as Samuel was waving his handkerchief and shouting, a blast from the port and a loud bang startled us both. "Don't Sam," said I, "they are firing at us."

This, however, was not the case; it was sunrise, and it is customary to fire a gun at sunrise on board a king's ship. We stood nearer and nearer, and at last a man on the forecastle hailed us; we made signs that we wanted to be taken in. In a few minutes an officer came to the bows, and then a rope was thrown to us from the lee quarter, which we secured. Presently we were on board the Spitfire.

The officer we saw on board was the lieutenant of the watch, who

immediately called us up to him. We told him all about our adventures, at which he laughed right heartily.

"Can you bite a biscuit?" said he. We replied in the affirmative.

"Can you drink grog?" said he. We said, a little.

"Can you go to the mast-head?" said he. We said we thought we could.

"Can you box the compass?" said he. We said, no; but we could box all our schoolfellows.

"You will do, my lads," said the lieutenant; "excellent monkeys, Mr. Quarter-master."

Excellent monkeys! we did not understand this: the lieutenant, however, soon relieved us. "Will you be powder-monkeys to the Spitfire, my lads; and go and fight the French, and return home in a year or two with pockets full of prize money?"

"I'll go," said Sam. "And I don't mind," said I.

"Give 'em some salt junk and plenty of grog," said the lieutenant. "Send the boat adrift, and rig them out with a new monkey."

That is a monkey-jacket, thought I. The men now flocked round us, and one gave us bread, and another gave us cheese; some gave us a knife, others would make us drink. Sailors are the kindest fellows in the world: before I had been on board half an hour, I felt myself quite at home, and the happiest little boy in the world.

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## MORE ABOUT THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

AFTER the death of Edward, who was surnamed the Martyr, the wicked Elfrida found little difficulty in obtaining the throne for her son Ethelred, who was called Ethelred the Second. But he was quite unfit for a king, being of a weak, cowardly, and irresolute spirit.

He was much harassed by the Danes, as all his predecessors had been ; but he was not courageous enough to meet them boldly in battle, but conceived the cruel and wicked design of massacring them all secretly.

All this time a great number of Danes lived indiscriminately with the English. They were mixed together in towns and villages, and sometimes were the inmates of the same cottage. A great many of them only wished to live peaceably, for there was room enough for all, could they have agreed together. Others encouraged, no doubt, the visits of their countrymen, and when they passed into the interior of the country, very likely gave them assistance.

Ethelred, advised by some of his wicked companions, probably by his bloody-minded mother, formed a determination to massacre all the Danes on one night. The king had just been united to the lady Emma, and the rejoicing of the people of every description was at its height.

It was on the Feast of St. Brice that this cruel deed was to take place. Ethelred had sent secret letters to every city, town, and village in the kingdom, containing orders for the people at an appoint-

ed time, to rise suddenly upon the Danes, and to destroy without mercy every Danish man, woman, and child, with the sword.

This plot was carried on with such secrecy, that the poor Danes never thought anything of the dreadful doom that awaited them; and it was executed in one day,—all the Danes in England were brutally destroyed. Thousands and thousands fell in every part of the kingdom, so that scarcely a person was left to tell the dreadful tale.



They say that the greatest villains are usually the most short-witted, and I believe this to be true; for so far from this stupid act delivering the country from the dominion of the Danes, it had exactly the contrary effect, and paved the way for their more firm establishment in the kingdom.

The poor weak and foolish king could not, however, see this. He



was congratulating himself upon the success of his wicked scheme, and celebrating the event with feasts and rejoicing ; when in the midst of his triumph, he received intelligence that Sweyn, the king of Denmark, having heard of the dreadful deaths of his countrymen, had determined to take a signal vengeance upon the English.

In a very short time Sweyn appeared off the English coast with a large fleet, meditating slaughter, and furious with revenge. It afforded an excellent excuse for that monarch to determine on the conquest of the whole of England ; and thus Ethelred was obliged to flee while England submitted to his victorious rival.

Sweyn and his followers possessed themselves of sixteen counties, and levied contributions to the amount of forty-eight thousand



pounds. Canterbury was besieged, and given in to their hands, most of the inhabitants were slaughtered, and the archbishop Alphege

was urged to ransom his life. The old man, however, rejected all terms, and would not waste the possessions of the church, the property of the poor. Incensed by this firmness, the ferocious Danes stoned him to death at the foot of the altar.

The successor to Ethelred was Edmund Ironside, a very brave man ; but the Danes had now obtained too sure a footing in the island to be easily driven from it. After the death of Sweyn, Canute succeeded him as king of Denmark. He was a rude unpolished soldier, but possessed many great qualities. He made many severe laws to prevent quarrel and bloodshed among his own troops ; but in a fit of anger was the first to break them, by striking a soldier a blow, which killed him.

For this act he made public acknowledgment, by fining himself



nine times the amount of penalty which he had fixed for others : besides this, on one occasion of public worship, he laid his crown

upon the altar, and never could be persuaded to replace it on his head again.

The contest between Edmund Ironside and Canute continued for a considerable time, and the poor people of every description suffered. Thousands fell in battle on both sides ; thousands had their houses burnt, their families violated, and their property destroyed ; the clergy, the nobility, and the common people, alike suffered, till at last it was feared that the whole land would be depopulated. Ah, this war is a sad thing. It is a pity that a thousand years afterwards, people do not seem to know much better.

After fighting till neither party could fight any longer, the Danish and English nobility compelled their leaders to come to an agreement. They did that at last which they might as well have done at first, and thus the kingdom was divided between the Danes and the English. Canute took the northern parts of the kingdom, which had generally been the principal residence of the Danes, and Edmund was monarch over the southern parts of England. But soon after this, Edmund was murdered at Oxford by his two chamberlains, and then Canute took possession of the whole kingdom.

After this, Canute seemed to govern the kingdom with considerable discretion. He became beloved by the people for his moderation and equity, and his hatred of all tyranny and cruelty. Like Alfred, he obtained the title of Great, and had, I have no doubt, a great number of flatterers.

This is another misfortune to which great men are subject. If they are powerful, and particularly if they have it in their power to confer favours, they are sure to have a great number of silly, idle, grasping people about them to flatter them, with a view to keep in

favour, that they may be the first to obtain any gift or emolument which may be bestowed. Canute had a great number of such persons in his court.

Had he been a weak and stupid person, like Ethelred, he would probably have believed all they said to him. They no doubt told him that his power was so great, that nothing could withstand it, and, in all probability, wanted him to undertake matters far beyond his powers. Canute, however, knew what he could do, and what was impossible.

I do not think that the adulators of Canute could have had the temerity to tell him, that he was like God, and that the waves and the sea could obey him ; but it is very likely they advised him to measures concerning his kingdom, at variance with human nature.



It was a measure of this kind which Ethelred adopted to exterminate the Danes, and you know the result of it.

They probably wanted him to adopt some plan or other, which in the very nature of things was impossible ; and, to show the absurdity of their advice, Canute, being at Southampton, ordered himself to be seated on the sea-shore, while the tide was coming in, and then pompously ordered the sea to retire. "Thou art under my dominion," said he ; "the earth thou dashest against, is mine. I charge thee, therefore, to go back, and approach no further, nor dare to wet the feet of thy sovereign."

But the sea knows no difference between a beggar and a king, and paid no attention to what Canute said, but came dashing on in its old way, the same that it had done for thousands and thousands of years before. "Go back," said Canute ; and then you may imagine that a wave, a little bolder than the rest, sent a dash of white foam on the monarch's face.

The courtiers stood by all the while, and, no doubt, felt very uncomfortably : at last the sea rose higher and higher, and king and courtiers were up to their knees in water. The waves came on and on, faster and faster, till Canute leaped out of his chair, and ran towards the shore.

"Ah," said he, "my friends, there are a great many things that are beyond the power of kings. To God alone belongs the honour of lulling, not only seas, but kingdoms. He is as powerful among the tumults of the world, as he is in the tempests of the deep. He can alone guide them when they arise, and allay them in their greatest fury. Man is powerless, but God is all-powerful ; rely and trust in Him, and not in me."

It is no wonder that Canute should be called Great. These alone are the things that make men so.

## DAVID SINGLETON,

## THE YOUNG SHEPHERD OF THE SOUTHERN DOWNS.

WELL, my young friends, I have been a long way since I wrote to you last month. I did not tell you that I was about to make a visit to Scotland. I have been to Scotland, however, since then, and many things I have seen worth recording, if this was the place to put them down. But as it is not, I must be content to tell you the story of a young shepherd, who tended sheep in the mountains.

After I reached Glasgow, I went onwards to Stirling, and passed over the plains of Bannockburn, where Robert Bruce, as you know, defeated the English army under King Edward. After viewing the castle, I took a course still further north towards the Grampian hills, and at last came to Callender, where we passed the night under the shadow of a high mountain called Ben Ledi.

The next morning we skirted the beautiful shores of Loch Venacher, and Loch Achony, till we came to the Trossachs, a wild spot between the mountains, which separate Loch Venacher from Loch Katerine, or Ketterun. I cannot describe to you the grandeur and beauty of this place. The mountains reach up to the clouds. The larch trees, and the black-leaved pines, are often lost in the blackness of the thunder cloud. The tops of the highest peaks have turbans of snow, and the fierce rocks beneath show their flinto teeth in scorn.

But there was something of a more gentle character than this, in the mountains of Scotland. When I looked on the feeding flocks,

and observed the timid deer stealing from copse or underwood,—when I heard the sweet pipings of the red-breast,—then did I think that love and gentleness yet dwelt upon the earth; then did I wish, with fondest prayer, that the lamb-like virtues of Christian men might realize the kingdom of our Lord for all generations.

I entered into conversation with a clergyman of the Church of England in my way, and he agreed to form one of our party to the summit of Ben Lomond. He was a man of simple and gentle character, ready to sacrifice his own convenience to the comfort of others, willing to adopt any mode of travelling, and as enthusiastic in his journey as any body I ever met with. If ever you should travel, I hope you will remember this; for be sure it is a part of our duty in this life, to endeavour to make every one happy.

Well, away we travelled, and, after passing through some beautiful lakes, at last we reached the lofty Ben Lomond, at Rowar-denen. The clergyman, myself, and a friend, immediately proposed to ascend the mountain. We hired horses at the inn, and away we went, the ascent being about four miles.

I shall not tell you about the fatigues of going up a mountain, but at last we arrived at the top; and such a scene! I dare say, when you have looked over the map of Scotland, you may have had pointed out to you Ben Lomond, and Ben Nevis, and Ben Ledi, and fancy that there are not many mountains beside in this district,—you are deceived. It is all mountain as far as the eye can reach. Hundreds of mountains on all sides rise up beneath you, their summits never free from the snow drift, while the view, as far as the eye can stretch, extends from the Irish Sea on one side, to the Frith of Forth on the other.

When I looked down, the lake beneath seemed but a little pond, although about thirty miles long,—the islands upon it mere specks; the boat which brought us across the ferry could scarcely be distinguished; it looked like a little child's shoe in the water; and as to men and cattle, they were quite undistinguishable.

We were full of sublime emotions; nor did we forget on that occasion to remember Him who formed the mountains, and who let loose the seas, and could not refrain from offering up praise to the great Creator. We repeated the ninetyeth Psalm, on the summit of the mountain, which we thus transferred into an altar of the ever-living God.

When we descended, we had to pass through many and many a dreary waste; and in my way, I picked up the following story:—I shall relate it in the words of the person who told it me, as nearly as I can remember them.

#### THE STORY OF

### CHARLOTTE SKINNER, THE TWOPENNY MAIL;

#### INTRODUCTORY TO THAT OF DAVID SINGLETON.

EVERY one may be great in his own sphere, said my grandfather, as he coaxed my head when I was a boy. The chimney-sweeper, the dustman, or even the old bone collector, are as useful in their stations as the prime-minister, or the king himself, only in a different way.

I did not know what a prime-minister was then, for I was only nine years old; but I thought nobody could be so great as a king,



else why did they put a crown on his head, and why did they make such a fuss when he came into our town.

It was old King George the Third that I had seen, and a fine sight it was. There was such a to-do. There was the mayor and corporation all in their robes, and a long address signed by every body in the town, charity boys and all. Then there were the magistrates, and constables, and yeomanry, and volunteers, and the *old* almsmen, and the *young* grammar boys, and the Dean and Chapter, and the bishop, and people from all parts of the country. There were booths on the market hill, and flags on the church-steeple, and the bells rung, and cannon fired, and the bells fired in imitation of the cannon, and at night there was to be a grand illumination; the town was to be in a blaze of delight.

But, better than all this, poor old Charlotte Skinner, the twopenny-post woman, she was all over blue ribands,—she had her bonnet covered with them; a bow behind, and a bow before, and a twist over the top, and a gathering down the middle. She was a staunch lover of her king and country: they called her the twopenny mail—although she was a female.

The whole town was to be in a blaze. Such transparencies—such making of clay candlesticks—such scooping out of potatoes! Now the brick-makers left off work for want of clay, it was said; and it was feared that we should have to send to Ireland for a supply of potatoes, such was the demand for potatoe candlesticks.

Then there were the devices,—the illuminated paintings, I shall never forget them. There was peace and plenty, an olive branch, and a plum-pudding. There was Britannia, a great deal larger than life, at old Commodore Martin's; and the Bible with the crown at

the top of it at the vicarage ; and God save the King in a hundred places ; and liberty and loyalty at Mr. Parkingham's, the dissenting minister : in short, there was such a to-do because the king was coming through the town, that I thought every body was nothing less than mad.

But the most *logallest*, as she called herself, and the most *dutifullest* subject of his majesty, was old Charlotte Skinner. She laid in a double allowance of snuff for that joyful occasion, and gave a free pinch to every good soul she met, to testify her joy that the king was coming through the town.

This was not all : she was determined, small as was her little house, that it should be a burning and a shining light to scare to their wicked holes, all the disloyal folk of the town and neighbourhood ; and so she laid out more than a twelvemonth's wages in candles, resolving to light up her house inside and out ; and, if possible, to eclipse the sun, or at least the moonlight.

There was a cunning rogue of a tallow-chandler, who lived exactly opposite Charlotte Skinner : I think he was what they call a pogerum, a nick name in that part of the country for people that do not like crowns, and bibles, and corporations, and such things.

The chandler observing the Twopenny-mail's exertions in the cause of the Church and State, took several occasions to applaud her loyalty, gave her two or three yards of blue riband, bought her an ounce or two of snuff *with pepper in it* ; and, what was of far more consequence, offered to make her a present of a large candle, which was to be the biggest candle ever made by the biggest tallow-chandler in the whole world.

And sure enough *it was* a candle,—such a size ! it was not very

long, because the poor old lady's front parlour was not above seven feet high, but it was as thick as a good-sized post; and, when it stood on the floor, reached within a couple of feet of the ceiling. Talk about the king, he was nothing in comparison to this tallow candle. As soon as it was known that such a candle was to be seen, the tide of loyalty made a dead stop, and seemed to set the other way. Thousands and thousands of people came from all parts during the day to see the wonderful production, and the king was nearly forgotten: I believe he would have been entirely so, had it not been for the dinner to be given to all who chose to partake of it on the market hill.

Poor Charlotte was certainly the first old woman in the empire after the king; everybody paid their respects to her and her tallow candle. "But this is nothing," she would say, "come and see it when I light it up. 'A candle is not a candle, except it be lighted.'"

Well, in the midst of all this excitement, the king came through the town. He stopped to change horses at the Queen's Head. An address of four lines and three-quarters was read to him by the Dean and Chapter, to which his majesty replied in an answer of three lines and-a-half. The postillions spurred their horses—the mob shouted—the bells rang—the cannon roared—and the sight was over.

It was a good thing the good folks of the town had thought of a dinner, and an illumination; and especially that the patriotic tallow-chandler had made the big candle, which was said to be the envy of the town, and glory of the surrounding villages.

The night could not come in fast enough for Charlotte, the Oak Bridge mail. The lighting of the candle was to be "an era in her

existence," "one of those luminous spots upon which the mind delights to repose in after years," as said the sentimental mantua-maker who lived next door.

The mob had clustered round the poor old lady's house, and she really began to think she must be Queen Charlotte, and not poor old Charlotte Skinner. It seemed to her as if she was holding a drawing-room. Indeed, she looked very much like a queen; for she had so ornamented her front parlour with evergreens, flowers, looking-glasses, cups and saucers, loyal flags, and bows of riband, that she seemed to be sitting in state, and all the world making court to her. So elated was the old lady, that she could only ejaculate one sentence; it was,—“Tarnation, sars King George, and snuff for ever!”

At eight o'clock, the gigantic candle was to be lighted; and long before that hour the crowds grew so dense, that it was impossible to get near the door. Members of the town council were there; the mayor himself is said to have come in disguise; and, as to the commonality, they were “thicker than treacle” in the street. The waggish tallow-chandler over the way sat at his front window, in higher glee than anybody.

The clock struck eight; old Charlotte was heard striking a light; the boys hurrahed,—click—click—click! there she is, blowing the tinder. “Confound the match,” said the old woman,—the tinder was out.

Click—click—click—click—click again! ah, there I have it: blow—blow; the match is in a blaze! the mob, in breathless anxiety, awaited the surcharged event; none dared to cheer for fear the match might again fail. Hush—hush—now—now—the trem-

bling hand of the spinster rises towards the wick ; see—it flames—hurrah ! hurrah !

The cheer burst out simultaneously with the blaze, and was caught up from street to street : as fast as it died away in one locality it was echoed in another, and at last a crowning hurrah was heard from the market hill. The bells at the same moment struck up a merry peal, and if ever a woman felt herself immortal, poor old Charlotte Skinner, the twopenny mail of Oak Bridge did at that very moment. Some people would have fainted, but poor Charlotte took a pinch of snuff, with—“ Well, here is the King, God bless him ! ”—and then she snuffed away like a good one.

The candle burned gloriously ; the wick had been dipped in turpentine, and it made a blaze greater than that of glory itself : at last, however, it went—switt, switt,—now a crack and then a puff—switt, switt. “ Confound the candle,” said Charlotte, “ what is it spitting about ? I hope it won’t hiss at the King”. She opened the wick with a large darning-needle, and it blazed up again : the people shouted, and the old lady turned round and round again, as in triumph. Again she snuffed ; the candle sniffed ;—again—“ King Geo”—, George she would have said, but at this moment the candle—the glory of the town, and admiration of surrounding villages—gave a roar—then a hiss—then a hiss long and loud. The combustibles with which it had been crammed ignited—it turned itself into a squib, and, after chasing the old woman round and round the room a dozen times, went off in a hundred bangs, putting out every other candle in the room, and leaving it full of smoke and darkness. Poor old Charlotte, she was not hurt, but wofully alarmed for the moment. The wicked tallow-chandler sat smoking his pipe over

the way, and cried out, as innocently as possible, "Dear me, Mrs. Skinner, what *is* the matter?"

"I'll never buy another pound of candles of you as long as I live," said the old lady.

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I have told you about a king, and what a fuss he made: I will now tell you of poor little David, who was quite as great a man, though only a boy.

Every one may be great in his own sphere, as I told you my grandfather said to me when I was a boy. There is a vast difference between a shepherd and a king now, though there was not in former times. A shepherd may, however, be as great as a king.

Before the world was peopled as it now is, in the earliest ages, the kings were shepherds: their dominions consisted more in sheep-walks than in cities,—more in sheep than soldiers.

David Singleton was, to my thinking, a little shepherd king. But I must tell you his history that you may judge for yourself.

David's father was a farmer, and died when David was only seven years old, leaving his mother and two sisters quite unprovided for. The farm was given up, and the poor widow had to "scratch for her children any how," as the people said; that is, she had no friend to assist her. Sometimes she had no bed to lie on, sometimes no food to eat: but what of that,—she had a kind, good, affectionate, and dutiful son, and that was David.

Soon after his father was buried, and the goods were sold to pay for the funeral, David came in from the garden, and saw his poor mother weeping. "Do not cry, my dear mother," said he, "I shall

be a man soon, and then I will work for you, and get you a better house than this,—do not cry, there is a dear mother.”

It is a long while to wait for that, thought the mother. “It will be a long while before you are a man,” said she, “but I am happy to think you are a good boy.”

“I tell you what it is mother,” said he, “I will be a man at once, I need not stop to grow big; I know how to tend the sheep, and bring up the young lambs; I am sure I know a great deal better than Caleb, and *he* can earn enough to keep himself, and his wife, and I do not know how many children; let’s see,—one, two, three, four, five,—why there are but four of us.”

The poor woman could not help laughing to hear her son talk thus. In truth, she laughed and wept by turns, for in the midst of her sorrows she had joy. “God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.”

The next morning David came running into the room,—I am hired mother, I am hired; three-and-sixpence a week and my drop lambs for next season. I am hired of farmer Dinglebert, for as long as I give satisfaction, and I am sure I shall do that.

The next morning David rose at day-break, and, without waking his mother, gave her a kiss as she laid asleep: he then went to the cupboard, and divided the loaf into four, taking one portion for himself. He took also a bottle of water, his father’s staff, and slipped into his bag a little Bible, his father’s last gift. With a light step he paced the house, shut the doors gently, and in a short time was among his sheep in the mountains.

Here we shall leave him for the present.

## GAMES FOR WARM WEATHER.



## No. I.—CHESS.

**THERE** they sit, quiet, thoughtful, intent, and calm, as all persons ought to be who play at chess.

You would like to know something about the game of chess I dare say. I can tell you very little as to its origin, but I know that it is played by almost every civilized nation in the world, from the cold snows of Iceland to the sunny shores of Italy.

Some people seem to think it was first played at the siege of Troy. You know the siege lasted ten years, and it is thought to have been a good game to pass away the time. But I am inclined to think, that if the Greeks had been much addicted to chess-playing, al-



though they might have made very good engineers, they would have made very poor soldiers. It is, however, quite certain, whether the Greeks or Trojans played at chess or not, during the ten years' siege, that the game can be traced back to remote antiquity. We do not, indeed, know who invented the play, but we know very well what sort of a man he must have been. I should not think the inventor was a woman. I cannot tell you whether he was a tall or a short man, small or large,—whether he was fair or dark ; but I am quite sure he must have been a man of profound thought, of great invention, of good judgment, and strong reflection.

There is one beauty in chess, it can never be considered a game of idle amusement; for it has a very excellent effect upon the mind, in calling forth its powers, particularly those of foresight and caution, meditation and watchfulness. There is, or should be, a constant endeavour to penetrate into the schemes of your opponent; an alertness to frustrate them when to your disadvantage; great thought in inventing and maturing your plans, subtlety in conducting them, and calculation of a series of moves, as well your own as your opponent's; these render chess not only interesting but highly beneficial, as a mental exercise, to the player.

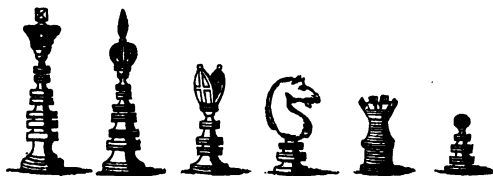
In chess nothing is governed by chance as it is called; judgment is everything: a player, therefore, if beaten, must not lay his defeat to misfortune or ill-luck, but to his own inattention or want of judgment; such are very often the results of our false moves and false positions in this world.

One of the great beauties of chess is, that the game is never played for money, the honour of the victory being all the conqueror's reward.

The players of chess must not forget, that the object they have in view should be to pass the time agreeably; there should therefore be a desire on both sides to play fairly and generously, not to contend for unimportant points,—to allow indulgences, and in all other matters to be courteous, civil, and obliging.

I would also give a few general rules for players. If your adversary be a slow player, you should not hurry him, nor do anything to disturb his attention. You ought not to pretend to have made bad moves, and say you have lost the game, in order to make him self-sufficient or careless. When you have obtained a victory you should not exult at it, but rather strive to let your adversary see that he is no way your inferior on that account. If you should be a spectator of other's play, like the figure in the back of the picture, you should be as silent and attentive as that figure may be supposed to be. All talking to players lessens or diverts their attention, and is therefore injurious to both.

With such general remarks I will now present to you the different pieces used in chess; they are



KING. QUEEN. BISHOP. KNIGHT. ROOK. PAWN.

HERE ALSO IS THE CHESS-BOARD.

|    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1  | 2  | 3  | 4  | 5  | 6  | 7  | 8  |
| 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |
| 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 |
| 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 |
| 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 |
| 49 | 50 | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 |
| 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 |

You observe that it consists of sixty-four squares, marked alternately black and white. It is so placed that each player has a white square at the right-hand corner. The chessmen are black and white, or red and white.

#### PLACES OF THE PIECES.

The white king at (61), the black king (5), the white queen (60), the black queen (4), bishops each side of the king and queen (59 and 62) for the white, and (3 and 6) for the black; the knights on each side of the bishops, the white on (58 and 63), the black on (2 and 7); the rooks on the two corners of the board next to the knights (57 and 64), on the white (1 and 8), of the black; and the eight pawns, or common men, upon the eight squares of the second line.

## THE VALUE OF THE PIECES.

These have been estimated in the following proportions:—The queen 95, the rook, or castle, 60, a bishop 39, a knight 37, the king, estimated as a fighting piece, 26, a pawn 8, or rather more, from its chance of promotion, by being moved to a square that entitles its player to exchange it for a queen or any other piece of value that he may have lost in the beginning of the game.

## MOVEMENTS OF THE PIECES.

The kings move *every way*, but only one square at a time, and must always be at least one square distant from each other. Suppose the king placed on No. 37, he may be nearest from thence to 28, 29, 30, 36, 38, 44, 45, or 46.

The king may leap once in the game either on his own side or on the side of his queen; the rook is moved into the next square to the king, and the king moves to the square on the other side of him, which is called castleing. Provided, nevertheless, no piece is between him and the rook, nor after the rook has been played, nor after the king has been moved, nor when the king is in check, nor when the square over which he means to leap is viewed by an adverse man, who would check him in his passage.

## CASTLES OF BLACK AND WHITE KINGS.

The black king castles on his own side by moving from 5 to 7, and placing the rook (8) on 6 on the queen's side, by moving to 3, or placing the rook (1) on 4. The white king castles on his own side, by moving from 61 to 63, and placing the rook (64) or (62) on the queen's side, by moving to 59, and placing the rook (57) in 60.

## THE QUEEN.

The queen originally possesses the moves and powers of the rook and bishop in a straight line. The queen may be moved from 87 to 1, 5, 16, 33, 40, 58, 61, 64, or any intermediate squares in these directions.

## THE BISHOPS.

The bishops move only angularly, backwards or forwards, in the same colour as each is at first placed, but can take at any distance when the road is open ; as from 36 the bishop may be moved to 8, 9, 57, or 63 ; and from 37 to 1, 16, 58, or 64, or any of the intervening squares.

## THE KNIGHTS.

The knights move obliquely backwards and forwards, 3 squares, including that which they stood on, from black to white, and from white to black, over the heads of the men, which no other piece is allowed to do ; as from 36 a knight may move to 19, 21, 26, 30, 42, 46, 51, 53, passing over any pieces in 28, 35, 37, or 44 ; and from 37 the knights can be moved to 20, 22, 27, 31, 43, 47, 52, 54, passing over anything placed in 29, 36, 38, or 45.

## THE ROOKS OR CASTLES.

The rooks or castles move in a right line, either forwards, or backwards, or sideways, through the whole file, and take at any distance, and can stop at any square when no other piece intervenes. A rook placed on 37 may be moved to 5, 33, 40, 61, or any intermediate square.

## THE PAWNS.

A pawn moves one square at a time in a straight line forwards, and takes the enemy angularly. He may be moved two squares the first move but never backwards, and is prohibited from quitting his own file except in cases of making a capture, when he is moved into the place of the captive, and afterwards advances forward in that file.

If a white pawn be placed in 37, and a black in 28, either of them can take the other; but suppose the white pawn be on 37, a black rook on 29, a black bishop on 28, and a black on 30, the pawn then could not take the rook, but might take either the bishop or the knight. If the square over which any pawn leaps be viewed by any adversary, that man may take the pawn, and must then be placed in the square over which the pawn has leaped. A pawn getting to the head of the board upon the first line of the enemy, may be changed for anyone of the pieces lost in the course of the game, and the piece chosen must be placed on the square at which the pawn had arrived.

The men take the adversaries who stand in their way, provided the road lies open, or they may decline it, and must be set down in the same squares from which the contrary men are taken. If the white queen be on 60, and a black knight on 46, the queen can take the knight, and then he is to be moved off the board, and the queen placed on 46; but if the knight be in 45, then the queen cannot take him, though he can take the queen, who must then be removed, and the knight placed on 60; or suppose a white rook on 61, and a black bishop on 13, the rook can take the bishop, and is afterwards to be placed on 13.

When the adversary's king is in a situation to be taken by you,

you must say check to him, by which you warn him to defend himself, either by changing his place, or by covering himself with one of his own men, or by taking the man who assails him. If he can do none of these things he is checkmated, and loses the game.

The king cannot change his square if he, by so doing, goes into check ; and when he has no man to play, and is not in check, and is so blocked up that he cannot move without going into check, this position is called a stalemate, and in this case the king, who is stalemated, loses the game.

#### EXAMPLE.

Place the black king on 33, with pawns on 30 and 39 ; the white king on 44, a white bishop on 34, with pawns on 38 and 47 : if the white king be moved to 35, black wins the game by a stalemate, because the king cannot be moved to 25 or 41 on account of the white bishop ; nor to 26, 34, or 42, owing to the white king, as it is requisite that the kings should always be at least one square distant from each other. Neither can the black pawns be moved, their progress being stopped by the white.

#### LAWS OF CHESS.

1. If you touch your man you must play it, except when that would expose your king to check, in which case you are only, when possible, to move the king ; and so long as you keep hold you may play the said man when you please, but having once quitted, you cannot then recall the move ; should any men be displaced by accident, they are to be restored.

2. If you touch one of your adversary's men, he may insist upon your taking it; and when you cannot do so, you are then to move your king, provided that may be effected without putting him in the check.

3. If, by mistake or otherwise, you make a false move, the opponent can oblige you to move the king, as in the 2nd article, but if he plays without noticing the said false move, neither of you can afterwards recall it.

4. If you misplace your men, and play two moves, it is at your adversary's option whether he will permit you to begin the game afresh.

5. When the adversary gives check without warning, you are not obliged to notice it until he does; but if, on his next move, he warns you, each party must then retract his last move, and the king be removed off check.

6. Should the opponent warn you of a check without really giving it, and you have even moved your king, or any other man, you are, in such a case, allowed to retract before the opponent has completed his next move.

7. You are not to give check to your adversary's king, by any piece which, by so moving, would discover check on your own king.

8. After your king, or the rook, has moved, you cannot castle; and if you attempt it, the adversary may insist that you move either the king or the rook.

9. In a succession of games the players have the first move alternately, but where the advantage of a piece, or a pawn, is given, the player giving that advantage is entitled to the first move.



## THE OLD LADY—HER CAT, AND ITS NINE LIVES.

## NO. IV.

POOR Mosette, we left her up the chimney, and I dare say some of my young readers think it very cruel that she should be kept there for nearly three months. The truth is, however, that Mosette was not there three days.

Chimneys are not very agreeable places to live in, although they may be warm and tolerably snug ; this Mosette soon found out, and before she had been in her new apartment many hours she began to think about running down again.

But alas ! the servant-maid prepared for cooking, and made up such a fire, that the poor kitten felt the chimney too hot to hold her, as the kitchen had been. She looked around her, and the smoke was rushing up the chimney, as if it were as eager to get out as herself. We may suppose Mosette to have thought, as she had now had some experience in the world, Well, I have found, to my cost, that it is no use to go against the stream, so I shall take a hint from the smoke and follow it.

Just as she had conceived this, Mary gave the fire such a poke that the flames rose half-way up the chimney, and Mosette felt her smellers crackle close to her nose ; they were singed by the blaze ; as to her tail, it was as smooth as that of a rat.

I never heard of anybody being fond of roasted cat, thought she, and therefore I will not stop to be roasted, and making a spring, she scrambled towards the top of the chimney, and reposed herself on a projecting brick about half-way up.

Mary had spitted a piece of beef, and underneath it was placed a Yorkshire pudding. Like all cooks, she was fond of a relish, and determined to treat herself with a sop in the pan ; so Mary cut a slice of bread, and soaked it in milk ; placing it underneath the beef, somewhat to the detriment of the pudding.

Things went on very smoothly after this. Mary sang, and thought of where she should go to on Sunday afternoon, when her mistress sent her to church, and busied herself in the other matters concerning the dinner ; among other things, she prepared some French beans for boiling, never giving a second thought on pussey up the chimney. These must be boiled with the lid off, you know, that they may become green. As the dinner hour approached the vegetables were placed in the pot, and Mary divided her time between basting her meat and turning her toast.

The toast was done, and a very nice sop in the pan it was. Mary looked at it to see if it were ready, and went to the dresser to get a plate to put it on.

Just as she was stooping to take it up, down came three or four brickbats, and half-a-bushel of soot, with a tremendous noise ; the dripping-pan and toast were covered with soot ; a large piece of brick laid in the centre of the Yorkshire pudding ; the saucepan received its due share of black ; at the same time Mosette made a spring towards the top of the chimney.

Mary gave a loud shriek, the plate dropped from her hand ; again she screamed, thinking that something supernatural had befallen her. In a few minutes down rushed her mistress, with several members of the family, in the greatest alarm, and the whole house was a scene of the direst confusion.

So puss, you see, although up the chimney, found out the way to spoil one dinner and to find another. She sprang to the top of the chimney, and in doing so occasioned the terrible disaster of which I have been speaking; for the force of her spring made some loose bricks give way, and these following the natural law of gravity, made free with the aforesaid roast-beef, toast, Yorkshire pudding, and beans.

When the poor unfortunate cat reached the top of the chimney she was, as might be supposed, very exhausted; what with the fright in the first instance, the smoking in the second, and the singeing in the third, she was glad to rest awhile, and pant for breath.

She at last looked around her, and was surprised to see part of the chimney corners closed up with mud,—she looked again, and a little bird flitted from a small hole in the centre of it. It was a swallow's nest, and the young swallows were about half-fledged.

Mosette was hungry, and after a very little consideration, made a meal of the first swallow she could lay hold of, and when she had dined prepared to descend. The world was all before her, but it was difficult to get down to it, for the chimney stack was several feet above the tops of the houses.

There was, however, another stack of chimneys at a very short distance from the one to which she was at present confined, belonging to the next house, and, after much hesitation, Pussey gave a leap, and settled herself firmly upon them.

Here she did not appear much better off than before; it is true she found a few more young swallows, which she contrived to swallow, but the top of a chimney is not a very agreeable place for a dining-room, and so Mosette determined to get from it if possible.

She looked all round ; it was too high to jump ; she looked down inside,—but going down a chimney is more difficult work than going up one.

It was as early as four o'clock in the morning, when Mosette was sitting as disconsolate as every cat would be in such a situation ; she had given up every hope, and swallowed all the swallows ;—she had no alternative but starvation,—and was parched with thirst.

Her tongue was wither'd at the root,  
For it was parch'd with soot.

She could no longer mew, to give token of her distress, and laid herself down on the black bricks to die.

Just at this moment, however, she thought she heard a noise in the chimney—again—she listened with the most intense anxiety—some people would say breathless ; but if her anxiety had been breathless, pussey would have been dead.

At last a brush popped up,—presently a hand, and afterwards a head ; from the head proceeded a sound—" sweep, sweep."

The poor little fellow to whom the head and hand belonged was a chimney-sweeper ; his mother had died when he was only three weeks old ; he was brought up in the workhouse, and sold to a chimney-sweeper, who forced him up the chimney.

There were two miserales together ; the poor little boy was weeping when he cried sweep, and the skin was grazed from his elbows, arms, and knees, with getting up the chimney. Poor child, although he scarcely felt for himself, he immediately felt for the poor cat. " Ah, pussey, pussey," said he, " why who would have thought of finding a cat up the chimney. Come, pussey," said he :

"*sweep, sweep*;" and having said this, he took hold of Mosette, and putting her in the bosom of his black shirt, prepared to descend.

When the poor boy got down he pulled out Mosette, and said, "who would have thought of finding a cat up the chimney," and set her down. His master immediately gave him a severe blow on the head with his hand, and Mosette immediately ran up the kitchen stairs as fast as she was able.

"Stop the cat," said Miss Mainwaring, who was superintending the sweeping of her own chimney, "she will be sure to get into my bed," and away she posted after her.

It was, however, sufficient for puss to creep under the bed. From this retreat she was speedily removed by the long broom. Then she scampered into the garrets; then down-stairs again to the parlours, the coal-seller, warehouse, and at last was lost,—no one could tell where she had got to. As for Mosette, poor thing, she had unceremoniously leaped into a band-box containing Miss Mainwaring's Sunday-going bonnet, which stood on the top of her wardrobe in the dressing-room, and curled herself up in the crown of it.

It was supposed that puss had scampered up the area, and made her way into the street, and no more trouble was taken about her. When the night came Mosette made up her mind to go down-stairs to look for her supper.

Into the kitchen she came, but the kitchen was bare, and the closets and pantry were shut: she walked over the dresser, but there was nothing to be seen but clean plates and such matters, and the poor cat again gave herself up to despair.

At last, led by her sense of smelling, she came upon a small silver cream pot which had been accidentally left upon the table; in this

a small portion of cream was left. Mosette was very fond of cream, she tried to taste it, but the pot was so small that she could not get her head in far enough to reach the bottom with her tongue.

She tried and tried, and all to no purpose ; at last, making a desperate effort, she did get her head in. The cream was delicious, and in a very few moments she licked it up. But alas ! when she attempted to withdraw her head she found it to be impossible ; Mosette's head was fixed in the cream jug—she was the cat in the silver mask. This disaster led to a great deal of confusion and trouble in the house, to the employment of lawyers, and some expense, of which you shall hear another time.

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## DAVID SINGLETON,

THE YOUNG SHEPHERD OF THE SOUTHERN DOWNS.

*(Continued from Page 256.)*

In the course of the day his employer, Dinglebert, visited him, and gave him strict directions to keep his sheep together, and to avoid the precipitous parts of the hills towards nightfall ; and, above all, to housel his flock before dark.

David led his sheep to some fine pasturage, and when he saw them quietly feeding, took a general survey of all the mountainous track, that he might never be at a loss to select the best food from

time to time, knowing that this was necessary to ensure the good condition of his large family. Poor fellow, he felt quite proud of his situation, and looked upon every lamb as a little child dependent upon him.

After performing this duty, he felt his little legs tired ; and returning to his flock, sat down in the midst, and took out his bread and bottle of water. He then opened his Bible, and chanced to turn upon the 23rd Psalm :—

1. The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3. He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and staff they comfort me.

David did not read his Bible as many little boys do, merely for the sake of reading it ; he began to reflect on what he had read. "The Lord is my shepherd," said he, "he has provided for me ; I hope, too, I shall be able to provide for mother, brother, and sister." And then he took a large mouthful of his bread, which seemed sweeter to him than ever it had been before.

"Aye, I remember," said he again to himself, "that my dear father used to say, that the Lord is a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow." And then the poor little fellow's eyes filled with tears. "O dear me ! I wonder if my father knows that I am thinking of him ?" and then David wept loudly.

"Ba-a-a-a," said a young lamb close to him.

"Poor little dear lamb, you look as if you had lost your dam, but I will take care of you."

"Ba-a-a-a," said the sheep, and frisked away merrily.

"And why should I be sad?" said David; "what a blessing it is that I have got this place,—what a blessing for all of us: we shall not starve now; poor Sally and Bobby will not have to go to bed without their suppers again. I hope, pray God give me strength, to manage all my sheep, for I really do think I love them all.

"And I hope God loves me too; I am one of his flock; I know he is close by my side now; and when I cry, I know he can comfort me. Then I have peace,—he leadeth me beside the still waters."

"Jesus Christ, he was the good Shepherd; he gave his life for the sheep. Aye, I must read that." And so he turned to this passage,—*"I am the good Shepherd,"* which he read with apparent delight.

"Well; I hope I shall be a good shepherd, and keep all my sheep. I shall not mind going after them when they go astray. Let me see, where are they all now?" and then he rose up, and putting his hand before his eyes, looked all around him.

"Dear me! some of them I cannot see." And away he ran towards a jutting peak of the hill. "What is that? why surely—can it be—a large bird on the back of one of the lambs."

Sure enough it was an eagle, which had swooped from its airy above, and was fiercely engaged with one of the flock. David ran with his staff, and made a blow at the savage creature, and hooted and hallooed with all his strength to drive it away.

The eagle now turned fiercely upon the boy; she arose in the air,



and made a swoop towards his head, and tore his cap off. David aimed another blow at his adversary, but without effect.

Again the eagle came upon him with a fierce scream, and endeavoured to pounce upon his scull, fluttering her gigantic wings about his head and shoulders in such a manner, as nearly to knock him down.

David, however, fought manfully ; and one or two blows of his staff seemed at last to take effect, for the ferocious bird was observed to drop one wing, as if she was in some measure hurt.

However, she came again towards David with increased fury ; and at last making a dreadful pounce, fixed her talons in his shoulders, and began tearing away the flesh.

The young shepherd had dropped his staff, and was now sorely frightened. He raised up his hands to defend himself, but they were tore and bitten : the eagle still kept flapping him with her wings, showering heavy blows upon his head and ears. The poor boy was nearly spent, and cried out loudly for assistance. It was, however, of no use, for there was not a soul near him on the mountains.

David had but one expedient : he threw himself on the ground, and rolled down the declivity for several feet. This had the effect to dislodge the eagle from his gripe. But when the poor boy looked up, he saw that she had again turned upon the lamb, and had fixed her fierce talons in its throat.

“ The good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep,” thought David ; and quickly opening his clasp-knife, ran again towards the ferocious bird ; and before it could disengage its talons from the sheep’s back, had inflicted upon it a severe wound.

Still, however, the eagle sprung towards him, but evidently

weakened. David made another blow, and the bird was fluttering in great pain, bleeding profusely.

After a few convulsive struggles, and screaming defiance till the last gasp, the eagle at last gave up the contest and its life at the same moment.

David now went towards the poor bleeding victim, which could scarcely stand, and succeeded in staunching the blood. He then led it to a secure nook in a cliff of the rock, and went and cut it some of the nicest grass he could find ; he then bore off the eagle as a trophy of his victory.

When the evening came on, David led all his flocks into their folds, and then began to think of home, as everything does at the close of day.

Throwing the conquered eagle over his shoulder, he soon reached the cottage of his mother ; and great indeed was her joy, when the poor woman received such evidence of the faithfulness of her son.

Day after day did David thus attend his sheep upon the mountains. After a while they were removed to the lowlands, preparatory to the lambing season ; and now began a new set of duties, to which, however, he was by no means unaccustomed.

He now bade farewell to his mother, and brother, and sister, and prepared himself to be out all night, that he might attend to his flock during the lambing. His first work was to erect a hovel of the large stones lying about in the valleys, then to prepare a large kettle for warming milk ; and hay, straw, and other necessaries quite indispensable in such a time.

The poor widow began to hold up her head at the success of her son. She was not, however, idle ; but obtained various kinds of

temporary employment, which enabled her to keep things straight and tidy at home.

Well, the season passed through, and David was night and day busily employed. His flock consisted of three hundred sheep : from these, by his care, kindness, and assiduity, he raised, to the astonishment of his employer, three hundred and eighty-six lambs ; a larger number than had ever been known before in the district ; and this by a boy under eight years of age.

Everybody was delighted who heard of this feat. As to David, he thought very little of it. His master, however, who was a kind-hearted and good man, was not a little proud of his young shepherd. The first market-day, when at the farmers' table, he took occasion to speak of the young hero's success to all the farmers present, amounting to thirty or forty, not forgetting the adventure of the eagle. The farmers, in the height of their admiration, drank the health of David Singleton.

Among the ornaments to the town of Oakbridge, was a rare old baronet, of the true English breed, Sir George Beaumont. He took great delight in everything relating to agriculture, and not unfrequently looked in upon the farmers when taking their wine after dinner.

It so happened, that Sir George popped his head into the farmer's room just as David's health was being drunk.

"Hey, hey," said he, "what is this ? health of whom,—health of whom ? New candidate ? new candidate for parliamentary honours, I suppose."

"Not so, Sir George," said Farmer Dinglebert ; "it is the health

of a poor boy, one David Singleton, who has been more than usually cute with his lambs this season."

"Well, then, give me a bumper, poor or rich," said the baronet, "I'll drink his health; and if he is a good boy, as well as a cute one, he shall have nine times nine, and one cheer more."

The farmers signified their delight by thumping on the table with all their might; and the pipes clattered, and the jugs pattered, and the glasses jingled louder than ever.

Farmer Dinglebert now related to the baronet the whole account of David's success; and the wine in his head seemed to make his heart glow, and his tongue eloquent; certainly no one ever spoke more enthusiastically of another, much less of a poor orphan boy.

"I will tell you what we will do, gentlemen," said the baronet; "we will raise a subscription for him. There," said he, pulling out his purse, "there's a guinea to begin with,—farmer, go round with your hat."

Dinglebert did as he was desired, and in a very few minutes had silver and gold thrown into it, to the amount of eighteen pounds. "Hang it," said the baronet, "let's make it twenty pounds,"—and threw in two guineas more. "And now another half-dozen of wine, gentlemen."

And another half-dozen of wine was had; and the health of Sir George was drunk, and of King George too. "Gentlemen," said the baronet, "I will recommend David Singleton to the notice of the Agricultural Association, of which the king, God bless him, is Patron."

The President of this Association, was the Marquess of Lambs-

down ; who looked upon the agricultural interest to be of more importance than any other in this country. He was a great breeder of cattle, particularly of sheep, and the bosom friend of his majesty ; who was, as is well known, equally attached to agricultural pursuits, else he would not have obtained the name of Farmer George.

Well, the Agricultural Association met, and various papers were read respecting improvements in agriculture. Then there was a grand ploughing match ; and then prizes were delivered, and lasting speeches were made.

Sir George Beaumont, in the course of his speech, took occasion to mention the name of David, and related the story of his success with his flock and lambs. There were a great many people present who had heard of David's feat, and some who knew him, and the applause was great at the end of the story. Sir George proposed that a prize should be bestowed upon the young shepherd.

This was seconded by a very excellent clergyman ; who rose, as he said, to add his testimony, not to the zeal and indefatigable industry of the poor lad, but to his moral qualities. The poor boy (said he) ventured unto the hills, and bore the brunt of the tempest ; and, what was more, hazarded his life for the sheep. Nor is this all ; it was to save a poverty-stricken mother from starvation. " Surely," said he, " if we punish crime, we ought to reward virtue."

The Marquess of Lambsdown upon this, rose, and in one of the most noble and patriotic speeches that ever fell from the lips of a Marquess, a speech which touched all hearts, proposed a prize of five-and-twenty guineas, which the society immediately awarded.

Poor David was not far off ; Sir George Beaumont had brought him to the county-town on this grand day, in his own chariot : he

was brought into the assembly. As soon as he appeared, a great uproar of applause was made : poor David thought the people were making game of him, and burst into tears.

"Come hither, my little lad," said the marquess, who sat in an old-fashioned chair under a canopy of state ; "come hither, poor child : " and David was led to the top of the room. "Do not be alarmed," said the marquess, putting forth his hand, "come sit by me a while,—come tell me, how did you leave your mother, eh ?"

The mention of his mother's name, made poor David weep again like a child, as he was ; and his white flaxen lock, and his soft blue eyes full of tears, made everybody feel for him.

However, the kindness of those around him soon restored him ; and, after a short pause, he stood up to receive the prize which had been awarded him, and made his rude bow or nod to all the company. Before he retired, the marquess whispered to Sir George that he should like to have some conversation with him respecting David.

This conversation ended in David being taken by the marquess, and provided for in his own establishment. He placed him in a place of considerable trust among his shepherds, and advanced him every year. After some years' close application to his business, he became the first rearer of cattle in the three kingdoms ; and before he was seventeen years old, was cattle steward or bailiff to his employer, and respected throughout the county.

One morning, at a very early hour, I believe it was not more than three o'clock, David was riding round his district, looking after the shepherds and herdsmen of the principal breeding estate of the Marquess, in the northern counties, when he was surprised at meet-

ing a rough-looking old gentlemen on horseback, attended by a groom almost as rough-looking as himself.

"You are out early, young man," said the old gentleman.

"Nay, I am very late this morning," said David; "I ought to have been here an hour ago. This is a busy time, sir; the lambing season has just commenced."

"How long have you been with my lord?" said the stranger.

"Ten years," said David; "I came to him when I was a boy."

"Why you are not a man now," said the stranger; "long before you are a man you may be your own master if you like."

"No man is his own master in this country," said David, "not the king himself: everyone has something to consult greater than himself."

"And pray what has the king greater than himself, young man?"

"His conscience, and the good of his people. Why, sir, you are old enough to know that, I reckon."

"I have sometimes considered it. But, young man, talking of the king, I know him intimately, and from what I have heard of you, I am quite sure that I can obtain for you a good situation, far more profitable than that you at present hold. What say you to a thousand pounds a year, and a handsome house, and a couple of horses free to keep and go? it is better than a hundred, is it not?"

"Can you insure me a place of a thousand a year?"

"I can."

"What under the king?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure he would have me?"

"Yes; I can answer that he would be glad of your services;

and even give more to one so industrious and skillful, if you required it."

"Then I tell you what, sir,—if the king were to offer me ten thousand pounds a year, I would not leave the marquess; I owe him more than ten thousand pounds a year, for many years to come."

"You owe him ten thousand a year, nonsense."

"I owe him a debt of gratitude which I can never repay. Ten thousand pounds a year is but a poor sum compared with gratitude. Were the marquess reduced to be a shepherd, I would be his boy; were he reduced to be a shepherd boy, I would be his *dog*, rather than leave him."

"Young man," said the stranger, "take this book. Do not open it now; promise me not to open it till the sun shall rise above the hills yonder; you will then find that your devotedness and faithfulness are not overlooked."

So saying, the old gentleman and his groom set spurs to their horses, and were soon lost to view. In a few minutes the sun-beam walked over the eastern hills, and David opened the book which had been placed in his hands. It had a slip of paper placed at the twenty-second chapter of Proverbs, and the following verse was marked:—

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings."

David looked at the paper,—it was a note or check for a thousand pounds, signed—G. REX.

Why it was the king; surely it was King George himself. David was not long in doubt upon this point; for a visit from the



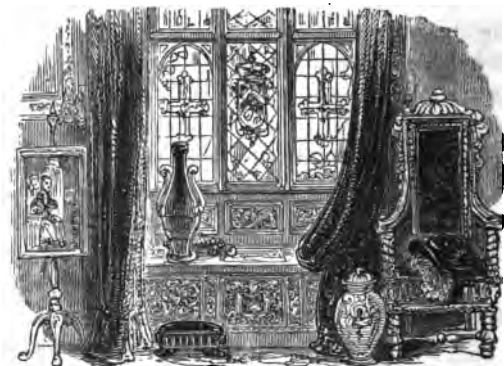
marquess the same day informed him of the fact, and of another not less agreeable, namely, that his salary was raised to treble its former amount.

David grew old in the service of his lord. His poor mother had shared his good fortune from the very first: she died at the age of eighty years; David lived to be eighty-five. His last prayer was for the marquess, and for his grandson, in whose time David passed to his eternal rest.

So you see, my little friends, that a man may be great, without being either a king or a conqueror; and that to do our duty in the sphere in which we are placed by Providence, is the highest effort and aim of humanity.

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### THE ODD PICTURE.



HERE is a picture which it would puzzle you very much to tell what

i means. Look at it, it has several peculiarities about it.—What may it be?—What can be the meaning of such a picture?

Let us see what we can gather from it; and the first question which may be asked is,—does it belong to the present time or to times that are past? I should say it belongs to times gone by, what say you?

It will tell you my reason for thinking so. The window you see is of the Gothic style of Architecture, and the carvings and mouldings are of ancient date. I would judge also from the style of the furniture, and the hangings, that the room belonged to some person of quality, who lived perhaps about the reign of Charles the First.

Why in the time of Charles the First? you will say.

I can only judge from appearances, you know. I should think, by the make and carving of the chair, and more particularly by the hat which lies on the seat of it, that the picture relates to some transaction in his reign.

It might be the study or library of some of the nobility of those days. That hat might belong to Prince Rupert for what I know; it is very much like the one he used to wear. I will tell you why I think this room might be part of a royal palace. If you observe the centre window, above an ornamental shield is a royal crown.

And there must be a history to this hat. It held a head once, and that head must have been filled with various projects; and while a brain was throbbing with anxiety within it, a heart perhaps was beating with ardour beneath it. There may have been some strange adventures connected with this hat.

Perhaps it may have been exchanged for a helmet, and its owner may have died in some warlike achievement, and the hat and

chair have been vacant ever since. Some people, when they have suddenly lost a dear friend, will not suffer anything to be removed from the position in which they left it; and thus it remains year after year, till time and the moth perform the work of gradual destruction.

On the left hand of the picture is a fire screen, upon which is painted the likeness of a little girl, apparently not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age. This little girl must have had a history. On the side of this screen, in the border of it, is written the word Thompson.

This single word puts to flight all my ideas of the picture belonging to the age of heroism. Thompson is a plain, common, everyday name, and makes me think of merchants, tradesmen, and such like worthy persons.

John Thompson, Philip Thompson—no—they wo'nt do for heroes. I knew one John Thompson, a brewer; one Thomas Thompson, a baker; and one Philip Thompson, a carpenter and builder, a very worthy man, but he was not at all like a hero fit for such a hat as that lying in the chair.

What can it be? This young lady cannot be Miss Thompson. They would not paint the portrait of any Miss Thompson to place in a room of this description. It must be the likeness of some young Countess, or lady of title at least: she sits, too, very much like a lady of birth, as she seems to be doing nothing.

Now I wonder whether she did spend her time idly; perhaps only when her portrait was being painted, and then she tried to make herself look as handsome as possible.

There appears to me to be something like another face peeping

over the shoulder of Miss Thompson, if it is to be Miss Thompson ; but whether it is a face, or only a mark in the wood, it is difficult to say. It looks like the face of an old lady ; perhaps it is Miss Thompson's mamma, or perhaps her grandmother.

We all know how fond grandmothers are of their children ; perhaps the old lady (if it be an old lady) wished her grandchild's portrait to be taken, and her own introduced at the back of it. Some people like their horses and dogs introduced into their portraits : people have strange tastes sometimes.

What can this picture be meant for ? you still ask ; for after all that has been said we really know little about the picture. There must be a story attached to it of some kind. It would not have been put in a book and printed without its meaning something.

So you see, in the present state of *conjecture*, we may fancy a thousand things, and not one of them right. Ever since the world began, when people, from ignorance, could not understand what a thing really meant, they fancied something to account for it. Thus the ancients made gods and goddesses : when they heard the thunder, as they did not know the cause of it, and as it sounds very much like a waggon rolling over a stony road, they pretended that a God, whom they called Jupiter, was driving backwards and forwards in his chariot in the heavens in a very great passion.

In the same way people, when they have had their brains disturbed by wine or disease, have thought they saw apparitions, and thus ghosts and hob-goblins were invented.

If you look at the moon when she is in the full you will observe some places of a darker colour than others. Before people knew that the dark spots were the valleys and seas, and the bright ones the

higher lands and mountains, they used to fancy many strange stories.



One of these was, that a man went out on a Sunday to gather sticks, and that for this sin God was so angry with him that he took him up, dog and all, and fixed him on the side of the moon, as a warning to Sabbath breakers.

Now, looking at this picture, we may fancy a thousand things, and a thousand circumstances about it, but do you not observe that we have not *sufficient evidence* to tell us what the picture means. There is a *name* upon the picture, but what does this *name* mean?

We must go into this matter a little further at another time; till then I shall be glad if any of my young readers will favour me with their ideas upon the picture.



### TO ALGERNON, (SLEEPING.)

WRITTEN ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, DECEMBER 18.

SLEEP on, my child, and do not dream  
Of this base hollow world of ours,  
Where clouds waylay the brightest beam,  
And poison lurks in fairest flowers.  
Wake not to life, I almost say,

Where scorpions breed to goad and sting  
thee ;

Nearer to heaven thou art, than ere  
This murky sphere can ever bring thee.

Yet wake, my child, the God that liveth  
Throughout all earth, and air, and sea,  
Hath something yet in store that giveth  
An ever-conquering might to thee.

Within thy heart a light shall burn,  
Quick portion of celestial flame ;  
The ill to brave, the wrong to spurn,  
Then back to heaven from whence it came.

Within thee undevelop'd lie,  
The germ of things more bright and fair  
Than all the glorious pagentry  
This outward world can ever wear.

Earth cannot bind, nor trample down,  
The Spirit's workings in its might,  
The seed that God in love has sown,  
Must and will struggle into light.

Then wake, and dare the world—arise  
In all the inner pomp of man ;  
Thy habitation is the skies ;  
Unbound to life's uncertain span.

Fear not the strong, they cannot harm ;  
Strive not the smiles of fools to win ;  
Fear not the rich man's powerful arm ;  
Fear nothing,—but the taint of sin.

Onwards to find thy native home,  
Through earth in faith and duty move ;  
Beyond that high and starry dome,  
The sphere of light, and joy, and love.  
Onwards to heaven—thy dwelling place ;  
Onwards to God—thy Saviour Lord ;  
Where in the glory of his grace,  
In thee his likeness is restored.

W. M.

## WONDERS OF A WATCH

### AND A MORE WONDERFUL MACHINE.

WHEN I wrote an account of Peter Simple's adventures with a clock, I told you I should have something to say about a watch.

I cannot go into the machinery of watch-making now, but I may tell you some of the wonders concerning watches.

The common watch beats or ticks 17,160 times in an hour: this is 411,840 a day, and 150,424,500 in a year, allowing the year to be 365 days six hours. I suppose a good watch will tick five-and-twenty years, now, can you tell me how many times it would tick during this period?

The watch is made of hard metal, and sometimes the ends of the pivets turn upon diamonds, which you know is the hardest of all known stones.

But I can tell you of a curious machine which is made of something not nearly so hard as steel, and not anything like so hard as diamond; that will beat more than 5000 times an hour, and will go on for seventy, eighty, and sometimes for a hundred years together without stopping.

I will not however tell you what this curious machine is, as it will be better for you to exercise your thoughts upon it. I may say though, that it is a sort of pump like that of a fire-engine, that is to say, with a double engine.

It is not very large and it is very soft; were you to look at it, you would never think it could last a hundred years—But I must not tell you any more about—I therefore leave you to find it out.

## SOMETHING ABOUT BEES.



IN one of my former numbers, I had a word to say about butterflies ; I have now something to say about bees.

Bees are as interesting as butterflies. If you recollect, I told you that we might take a lesson of a future life from the transformations of the butterfly ; we may take a lesson for the present life by the industry of the bee.

I need not tell you what kind of an insect a bee is ; as, I dare say, you have noticed a great number about the flowers during the summer. You may not, however, have observed its structure ; and, perhaps, know but little of its habits and qualities.

The first remarkable part of a bee is its trunk. It is not, however, of a tubular form, like that of the elephant or of many other



insects, by which the fluid is sucked up, but rather like a tongue by which it is licked away. The bee is also furnished with teeth, which assist it in making its wax. Had I a microscope, and you were close to me, I could show you these teeth, and you would be astonished to find how beautifully they are situated.

Another remarkable part of the bee is its sting; which is composed of two small darts, each of which is armed with several points or barbs and a sheath, which, by means of its sharp point, makes the first wound in the flesh. Through this sheath the sting then darts forth; and woe be to the little boy or girl who feels the pierce of it!

The bee is also furnished with two stomachs: one serving for its honey, and the other for its wax. In this latter stomach, the wax is formed from that fine powder or farina collected from flowers, by being swallowed, digested, or concocted into real wax, and is then again ejected by the same passage by which it was swallowed.

In the former stomach the honey is formed. In nearly all flowers is a receptacle called the nectar-bag—a little vessel in which honey is collected from the juices of the plant. The bee licks this up with its trunk, and it passes into the stomach (of which I have been telling you) or honey-bag, as it is sometimes called. It is thence disgorged into one of the cells in the hive. The honey-bag is as transparent and clear as crystal.

So much for the way in which the bee is formed. I must now tell you something concerning their habits and mode of living.

If you ever stood before a bee-hive, as the little boy and girl are standing in the picture, you would think there was a great deal of confusion among these little insects. You would observe some running in, some crawling out, some buzzing, some flying, and as if the

whole was a scene of anarchy. This is, however, not the case ; the bees know how to govern themselves.

Bees associate together like nations or tribes of men, and form a community where everyone contributes to the welfare of the whole. Every hive is composed of three sorts of bees ; namely, the neutral bees which form the principal of the whole, and are neither male nor female. Their business is to perform all the labour of the hive, and provide sufficient food for the young.

The next division is the drones, which are one-third larger than the former. These are the males ; and of these there are not above one hundred in a hive of several thousand bees.

Lastly are the green bees or females, who lay all the eggs for the young. Of these there are sometimes two or three in one hive ; but, at other times, only one.

When a swarm of bees have taken possession of a hive, their first care is to stop out the cold by filling up all the chinks and crevices : in order to which they plaster it all over the inside with a kind of gum, which they collect from the willow, birch, and poplar trees. They then form themselves into divisions, for the more effectual execution of the work.

Each hive is divided into four companies : one of which goes in search of materials for making their cells ; another is occupied in laying out their bottoms and partitions ; the third finishes them and smooths the edges ; and the fourth either brings food for the rest, or relieves those who return with their burdens. The same bees do not, however, remain at the same employment, but change their avocations ; sometimes those employed out of doors remaining at home, and those at home turning out in the others' places.

If you were to see bees at work, as I have seen them in my glass hive, you would indeed be astonished. Hives are now constructed in such an ingenious manner, that you may, if you please, observe all the bees are doing. In the construction of their cells, the work is performed in wonderfully quick time. In one day, they will construct cells enough for the reception of three thousand bees, allowing one cell to each bee.

The cells are of a perfectly hexagon form, and fit so exactly together, that there is no space whatever lost in their construction—at the same time there is no loss of the material used. The hexagonal figure (that is, six-sided) is one of the most compendious and commodious for affording the most room in the inside, and taking up the least room on the outside. I do not know how the bees discovered this; but I think that the great Geometer, when he made the bee, made it a geometrician. The cells for the drones are made larger than the others; and that of the queen bee is largest of all.

Their habitations being finished, their next care is to provide for posterity; and it is somewhat astonishing, that the whole brood of young ones very often derive their origin from a single queen bee. This single female will sometimes give birth to upwards of twenty thousand young in the course of one summer.

You would not be astonished at this, if you had done what I have—namely, dissected the queen bee; in which I have discerned, with the microscope, upwards of five thousand eggs at one time. She generally proceeds in some sort of state in laying her eggs; as she is attended by some of the drones as she marches from cell to cell to deposit her eggs, which she does one at a time—one in each cell.

In a few days after the egg is laid, the young insect protrudes itself through the shell and appears in the form of a maggot. The working bees now do less work, and begin to attend to the rising progeny; which they attend with the utmost care, supplying them with a sufficient quantity of food; and, in less than six days, the young maggot arrives at its full growth, when it refuses the proffered food. The old bees, perceiving that it has no longer occasion of attendance, perform their last office of regard, by immuring the young insect in its cell, closing up its opening with wax.

While lying securely in this state, the young insect is transformed into an aurelia, somewhat in the manner of the caterpillar; and, in the space of about twenty days from the time the egg was first laid, the bee is completely formed, and fitted to undergo the fatigues of its future life. It is no sooner freed from its cell in its perfect form, than several of the bees flock round it—some licking it clean with their trunks, others feeding it with honey, while some again begin to clean the cell it has just left.

The young animal no sooner leaves the shell than it begins to work; and, on its very first day of life in this state, busies itself among the flowers, and returns home laden with honey and wax.

When the young bees begin to break their enclosures, there are generally about a hundred liberated each day; so that in the course of a few weeks the number of inhabitants becomes too great for one hive, and thus necessity at last compels them to part.

The young swarm being ready for departure, all business is interrupted the preceding evening, and the next day the queen bee is chosen to conduct the rising colony to their new habitation, whom they implicitly follow, taking their departure in the middle of the day, between the hours of ten and three.

A new colony is then formed by the young bees, in exactly the same manner as the preceding. I should have told you, however, that when the drones, whose business is principally to eat without work, are of no farther use as attendants on the queen bee, the working bees immediately rise up and kill them without mercy. They seem to know the maxim, "Those who will not work, ought not to eat."

I could write a great deal more about the bee, if this were a proper place for it. Indeed large thick volumes have been written on this orderly insect. I shall, however, be glad if you would learn this little hymn about the bee; and thus I shall close my subject:—

#### OH! SAY, BUSY BEE.

##### I.

Oh! say, busy bee, whither now are you going?

Whither now are you going, to work, or to play?—

I am bound to the garden, where roses are blowing,

For I must be making sweet honey to-day.

##### II.

Oh! say, pretty dove, whither now are you flying?

Whither now are you flying? Oh! where wouldst thou roam?—

I am bound to my nest, where my mother is sighing,

And waiting for me, in my snug little home.

##### III.

So we, all so happy, while daily advancing

In wisdom, in virtue, in knowledge, and love,

We will sing on our way, in our progress rejoicing,

As brisk as the bee, and as true as the dove;

We'll sing—we'll say,

As brisk as the bee, and as true as the dove.

## TALES OF THE SEA, BY SAILOR BEN.

## No. IV.

SUCH was our first reception on board the Spitfire, I shall never forget it. The watch was set, and the ship was as quiet under her sails as a swallow upon the wing. We each of us had a hammock allotted to us under the bows of the ship, and turned in at an early hour.

Where we were bound for we did not know, but I supposed we were going somewhere. In the morning, when I was having breakfast, (that is, a large lump of salt beef, with some three water grog—sailors were not tea and coffee drinkers then,) I said to the boatswain's mate, "Pray, Mr. Boatswain, can you tell us where we are bound to?"

"What is that to you, young spanker?" said he. "That is the business of your superiors. Don't you trouble your head about things of that sort: all that you have got to do is to learn your duty and do it."

I thought it very strange that nobody should know where the ship was bound to, and could not rest without saying so to some of the sailors. One old fellow, who was rather more civil than the rest, said, "Why, you see, none of us know which port we are bound for, not even the captain himself."

Well, thought I, that is a strange thing: what, not the captain know what place he is going to! Well, I can't make it out, not I; and so I went on deck.

I looked towards the quarter-deck, and there I saw several of the young officers, with the first lieutenant, looking at the sun through a machine like the bladebone of a shoulder of mutton—as I thought then ; I did not know that it was a quadrant.

What are they looking at the sun for ? thought I. “ What are they looking at the sun for ? ” said I to the cook-boy, who was kneeling down before the cabouse, and poking a piece of coal into the fireplace.

“ Why, looking to see where we are. Don’t you see we are going by the sun, and all that ? ”

Well, thought I, that is a pretty story ! Going by the sun ! why, we shall all be burned up ! I wish I had never come on board this ship : our captain must be mad, I am sure.

“ Why, you don’t understand ; they are looking at the sun, to tell how far we are got.”

“ Then I think they are all as mad as the captain. But, however, here I am ; and if we go into the sun, I hope we shall take the sea with us, for we shall want some water there.”

The truth was, although I did not know it at the time, the captain had orders from his government at home to sail to a certain latitude ; and when he reached it, he was to open his dispatches, and proceed to an appointed place.

We did not reach this certain latitude till two or three days afterwards, and then the command was given to put about ship, and to steer for the Spanish main, where we were to meet with some other vessels.

So away we went like lightning through the water—nothing but

sea and sky, sea and sky—till I was quite tired of it: at last, however, we saw on the horizon a small white cloud, not larger than a man's hand.

The telescopes were all turned to it, and the midshipmen aloft seemed to pore their eyes over it as if they had never seen a cloud before. The old men shook their heads; and the boatswain blew his shrill whistle, and piped all hands to double-reef the topsails.

The decks were now cleared, the topmasts were lowered, and the wind seemed to slacken till at last it died away into a calm, and the sea was as smooth as a piece of glass.

The little cloud we had seen arising so far off had by this time covered a great part of the heavens, and was beginning to stand over us like the black tilt cloth of a large waggon. We looked aloft, and it seemed like a hideous rock scowling over us, and threatening to fall upon us.

Everybody was very silent: all that I heard was, "Stand by—we shall have it presently." Everybody was busy stowing things away; and so nicely was everything secured, that I do not think there was a single thing on the deck out of its place.

I looked along the water at a great distance, and there I saw the white foaming waves rising up against the black sky, although the water close to us was quite smooth and tranquil. Over the quarters of the ship I beheld several little birds of the duck kind, which the sailors call "storm breeders." I think they were what is called the Stormy Peterel.

Presently the clouds were high arched over head, and were smeared about the sky, lying as lumps, and daubs, and patches. I



never saw such a sky. The billows heaved heavily under it, and the swell made our ship pitch as if she had been tipsy, although there was no wind.

Again the boatswain's whistle shrilled through the sultry air—"All hands upon deck!" and in a moment every man was at his post. Before, however, a word could be spoken, the wind rushed past us, and whistled through the rattlings most awfully; it seemed to scream over us in all its rage.

The ship made a luff, and spanked along at such a rate as I never saw. In a few minutes the sea rolled mountains high, and dashed over her quarter; but she bore it bravely, and did not flinch a bit.

The captain, whom I had not seen till that moment, was now upon deck, his keen eye watching every spar, and looking intently on every rope. The spars bent and creaked, but did not crack; the cordage thrummed again, but did not fly. "Well done, old wench!" said he; "grin at them again!—Port there! Port! port!"

I wish we were in port, thought I to myself; and yet I felt a pleasure in there being a little danger, and it was a noble sight to see a large ship brave the blast as she did.

Presently, however, she had more to do: the lightning flashed, and such a clap of thunder! I never heard anything like it. It was as if a thousand pieces of artillery had all gone off at once above my head. I was deaf for some seconds after; and the first thing I heard was the voice of one of the officers, who said as he passed, "This is the way to let us know we are in the torrid zone!"

Crack and roll again and again ; and then the racer descended ; and then the lightning ran on the tops of the waves, like fiery serpents. Gust followed gust of wind, till at last the foremast went by the board, and the ship lurched once on her larboard side.

In a minute twenty stout fellows ran with their hatchets, and before I could count a dozen, the mast was cut away and swung overboard, and the ship righted.

" Easy, my hearts, easy !" said the lieutenant ; and the sails of the mainmast were in a moment clewed up as taught as the yard-arms on which they were bent. The wind, however, increased, and with it the sea, which rose higher a great deal than the mast of the ship.

Sometimes we could see a wave at a great distance, towering over the rest ; we could watch it coming on and on, like a great mountain, till it either broke over us, or elevated us to its top, from which it let us down with a swoop that seemed to take the breath out of our bodies.

One of these waves came on and on, and broke over our starboard quarter, throwing the vessel completely out of her course, and carrying away the rudder.

All was now consternation. The sails were loosed, and the endeavour was made to steer the vessel by them, but to no purpose. After several vain attempts to control her, she drove at the mercy of the wind and waves, and I gave myself up for lost.

The night came on, and the waves rolled over us ; we swung, and rolled, and pitched, and drifted we knew not whither. A great number of the men were washed from the deck ; and at last, about

the middle of the night, the Spitfire struck, and I was washed at the same moment from her bows into the sea, and thought I felt the arm of death raised up to strike me.



What became of the ship I knew not; but in the morning I found myself stretched on a rock, and was awakened to consciousness by a bird hovering over me: it was an eagle, a sea eagle, which took me for a dead body. I raised my arm, and it flew off. I rose on my knees, and then on my feet. The eagle fluttered around me; I took up several large stones and hurled at him, and he flew screaming away.

I looked now around me. There were high rocks above me. To the top of one of these I mounted, and, from the elevation I was at, got a glimpse of the country. It seemed to extend a great distance, but was rocky and barren. There was not a blade of grass to be seen, nor anything to give evidence of the spot being inhabited.

I looked for the ship, but could see nothing of her. I supposed she was lost. I then felt very hungry, and went down to the beach to see what I could pick up.

I soon found plenty of shell-fish, which I devoured. Some of them were like our common whelks, only longer : these seemed most agreeable to my palate ; I should, however, have been glad of a little bread to have eaten with them.

After recruiting myself in this way, I wandered along the shore, thinking I should come to some town or village at some time. But the night soon came on, and I crept into one of the sea-beat holes in the rock to pass the night, and collected a large quantity of dry sea-weeds for a bed ; and a very good one I thought it.

Well, said I to myself, I once thought I should like a Robinson Crusoe sort of life, and I have got it to my heart's content ; and then I thought of poor Quin and our adventure in the boat. I began to feel very thirsty, and at last found a small hole, in which the rain water from the late storm had collected.

I wandered this way for several days, but met with nothing to afford me any tidings of being in a civilized place ; and at last I determined to travel inland, to see what could be discovered.

So I turned aside through a cleft in the mountains, and proceeded for several miles, but all was rocky and barren. At last I thought I saw something like a flag flying at a great distance.

So I went in the direction of it, but the day closed upon me before I could distinguish what it was. I walked on, however, in the same direction : and at last, just when I did not expect it, heard some strange voice, and saw the glare of a lighted torch.

I sprang forward, and in a moment found myself seized by two soldiers—Frenchmen, as I afterwards found—who commanded me to stand, on pain of death : so I stood.

As I stood wondering what would become of me, I saw two of the soldiers apply their torch to some gunpowder in one of the clefts of the rock ; and after the elapse of about eight or nine minutes, the report of a terrible explosion was heard, and I was dragged away by the soldiers in an opposite direction.



## THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NEDDY BRAY.

## CHAPTER III.

WE left Neddy Bray scampering along as fast as he could after being shot by the brave Mr. Stickery. Indeed, so nimble was Neddy on his legs, that the shot from Stickery's blunderbuss never came up with him—at least it never struck him. The sound, however, being quite of an unusual character, and Neddy not being the bravest donkey in the world, and his mamma having taught him to run away before he was hurt—as there is little use of running away afterwards—Neddy went off like a shot.

He ran and ran. Never did he think of looking behind him. He was too frightened for that. But along the road he ran, not wishing to do any mischief; he was, however, born to it, and therefore it is no wonder if disaster followed in his footsteps.

You know it was night when Neddy was fired at. The reason of his being in the situation of so much danger arose from his having strayed away from his master, the gipsey. He was now nobody's donkey, and had a right to run as far as he liked.

And he did run—on and on—gallop, gallop, gallop, down one road, and up another—and all in the dark too.

Neddy made light of the distance, and cared not for the darkness. It was so much the better: he could see no danger; and therefore scampered along as if he had left it all behind him.

Not far from the spot in which Neddy was trying his speed, per-

haps four or five miles from the house of the valiant Stickery, was what is called a decoy pond, if you know what that is : perhaps you do not, and so I must tell you.

In some parts of the kingdom the wild fowl are caught in a peculiar manner. A place is constructed near some rivulet leading to the moors or marshes, for the purpose of securing ducks and geese, and such wild fowl.

First the rivulet is stocked with a few decoy ducks, which are always fed at a certain place, which I shall describe to you. These are allowed to swim about at the lower part of the rivulet. The wild birds seeing them, flock together at the same spot, and the old decoy ducks, as they are called, decoy them up into the meshes prepared for them.

These meshes are at the upper part of the stream, and are first made by gradually twining the boughs of the trees that overhang the rivulet. As the stream becomes narrower, the enclosure is made more secure ; and at the last portion, which opens into a little pool, nets are intermingled with the branches, so that any fowl proceeding so far find it impossible to get away.

Now, to construct these decoys is the work of a great deal of time, and requires a considerable degree of ingenuity. When finished, they are as intricate as a spider's web. At the proper season men are at watch all round, to seize the fowl as soon as they get within the meshes of the decoy pool.

It sometimes happens that the decoy pools are robbed during the night of any fowl that may have taken refuge there after dark, and of the decoy ducks themselves, which are said to turn on a spit as well as any other ducks, and to eat a great deal better.

So at least Giles, Neddy's master, thought ; and while he had turned out Neddy to saunter where he pleased, and while the poor creature was very proud at this, and was running away at the risk of breaking his neck, Giles was on an expedition to these decoy ponds, with a large stick to knock down the fowl, and a bag to put them in.

Giles proceeded on foot to this spot, as donkeys are sometimes apt to be talkative ; otherwise he would, without doubt, have made use of Neddy's back. He reached the decoy pond about twelve o'clock.

Giles listened and listened : all was silent—the fowl, if anywhere, asleep. He ascended the stream, keeping close by the side of it, and worked his way through the willows and various branches of hazel, which had been planted to over-arch the way.

At last he came to the spot in which the fowl might be expected, and, taking a dark lantern from his pocket, Giles surveyed the place. There indeed reposed on the bosom of the pool fourteen or fifteen ducks, so fat and plump that they delighted Giles.

He now threw down his sack, and prepared to seize the fowl, and waded silently into the water : a little gabble was set up, but in a moment Giles had a duck by the neck in each hand. Just as he was about to give the necks a twist, he heard footsteps.

"Footsteps ! hasty footsteps !" He paused—he was discovered ! He dropped the ducks, which began to flutter and scream. Before the gipsy could recover his presence of mind, something dashed into the decoy ground ; away it came : what it was, he did not know ; but, with a tremendous bound, it darted through boughs, nets, and hazel twigs, and came floundering into the pool.



Giles was struck down—the lantern was jerked from his pocket—the candle flew out, and set fire to the dry grass, and some of the tarred net-work. Neddy, more frightened than ever, began kicking without any regard for his liege lord and master. The ducks and fowls set up violent screams, fearing, I suppose, that they should be consumed. The flames from the tarred net-work rose above the trees; and by its light, which made everything as clear as day, Giles discovered his own *Neddy*.

It was no time for a cordial welcome; however, Giles could not refrain from giving him a few hearty thumps with his cudgel, as a matter of duty, and then darted off with the swiftness of lightning. Neddy at the same time scampered away in an opposite direction.

The light from the burning spot, and the cries of the feathered creation, soon brought some persons to the place. The lantern was found, and a search commenced after the incendiary in all directions.

Giles was soon taken and brought before the magistrates, and denied all knowledge of the transaction. Neddy was also taken, and brought up as a witness against his master.

The result was, that the dark lantern, Neddy, and the gipsy, were proved to be old acquaintances, and alike adjudged to be guilty of arson. The dark lantern was given to the constable, Giles was taken to the tread-mill, and Neddy was put in the pound, as the best place, "under all the circumstances of the case," as the judge said.

It is a very hard thing for a poor donkey to be in a pound: Neddy did not relish it, I can assure you. When he got in, he in vain looked for a blade of grass or a wisp of hay, and long be-

fore night began to feel so hungry that he could have eaten his own head off, could he have got conveniently at it.

He paced round the pound and round the pound, poked his head through the high rails and the low rails, rubbed the great padlock with his nose, and took a taste of the oak post, but that was very indigestible.

"Well," thought Neddy, "it is a very easy thing to get into a pound, but a plaguy difficult one to get out. What shall I do?" and so he placed his two fore-feet on the middle rail, and put his nose over the top, and looked wistfully over the village green.

It was now about ten o'clock at night, and a beautiful moonlight night it was. Neddy kept his attitude for some minutes, but most of the villagers were a-bed. He began to despair of supper, and would have given his tail for a thistle.

Poor Neddy! He did not stand so a great while. The chimes of the village clock played melodiously; and when they were ended, some other music saluted his pricked-up ears.

You must know that Little Puddle, the place to which Neddy was again brought, was not a very great distance from a seaport; and as it lay in a direct road to the principal town in the county, numbers of seafaring people passed and repassed through the place continually.

The sounds that broke upon Neddy's ears were the strains of two sailors, who had just been paid off from the *Arethusa*. They were singing

"Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!

For Britons never, never, never shall be slaves."

"No," said one, "never—as long as we have a shot in the

locker. There shall be no slaves anywhere, and no foreigners, if I could help it. I say, Harry, that precious French prison, four years and a half of it, was no joke—was it?"

"Well, then, The old boy that got us out!" said the other; "and I'll drink his health as long as I live, though he has been dead these six months:" and here the half-tipsy sailor put the rum bottle to his mouth, and from the time it was there, one would have thought he never intended to take it away again."

"Hurrah!" said he, when he had finished; "Good luck to every unfortunate! Holloa, messmate! what is here? A ship in distress. What, in limbo? Why, bless your old heart, what do you stare at me so for?"

"Ehewh! Ehewh! Ehewh!" said Neddy.

"Then I'm blessed if I don't. 'Britons never shall be slaves'—lend a hand, Harry—no, as I am a sinner. Why, look here; the place is as dry as a biscuit box, and never a biscuit in it. I know what this sort of thing is, don't I, Harry?"

"I should think the pair of us are not much in the dark that way; and therefore, young scraper, we will have you out of it, if Jack tars can do it. Bear a hand—we'll have him out in a twinkling."

And so into the pound leaped both the sailors: they could not bear to see a fellow-creature in confinement. One got under Neddy's belly, and lifted him up, while the other, making a bight in his pocket handkerchief, hauled and hauled, till by some means or other, in spite of the violent struggles of Neddy, who did not understand this kindness, the poor ass was dragged over the gate of the pound.

"And now for a supper for ye, my hearty! for I dare say you

haven't forgotten the way to eat. What do you say, Harry, to turning him into old Farmer Skinflint's bean-field?"

This was no sooner thought of than the sailors put it in practice. Neddy was led along the road till he came to the field; but as the gate which led to it was locked, there was no other alternative than to lift Neddy over it, as he had been lifted out of the pound.

This good action performed, the sailors had another drop of rum, and Neddy was left alone in his glory; and I can tell you that he considered himself translated to a perfect Elysium.

Beans, beans, beans! nothing but beans—ripe, real, beautiful beans—before him, behind him, right side and left side—was it a dream? It could not be real! Yes, it was—they were *real* beans!

If ever a donkey did eat, Neddy did that night: he eat, and eat, and eat to such an excess, that soon after sun-rise he absolutely was forced to lie down in his provender; but even then he fed on all that surrounded him, although he had eaten too much to stand.

By lying down, it so happened that during the day he was not discovered, for the beans were high, and totally concealed him from passers by; besides which, Neddy had made his way to the middle of the field.

The whole of the next night he browsed, and part of the day after; and a pretty hole he made in the beans. There had not been such a hole in any bean-field in the whole county ever known before.

At last, however, that day of gladness passed away, and Neddy was surprised by the presence of the farmer, honest old Skinflint, who, when he saw the devastation made, was in such a rage that he threw down his hat, and stamped with vexation.

Neddy, not knowing what to make of the violence of the farmer, began to make off at his usual rate, the farmer following all the way, till they came to the edge or hedge of the field, where he made a pause.

The farmer, when he found himself near the hedge, immediately thought of a hedge-stake to apply to Neddy's shoulders; and to make sure of giving him a good basting, after having obtained his cudgel, laid hold of the tail of the beast, that he might keep him from running away.

Neddy finding his tail held, and the weight of the cudgel upon his hams, began to run, the farmer close behind, applying the stick with all the strength he was in possession of. Neddy tore along beside the hedge, and once or twice gave a kick, but the cudgel prevented him from doing much damage: at last, finding no alternative, he suddenly made a desperate spring, and Neddy and the farmer went over the bank, and through the hedge, at the same time.

It is very well to be on one side of a ditch, but it is sometimes very ill to be on the other. This was just the case in this instance; for the other side of the ditch was a mixture of nettles and mud, and Neddy and his tormentor went *clean* into it.

"And dirty out of it," you will say: and this is true. Neddy, however, came out first, and ran with all his speed over the next meadow. I know not how many other hedges he went through, or how many fields he cleared, but at last he found himself in a gentleman's shrubbery.

Where he was, he knew not; all he knew was, that young fir, ash, and elm trees, were not so eatable as beans: and so, for want of anything better to do, Neddy laid himself down.

It so happened, that the gentleman to whom the shrubbery belonged had a son about nine years old, named Arthur, and another about seventeen, who went by the name of Trollop, in honour of his grandmother. The former was a nice little boy enough, but the elder was quite the reverse.

Arthur, walking in the shrubbery, found Neddy lying under one of the beech trees. "What do you do here, Mr. Donkey?" said the little fellow.

Neddy, who knew manners, rose up, and made a bow to his young master; for a fly bit him in the hock, and he bobbed his head to catch it.

"What a very pretty bow for a donkey!" said the little boy; "but you have no business here:" and so he got a stick, and essayed to make Neddy move onwards.

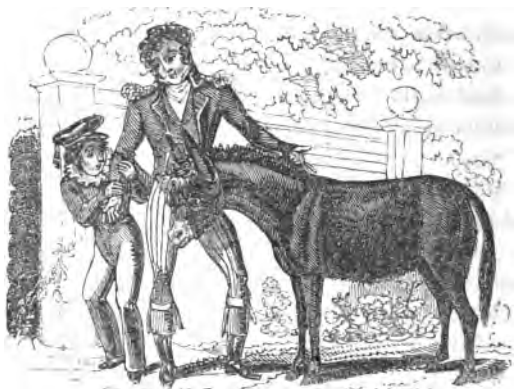
Neddy would not stir, however. The beating he had received had begun to make his flesh callous to the stick. The little boy had not the heart to beat him much; and so he took hold of the hair on the top of his head, and began to pull him forwards.

This would not do: Neddy did not like to go that way, and he would not be forced to it. He pulled back more and more, and so the poor boy gave up the task.

He went away, but did not go far—only into a field close by—and soon returned with three or four carrots under his arm. One of these he gave to Neddy, which put him into a mighty good temper.

Persuasion is better than force—and so, with the remaining carrots, he enticed Neddy step by step, till he got him into the stable-yard. In a few minutes he brought out John the footman,

to look at him, and begged of him to ask his father to let him buy him.



John was very much surprised, for he thought he knew the donkey. At last the old gentleman came out. He also was quite astonished: "Why," said he, "it is the donkey of that rogue, Giles the gipsy, whom I committed the other day for setting fire to the decoy pond."

Whether the old gentleman took a fancy to the donkey because he was the gipsy's donkey, or because he was a good-looking animal, or because he was entreated by his eldest son, Master Trollop, I do not know; but, after having spoke to the constable, the donkey was purchased of Giles, though in prison, for thirty shillings,—a fair price.

When Trollop had fairly got the animal into the stable, he began to devise means of how he should amuse himself with him. Now

the annual fair of Little Puddle was near at hand, and there was to be a donkey race for a pair of leather gaiters. So Trollop thought it would be a good opportunity to try the speed of his donkey ; but, knowing his father would not approve of such a proceeding, he determined to conceal it from him by engaging Tom Wright as his jockey. This lad lived in the village, and Trollop found him a very convenient assistant in his various schemes.

Neddy was accordingly entered for the race, and John's seat on his back joyfully accepted. Trollop procured him a blue jacket, boots, and small clothes, a jockey cap and spurs, and everything else to make him look fine ; and, on the morning of the fair, he rode through the village fully equipped.



Just as he entered the village green, Neddy descried the pound, from which he had been so kindly liberated. He made a dead stop



at it, and refused to go any farther. At the same time a wag blew his horn, which gave Neddy a very good excuse for turning back.

And back he turned with the greatest expedition, and ran to and fro, till at last he plunged among all the varieties of the fair, of which I shall tell you another time.

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### THE STORY OF THREE BOYS.

At a great public school, conducted by the learned Dr. Reader, and many ushers and masters of many varieties and branches of knowledge, there were three notable boys,—the tallest boy in the school, the least boy in the school, and the fattest boy in the school; Charles, Harry, and George; who, from their remarkable names of Salmon, Lion, and Sparrow, were jestingly called Fish, Flesh, and Fowl. They had nomen, prenomen, and cognomen. Charles was also called King, because he was *above* his fellows; Harry, Lord, because he possessed the fat of the land; and George, Commons, because of his spare person and somewhat meagre aspect. Others again distinguished them as Thread-Paper, Apple-dumpling, and Lean Kine. They, however, there being a sworn league of amity amongst them, had given themselves the title of “The Triangle;” we, therefore, will adopt their own appellation, and thus style them. So much for their names.

Now, the Triangle, besides their remarkable exteriors, possessed rare accomplishments: they were the best sliders, kite-flyers, top-

spinners, and cricketers, in the school. They had, moreover, each his own peculiar gift, which was exercised for general edification. Charles Salmon, the tall boy, had a wonderful talent for singing; his voice was clear, melodious, and full of power and expression; and his performances in this way often electrified the whole play-ground, when the learned head of Dr. Reader himself, in his white wig, had been seen popping out of the study window with an air of abstraction, or else nodding time to the tune; while it was very shrewdly conjectured, especially by those who had seen them, that many an usher likewise sought out such commodious nooks and corners, as would give him the melody without making him visible to the urchin crew over whom he exercised authority.

Henry Lion, the lean boy, was a prodigious mimic, and acted with inimitable humour every whimsical character, from Punch to Sir John Falstaff, to whom, however, he was in bulk a singular contrast. Nevertheless he contrived, by some cunning of his own, to swell himself forth, and appear no Jack Straw in the performance.

The talent of George Sparrow was that of tale-telling. A very Scheherazade was he in this accomplishment. Grave or gay, horrible, fantastical, or pathetic, George Sparrow had a tale for all times and humours. Happy was the boy who was his bed-fellow, to whom he would tell tales till the morning bell rang; and yet it must be confessed to his shame, that into one little fellow, who had for three months this honour, he instilled so much terror by his tales of ghosts, hobgoblins, and bloody murders, that he fell into what is called a low way, and only recovered by the intervention of his mother, who took him home, and nursed him for a whole winter.

Other circumstances made the Triangle not less remarkable than respectable; they had never known the infliction of chastisement from either cane or ferula. Each had been at school three years; and, though they came from different counties, had all entered the same day. They had all gone honourably and speedily forward with their school-learning, each first in some particular branch of knowledge; so that with mathematical, classical, and English tutors, as with the head-master himself, they stood high in estimation. It was a singular Triangle—all the three sides so various, yet, as a whole, according so perfectly; and it may be questioned, whether ever a friendship was formed between two persons, but, assuredly, seldom among three, in which there was a greater unity of purpose and affection. They were the David and Jonathan, the Orestes and Pylades, of the school; and from the solemn Dr. Reader himself, down to the little Hans Fuggenfelt, the Dutch boy, who was the most ineffable blockhead in the school, everybody gave them fair words and favour.

So stood the Triangle after the midsummer holidays, when a great boy, half knave and half dunce, one Nathaniel, or, as he was commonly called, Nat Simpkins, became a scholar, and according to his abilities, which were prodigious in this line, proceeded to set the school by the ears. The Triangle, being most conspicuous for general favour, was the first object of his jealousy. He drew a party of weak-minded boys to his side, and began by artfully insinuating suspicions of underhand proceedings on the part of the Triangle; plainly expressing his belief, that they were only spared punishment, corporal punishment especially, from the partiality of Dr. Reader; while he, the exemplary Nathaniel Simpkins, who was, according to

his own showing, superior to them in every respect, and who had been at the school but two months, had been flogged a dozen times, had learned two dozen tasks, and had been otherwise publicly disgraced seventeen times. The thing, he said, was as plain as daylight, and half the school began to give him credit for great sagacity in the discovery. The next thing he did was to caricature the Doctor, by painting him in his bag-wig and gown, wearing triangular spectacles, and flogging the whole school with birch-rod and ferula. This took prodigiously : any novelty soon wins partisans ; and such a thing as a division, or two sides, in this little community, was so new, that before many days were over, half the school joined his party, and were violent accordingly. Simpkins and his party resolved never to be reconciled to the Triangulars till their leaders had undergone some disgraceful punishment ; they therefore artfully went to work, reproached them with being *favourites* ; and cast endless reflections on the Doctor, for blind partiality. The Triangle violently resented these reflections on the Doctor ; vindicated him from the charge of partiality ; and maintained that if they, or any of them, were worthy of punishment, punishment they would receive.

“ Prove it ! prove it !—Show us that the Doctor is impartial, and we will be friends !” was the reply.

The Triangle were but boys ; they meant well, but they argued ill.

“ We will prove it !” cried the first.

“ We will be the champions of Dr. Reader’s fair fame !” responded the second.

“ We will make ourselves worthy of punishment, to show you

that the good Doctor is incapable of injustice!" echoed the third.

It was at the extremity of the play-ground, under the dim shade of the old yew trees, that this singular knight-errantry was sworn, with twenty boys on either side as witnesses. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Arthur Meynell, a firm adherent of the Triangulars, so renowned for the general correctness of his conduct and opinions, that he was commonly surnamed "The Conscience," boldly stepped into the midst, warned the Triangle of their folly and danger, and concluded by saying, that "the Triangle ought to have more sense than to displease the Doctor, and disgrace themselves, for a set of idle fellows like those!"

"Coward, fool, meddler; pitiful and sneaking;"—these were the best words that "the Conscience" got from Simpkins and his party; and the Triangulars were all too busy to listen to him.

The next day the Triangle held a cabinet council, which lasted three hours and three quarters. The result of their deliberations was a plan, according to the best authority, suggested by Sparrow, somewhat improved upon by Salmon, and finally put into accomplishable form by Harry Lion.

What that plan was, and how it was executed, we will proceed to relate.

It was a fine September morning, warm and glowing—the harvest was mostly got in—the orchards and gardens were full of beautiful fruit—as the Triangle, having escaped at three o'clock in the morning from an upper window, walked briskly along a wooded lane, three miles from the school village.

They had undertaken a three days' ramble round the country, intending nowhere to exceed nine miles' distance from their centre, the school ; being whimsically determined to direct all their movements in these three days, by their own number. Each boy had three shillings in his pocket : they were to live as merrily as might be ; to turn to account each his own peculiar gift, in gaining their daily bread and their night's lodging ; and what they could not obtain for love, they were to buy with money. At all events they determined, as far as in them lay, that these three days should be merry ones, come what would afterwards ; and all along they made their minds easy, by persuading themselves that they were champions in the best cause in the world.

At six o'clock they came to a milk-maid, who was singing ; from her they obtained a draught of milk ; and then proceeded onward, passing through a little town, where they bought bread and cheese, upon which they dined. Leaving the town then, they saw to the right of the road, a pleasant hollow, overshadowed by trees : they entered it, and there lying down, Charles sang " Barbara Allen's Cruelty ;" after which they all three went very comfortably to sleep. When they awoke, they found the sun beginning to sink, and looking round, they saw a farm-house below them, half buried in rich orchard trees, loaded with bright, golden apples. No school-boy can resist an apple ; and therefore, if they had not wanted something more substantial, as they did, they would instinctively have gone down.

At the door they met a stout, rosy-faced, loud-spoken dame, stripped to her stays and green quilted petticoat, who accosted them

cheerfully. They told her, they wanted their supper and a night's lodging; she laughed merrily, and called them "impudent beggars," and "lazy varlets;" and yet said, they were welcome to all her house contained.



## TALES OF THE SEA, BY SAILOR BEN.

No. V.



I TOLD you how I was dragged away from the place where the explosion took place; I must now tell you what happened to me after this.



We walked and walked, as quick as our legs could carry us, for several miles ; and if I did not walk so fast as the soldiers thought I ought to do, I got a prick with the bayonet.

At last, however, we came to a spot among the rocks, in which a number of soldiers were collected, who received the company that bore me along with them, with great joy. But, from not understanding their language, I could not tell what they had been doing, nor who and what they were.

All that I could find out was, that they were at war against the English. This inspired me with some hope ; as I thought, if that were the case, the English could not be far off ; so I determined to make my escape as soon as I could. I then bethought myself of the fort I had seen in the distance, and had no doubt but it was an English fort : whether it had been blown up by the explosion I had heard, I did not know ; but I was determined to find out, if possible.

The next day there was a grand muster, and a reinforcement of above a thousand men came and pitched their tents on the spot on which we were ; they brought with them four pieces of caannon ; and the whole of the day after was spent in warlike preparations, such as I had never seen before. I had no doubt but the object was to attack the English fort.

I now, by paying great attention, began to pick up a few words of the French language ; and as there happened to be a Frenchman who knew a little English, I thought if I could get a few words from him, they would be of service. I found this, however, to be a difficult task ; but an accident threw me into this man's way.

He had been assisting to get one of the large guns on its car-

riage, when, by some means or other, a portion of the tackle slipped, and he had the misfortune to break his leg. As nobody else could be spared, I was set to attend him—to be his nurse, as it were. On his part, he was to shoot me if I attempted to leave the tent where he lay.

I did all I could for the poor fellow, and won his esteem; and by being very attentive and kind, he began to converse with me in my own language. He had been in England; and told me a story of his being taken before the Lord Mayor, after escaping from an English prison, and that the Mayor, instead of ordering him into confinement, gave him some money out of his own pocket, and dismissed him. So, by thinking, I suppose, of this kindness, he resolved to be kind to me, and soon put his gun up on one side of the tent.

The preparations for war went on, and I soon learned that we were on the island of Martinique, at that time in the hands of the English, and that a French squadron, of three frigates and two brigs, had landed these forces, with a determination to attack the fort; that the party of soldiers who captured me had been out, and endeavoured, but without effect, to blow up a part of the fort, having drilled a hole upwards of five hundred yards through the mountain. I learned also that the fort was only about nine miles off, and that the forces there were very much straitened for provisions.

I determined, if possible, to do my countrymen all the service in my power, although at the risk of my life. The squadron that brought the troops had anchored in a little creek, about four miles to the west of the hollow in the mountains in which we were encamped. On the next night it was arranged that the greater part of the sailors

of the ships, the ships' artillery, and marines, should join our forces, and proceed to take the fort by storm, before daybreak.

If I could only tell the governor of the English fort this, said I, it would save it from falling into the hands of the French ;—but how to do this, was the great difficulty.

About noon the same day, an order came for all the sick and wounded to go on board the ships. This I considered fatal to my wishes ; and five men, a little boy, and my broken-legged grenadier, went down together, and were put on board one of the French frigates.

On our way over the mountains we were forced to mount a somewhat high peak, upon the top of which we rested for a few moments, screening ourselves about the large masses of jagged stones. On this spot the soldier pointed out the fort : “ There,” said he, “ are your countrymen—would you not like to be with them ?”

“ Not if they are all about to be slaughtered,” said I : but I was glad to find that the fort stood close to the sea-coast, and appeared to be guarded by tolerably-sized lines.

We soon reached the creek in which the French ships were anchored, and went on board of them ; and I was quite astonished to find the small number of persons on board. We were put below in the starboard bow, and, after supping, were glad to get to sleep, for we were fatigued with our journey.

I awoke about midnight with a horrible dream. I thought I was being cut to pieces by the French. I called out, but nobody answered : everybody in our berth was sound asleep.

I looked out at the starboard port. It was an agreeably warm night, and the moon shone as bright as the day. How I wished to

be ashore, and on the mountains ! and I had a great mind to let myself down from the port-hole into the sea, and swim ashore ; but I thought of the sharks, with which all the islands of the West Indies are infested.

I hesitated, and yet I longed to be off. The thought of regaining my liberty—the probability of my giving warning to the English of the force preparing to attack them—all incited me ; and so, taking in my hand a French cutlass, I slid down by means of a rope from the port-hole, and committed myself to the deep.

I suffered the tide to take me to the east, for it was fast running out. I was overjoyed to find that I had not been watched ; and when I got about a quarter of a mile from the ship, I struck out boldly towards the shore.

The tide, however, ran very stiff against me ; but in the course of half an hour, I had the joy to find my feet touch the ground, and soon stood on terra firma. I immediately ran along the sands and shelving rocks, till I had weathered the peak that formed one head of the cove. This, however, took me nearly two hours, for it ran out eight or nine miles into the sea.

The moon now shone more brilliantly than ever ; and what was my surprise, when I had doubled the cape, to see the English fort lying in the centre of a capacious bay, into which I had now turned, and apparently not more than a few miles distant !

I determined to keep along the coast, and sometimes had to plunge into the water and swim round the jutting rocks ; at others I had to climb up to their tops ; and soon found the exertion extremely severe. However, by dint of perseverance and courage, I at last came so near the fort as plainly to distinguish the British flag.

If ever I felt overjoyed in my life, it was when I saw the red cross of England flaunting in the moonlight. My heart seemed to leap towards it ; and I set off in a run, although my feet were bleeding, from being cut with the sharp points of the rocks over which I had climbed.

Everything was as silent as the grave—even the waters scarcely rippled in the distance, for the tide was down, and had left a large expanse of weed and sand between me and the ocean. I found no difficulty now in coming directly under the rock upon which the fort was built.

So I walked and walked, looking every way I could to discover a human being ; but no one was to be seen—not even a sentinel was discoverable : at last, however, as I came towards what appeared to me to be a high sand-bank, I thought I heard voices.

The wind was blowing from the quarter in which the persons were who spoke. I looked towards the spot, and saw the British piquet of four-soldiers and a corporal, walking along the beach, towards its extremity.

I immediately quickened my pace, and at last reached what I supposed to be a sand-bank. It was, however, a long kind of pier, partly natural and partly artificial, upon which, at the other side, guns were planted to defend the entrance to the river, which I now saw ran directly into the land.

The piquet by this time had reached the guard-house, and were on the return. There was, however, a deep fosse or ditch between me and them, so that it was impossible for me to get over ; therefore I determined to wait till they came past, and then to call out as loudly as I could.

Just as the piquet were on the point of passing, they stopped, and in a moment every gun was levelled at me, and I felt certain that I should be shot dead.

"Old England for ever!" cried I. This saved my life—they did not fire. "I have just run away from the French ships," I continued, "and have news for you."

"Come round, then," said the corporal; "but if you attempt to go back, we will blow your brains out."

"Well! that is a civil reception," thought I, "for an Englishman who has run the hazard of being eaten by sharks, to bring you word what's going on. But, never mind—it will be better presently."

So the piquet and I paced along towards the rocks, each man with his musket at his side, ready to bring it to his shoulder if I should go out of my course. In a few minutes we reached a battery, and shortly afterwards a moveable bridge was turned over to me, and I stood on Fort George.

I immediately desired to be conducted to the officer on guard, to whom I related my adventure, and told him how the fleet were left, and how totally unprovided they were. He said, "This is a good service, my lad.—Keep him in custody, and wait till I return."

So I waited and waited; at last I was sent for, and conducted to the citadel, and there I saw a gray-headed old gentleman in his dressing-gown. He questioned me about my adventures since I was cast ashore, and particularly about my connexion with the French, their number, ships, and present state. He then retired into another room, and I was taken back to the guard-house, and a good mess of turtle set before me; for this was all the soldiers had had for a long time, as they were very short of provisions.

The tide had just turned, and before I had finished my turtle, I heard the splash of oars and the stifled voices of sailors. I looked out to see what it was, and beheld ten boats full of armed men, with a howitzer at the head of each, and the old governor of the fort, just as he was, in his dressing-gown, coming down and giving directions for the attack.

"Well!" thought I, "this is quick work—I suppose they are going to make sure of the ships." And sure enough they were; and away they went, as fast as their oars could move, or the tide would carry them.

The guard now made me up a bed with some coats and matting, and I fell to sleep. I was awoke just after day-break, about five o'clock, and told to look out. I saw several of the officers and men running down by the point, and I followed.

It was the French frigates, all captured; and when they came near the fort, cheer after cheer was given. The old governor was now seen coming down, full-dressed, and immediately went on board the ships.

When he came on shore, he sent for me, and told me that I had performed my duty to my country in a very praiseworthy manner, and that he should send my name home in his dispatches. "Besides which," said he, "you shall have an officer's share in the prizes obtained."

"Thank you, your honour," said I; "but there is a poor Frenchman with a broken leg in the Black frigate, that I was in—would your honour think of him, and let him be well treated? for he behaved very well to me while I was a prisoner."

"Go to him, and make what provision for him you like,"

said the old man; "but you must be answerable for his safe custody."

"He can't run away, your honour," said I, "for he has but one leg." So, making my bow, I soon found my way on board, and reached the berth of my old grenadier.

You will wonder what became of the Spitfire. I can assure you, I thought she had gone down; but this was not the case. She got off the rock on which she had struck, while I lay insensible on the shore; for you know, I was washed off the starboard-bow by the violence of the sea.

I heard from the sailors of Fort George, that she had put into St. Christopher's to refit, having been terribly damaged; and that she would be ready for sea again in a week or two.

I desired to see my old messmates again, for I liked the Spitfire; and the governor determined to meet my wishes, and send me round to her, with a letter to the captain.

So I was put on board the fort cutter, and had the honour of communicating the news of the capture of the French squadron. The captain, whose name was Bowline, ordered me into the cabin: "My lad," said he, "you have performed a valuable service to your king and country, and have met with the approbation of Governor Goring. I shall represent your conduct to our commodore."

In a few days after, the commodore came on board, and I was had up. He was an old, rough-looking man, and seemed to dart his clear gray eyes through me. "Well, my brave boy," said he, "so you got out of the clutches of Mounseer, eh? I am glad to find you knew your duty to the service and the king. What can I do for you, eh?"



"I should like you to send part of my prize money, Sir, when I get it, to the good woman who brought me up in England. Her name is Hatchett, and she thinks I am at the bottom of the sea."

"Prize money, eh? Aye, to be sure, there will be a good round sum for you. That's very proper conduct, my boy. Would you like to be a midshipman, and wear a coat with long tails?"

"Oh yes, Sir," said I, "I should like to be a midshipman, but I am not learned enough for that."

"Then you must go under the rough touch of our schoolmaster, and he shall teach you;—and so for the future, captain, you take charge of the lad."

So from that day I went to school, and began to learn navigation, and a great many other things. There were several of the young middies who were lords' sons; but they did not take much notice of me, except to play me many a sad trick.

I made up my mind never to be out of temper, and to take nothing amiss; and so it turned out, that the young fellows were tired of teasing me before I was tired of bearing it.

Our ship after this sailed up the Straits of Malacca, and being very short of provisions, we were forced to land on one of the islands there. Our men were directed to find out the fishing places of the natives, and to take away the fish that they had caught, as it would save time for our catching them.

I thought this very wrong, but was forced to obey my orders; and so into the island we went, a whole boat's crew of us. After a while, we came to a very splendid waterfall, at the bottom of which

we saw several of the native tribes, spearing the fish when they rose after having come down the fall.



Then we immediately rushed upon them, and took away all the fish they had got. The poor creatures tried to jabber out some sort of expostulation, and fell on their knees to us; but the sailors only laughed, and walked off with the fish. I was very sorry, but could not help it.

When we got back to the *Spitfire*, we found she had grounded while we were on shore, and that it was impossible to get her off till the next tide; but this did not give us much anxiety.

We, however, soon found out the evil of it; for towards dusk we beheld on the shore several hundreds of the natives, half-savages as they were, whooping, and yelling, and appearing in a great fury.

I have no doubt they thought we had done them great injury in stealing their fish, and that they came down to the shore to revenge it.

All hands were called up, and preparation was made for firing upon them, if they endeavoured to approach the ship. They seemed to be quite aware of the force of cannon balls, and stood off.

At last, however, some of them came close to the vessel, bearing a great number of large fish, which they appeared willing to barter with us; and so our captain said, "Better to buy fish, than steal them;" and signals were made, by which they were to understand they might deal.

A large number came close to the ship, and an officer and about thirty men went on the sands to trade. At first several large fish were thrown down, and for these, knives, a little looking-glass or two, and some beads, were offered in exchange.

One of the natives whom I had seen at the waterfall, after having taken up a small hatchet and a couple of spoons, which had been offered in exchange for some fish carried by himself and a female with him, ran away, taking his fish with him. I suppose he thought he had a right to be paid for the fish taken from him before. This was no more than just.

The boatswain's mate, seeing this, ran after him with his cutlass, and wounded him severely in the arm. I was at that time watching the transaction over the starboard quarter of the ship; and in a moment the whole of the Indians turned round and discharged their arrows at our men; above a thousand, at the same instant, rushed down from the woods skirting the beach, and discharged their arrows at the ship.

Two struck me—one in the throat, the other in the breast—(as shown in page 321) and I immediately fell into the arms of our captain, who was standing close behind me.

Directly after I fell, the guns were brought to bear on the savages, and shot after shot flew amongst them, till they all retired into the woods.

The boatswain's mate was killed, and several of the crew. I was taken below, and it was thought that my wounds would not be dangerous, unless the arrows were poisoned; in which case, the wound they make is fatal.

Luckily, the arrows were not poisoned, and in a few days I regained my health; the *Spitfire* weighed her anchor, and made off; not, however, before the crew had been ashore, and destroyed several of the Malacca villages, and carried away everything of value the poor creatures had.



## THE STORY OF THREE BOYS.

THE good-natured woman, in whose company we left the Triangle, quickly brought the youths into the large kitchen of the house, and set them down to a black oak table, and gave them whey and new bread, fresh-laid eggs, and broiled bacon. It was an excellent feast; they had never been so hungry in all their lives before, and had never enjoyed anything half as much. When they had finished this luxurious meal, as the good dame had said nothing about the night's lodging, they rose up to depart; but she stopped them, saying, "Oh no! after such a meal's meat as that, she must have some work out of them, and therefore they must stop and help her son in apple-gathering;" adding, that "it was lucky they had come."

The Triangle were very well pleased, and before long poor Ned made his appearance; a great, gawky lad of seventeen, walking like a cart-horse, and looking as shame-faced as an owl in the sunshine, when he saw the three "young gentlemen" whom his mother proposed to him as his associates in the apple-gathering. The apple-gathering, however, soon made them very good friends, and then they were merry altogether. Merry in the orchard; merry too in the house into which they carried baskets full and bags full, bags full and baskets full of the most delicious apples, until the good dame herself was tired of reckoning them; she all the while laughing and talking, praising the Triangle, praising the apples, and praising her Ned.

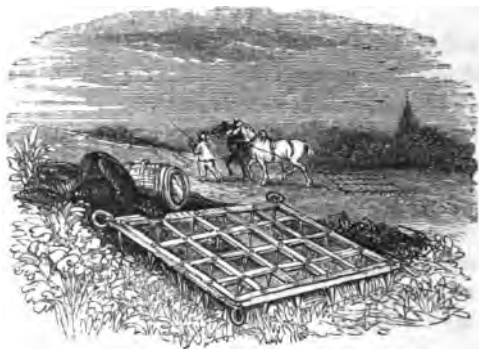
After this labour, or rather pastime, and a second hearty supper of roasted apples and new milk, they all sat down by the great kitchen fire, which was made of logs laid on the hearth. And a

jovial party they were! There were the dame; poor Ned; his father, a quiet old man who said nothing at all, and yet seemed to enjoy everything; two round-faced laughing country girls, and two sleepy, slow-footed lads, ten times duller and heavier than poor Ned himself, and the merry Triangle in the midst, singing songs, telling tales, and acting all humorous and whimsical characters whatever. There they sat at nine o'clock at night; and there they sat at two o'clock in the morning; and then the good woman, who had laughed and cried alternately for so many hours, hurried her three strange guests up-stairs into her best chamber, in which were also deposited cheese, spun flax, fleeces, and woollen wares; and wishing them a good night's rest, left them to sleep between the blankets, three in a bed.



The Triangle slept as soundly as a top. The cock had long done

crowding, poor Ned and his father were out in the fields, and the



dame and her maids busy at their household work, when the Triangle made their way once more into the spacious kitchen. And then what a breakfast they had! the supper over night was nothing to it! There were milk and coffee, and oat-cakes and barley-cakes, eggs and honey, wheaten bread and spice bread, and various sorts of country dainties, with and without names. Thus having banquetted, they again set forth; their merry and kind-hearted hostess leaving her cheese-pans to see them across farm-yard and orchard, and over two fields, a croft and meadow, before she could make up her mind to part with them.

"Fortune has hitherto favoured us!" said the Triangle; "what will be our fate to-day?"

But that day brought a thunder-storm which lasted, from the first heavy drops that fell before, to the skirts of the storm that came

after, from eleven o'clock till three ; and the poor Triangle, sadly against their will, took shelter under an oak tree. Do what he would



to prevent it, all sorts of dismal tales of men struck blind by lightning, and women and children struck dead by thunder-bolts, came into the head of George, and for his life he could not help telling them ; so there they stood, expecting every flash of lightning to leave them blind or dead ! But the storm passed over without injuring them ; and, excepting being wet to the skin, they were no worse for it.

On, therefore, they proceeded out of the old pasture fields where they had sheltered, into a long, wooded, and pleasant lane, and here they had not gone far before they were overtaken by their quondam

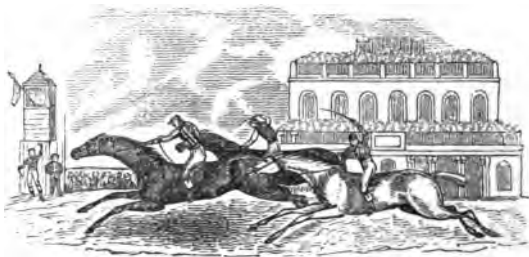


school-fellow, Dick Deriton, now called Mr. Richard Deriton, or the young 'Squire. He was mounted on a fine racer, and was riding gaily along, giving the reins to his horse, and letting it go at its own pace; he checked it, however, when, to his astonishment, he saw his old companions.

"Heyday, Triangle!" cried he, "what brings you here?"

It was soon told. Deriton enjoyed the joke most amazingly, leapt from his horse, and throwing the reins on its neck, joined them, and the sagacious animal walked leisurely after its master.

"You shall sleep at our house to-night," said Deriton; "my father is gone to the races, and doesn't return till to-morrow; so I'll



invite my friends, the Wigtons, and we'll have for once a merry night of it!"

"Excellent!" said the Triangle.

"You shall sing songs, and tell tales, and perform comedy," continued Deriton, "and you shall be encored till the house rings!"

And they were encored till the house rang! There they were, in the great dining-room, where they had an excellent dinner, the

chandeliers lit, the large table drawn to one end for a stage, and steward, butler, groom, stable-boy, gardener, housekeeper, and half-a-dozen women servants, all for audience ; and poor little Harry swelled out for Sir John Falstaff, hectoring and killing a hundred



men at a blow, when—Oh unlucky mischance !—in came no other than the old 'Squire himself, all fire and fury, storming and blustering like ten troopers ! Here began a second act in the comedy ; out hurried one at one door, and another at another ; one got behind a screen, and another under a table ; and the old asthmatical butler,

as ill-luck would have it, behind the chimney-board, where, on account of his terrible cough, which the dust he disturbed set a-going, it was vain to think of concealment.



The storm of thunder and lightning was nothing to the 'Squire's storm of passion; the Wigtons were sent home instant, with orders to wait for his invitation before they came again: every servant had orders to leave, from the old steward who had served the family for fifty years, to the kitchen girl who came but the day before. Young Deriton was threatened with being disinherited (a

threat which had been too often repeated to be much dreaded), and the Triangle locked up in a chamber, with a promise of being sent back in the morning to Doctor Reader, with such a character as the 'Squire thought they deserved.

The Triangle deliberately consulted on the state of affairs, and thought it best to be stirring early, at least if they could but get their chamber door unlocked, for the key was at the other side. But they were helped out of this dilemma by young Deriton, who made his appearance in their chamber by day-break, and bade them begone, giving each of them a small loaf, and praying them to walk softly. The Triangle thought themselves very happy when they were safely out at the back-door, and walked hastily forth through the dewy



shrubby, and among the sweet-smelling and aromatic trees and

flowers of the garden, and then took leave of the young 'Squire at the park-gate, who, in spite of his assumed carelessness, they could not help suspecting, wished that his father had found them less jocose than they were at his entrance.

A little sobered perhaps with the catastrophe of the last evening, the Triangle walked on over hills and by wood sides, and across a wide open common, crimsoned with the beautiful heath-flowers, and along the hollows of which ran a bright living rivulet, murmuring like a sweet voice, and glittering in the sun-shine. The Triangle



went across the heath and by the water side before meeting with any adventure, or seeing anything more extraordinary than the brisk little furze wren, and the green and golden beetles of the common, and the quick-darting trouts that were seen for a moment and

then gone, in the clear water of the beautiful little brook. At the other end of the common stood a small hamlet, which they entered, and where they purchased a good supply of provision, for after all this rambling in the fresh morning air, they were hungry enough. Leaving the village, they struck into some quiet retired fields, in every one of which stood a new haystack, and seating themselves under one of them which stood in the prettiest sylvan nook imaginable, they began eagerly to discuss the contents of their wallet.

Now it happened that about two fields distance from the place where they sate, and directly opposite to it, were three little hills, and, as their eyes were ever on the watch for occasion of merriment, or for subjects of curious speculation, they beheld three men standing, one upon each of these eminences, evidently looking around them in quest of something. North, south, east, and west, they turned, with spy-glasses in their hands to enable them to perceive any small or distant objects, which they ever and anon applied to their eyes, looking round them with great assiduity. They stood up, clear and distinct in the bright light, the morning sun behind them, and were not for a moment to be mistaken ;—Mathematical, Classical, and English teachers in the renowned school of Dr. Reader. Away went the Triangle behind the rick, intending from this post narrowly to watch, and for the present to elude their pursuers.

In a short time the three men of learning, having satisfied themselves, came down from their elevation, and before long entered the very meadow in which the Triangle lay concealed ; and presently afterwards, thus came the words of Rhomboid, the mathematician, as they passed by :

"Twenty-seven miles have I walked; forty-five miles and a half have I ridden; at eleven houses, and from a hundred and three persons have I made inquiries; and yet all *my* labour has been in vain."

"So it is," replied Remus, the master of the classics, "fag in doors, fag out of doors; a schoolmaster's life is like a dog's!"

"Grumble, as you will," rejoined Lemuel Prosody, "I hope they've enjoyed their ramble as much as I've enjoyed mine. Sparrow is a prodigy of learning, and if my good word will save them from flogging, they shall have it for his sake."

"Now Heaven bless you!" whispered Sparrow, when the three wise men had passed by, unwitting of their auditors.



"They may fag on, poor dogs," said Salmon, "but they'll not hunt us out for all that!"

"There they go," said Lion, "due north, and we'll go south, and meet to-morrow morning at breakfast."

It was now past noon; and the Triangle had entered within the bounds of their occasional rambles; and being three miles from the school, were as near as they deemed it safe to venture. They, therefore, turned on to a wild extent of hilly and open land, the remains of an ancient chase. It was full of deep, quiet hollows, the steep banks of which were covered with tall, green bracken and crimson betony. No pleasanter place could be imagined for a summer-day stroll than this, and to this they came; and lay down all their lengths, in one of its most secluded hollows. After they had lain there for about half an hour, and when Sparrow was in the middle of one of his most diverting stories, they beheld what, to their startled imaginations, appeared no other than the veritable Doctor Reader himself, mounted on a strong gray horse, riding up the hollow directly opposite to them.

It perhaps was cowardly to fly, and yet fly they did, up one hollow, and down another, winding about, so as, if possible, to escape pursuit. The horseman spoke not a word, for, trusting to his strong, well-trained horse, he was sure of the chase. Salmon and Lion cleared the ground like greyhounds, the one helped by length of limb, the other by lightness of body, soon distancing poor Sparrow, who was memorably deficient in these two particulars, and who felt himself already in the clutches of the angry doctor.

"Stop, you terrified fool!" cried the horseman, suddenly wheeling his horse round so as to intercept Sparrow; "Stop, in the name of common sense, and direct me the way to Wimbleton!"

These words restored Sparrow at once to his senses, and out of



breath as he was, he gave the required information, Wimbledon being the village where they had last stopped. The stranger laughed till he almost bent to his saddle-bow, called him "a cowardly block-head!" for his pains, and rode briskly back again.

By this time Salmon and Lion had returned to their companion, intending to give themselves up also to justice, expecting to find him with his hands tied behind his back, laid across the horse, like a sheep taken for slaughter.

Despite now all their endeavours to resist the enemy, a feeling of despondency crept over their spirits. They sate down again, intending to wait till the moon rose before they proceeded home! but no song was sung, no tale told, and, which was strange even to themselves, they sat in silence for a quarter of an hour.

At eleven o'clock that night, either by popping in at the keyhole, or scaling the walls, or walking in at the hall-door in invisible jackets, the Triangle, unknown to the whole household (at least so it seemed), entered their chamber, and lay down in their respective beds, in which they soundly slept till the morning-bell rung.

"Now, Simpkins," said they, as they entered the room, where the boys were drawn up rank and file for prayers, waiting the entrance of the masters, "now, Simpkins, for a proof of the Doctor's impartiality!"

In came the solemn Doctor; in came every tutor and usher. Not a word was said; prayers were regularly gone through, and a silence like death followed.

Presently an under-master went out, and returned with three chains, each having at its extremities, manacles, as if to enclose the wrist and ankle. Some of the little boys shuddered; some turned

pale, but the Triangle stood firm, and looked neither ashamed nor terrified.

“Young gentlemen,” said the Doctor, addressing the three offenders in a deep stern voice; “young gentlemen, you have been three years under my care, during which time you have not needed punishment, hardly reproof; the consequence of this has been, that I have boasted of you publicly and privately; I have honoured your industry and sobriety; I have held you up as examples to your companions; I have confided in you;—but I have been deceived!—Gentlemen, I say it with pain—I have been deceived!—I can boast of you, I can honour you, I can confide in you no longer! Is it possible, that from the favour you have received from me,—and which you only received because you appeared to deserve it, that you supposed I should pass over your delinquencies, or permit you to infringe the laws of order without punishment? Corporal punishment by stripes, however, you shall not receive at my hands, so far I will still respect your former unblameable conduct; but since you have forfeited my confidence, I must secure your persons, and also make you a public example to the school.

“You, perhaps, imagine me ignorant of your idle wanderings, for these three days,—you are mistaken. I know where you have been; what company you have kept; and how you have demeaned yourselves.

“Again I repeat it, my confidence has been abused, and with deep sorrow, I leave you for the present to your own reflections!—Mr. Beetham, do your duty.”

The fetters were put on, and the Triangle, bound hand and foot, went out, somewhat grave, yet, nevertheless, unsubdued in aspect.

As soon as they entered the play-ground, a stunning shout greeted them from their own party. Doctor Reader was sitting in his little back-parlour, when these sounds of triumph reached him, and very much disconcerted was he to hear them. There was something very unaccountable to him in the whole proceeding. He was mortified and amazed, at what seemed to him the obstinate temper of the three offenders, who, to say the truth, he loved, as well perhaps as he would have loved children of his own, had he possessed any ; and more than this, for the first time in his life, he began to question the power of his own eloquence, or to suspect that his mode of punishment was injudicious, since it produced so strange a result. Grieved, therefore, and a little out of humour, he walked into his study, intending to make silent but exact observation on all that went forward in the play-ground. Great, however, was his amazement, when he beheld the three culprits seated on a platform, and borne upon the shoulders of many boys, while others ran before, waving caps and handkerchiefs, and shouting—"Victory ! victory ! Justice, the good Doctor Reader and the Triangle for ever !"

The Doctor was more amazed and bewildered than before. He hastened, therefore, to the scene of action, determining to have it explained, and followed the triumphal procession to the yew-tree walk, and there found the victors seated upon a rude sort of throne, under the trees.

The unexpected appearance of the Doctor rather disconcerted the Triangle, who feeling that this defiance, as it were, of punishment, might very justly still further displease him, wished internally that the whole affair were explained ; but as no one of the three did explain it, Arthur Meynell, otherwise called "The Conscience," who

saw it in the same light as themselves, stepped forward, and in an astonishingly short time laid open the whole plot; declaring that the triumph he now witnessed, was only the Triangulars rejoicing that the justice and the impartiality of the good Doctor was unquestionably established. This being said, he was so led away by his enthusiasm, that even in presence of that grave personage himself, he shouted,—“Justice, the good Doctor Reader, and the Triangle for ever!” in which shout every boy joined, till the poor Doctor was half deafened by the uproar.

At length, when silence was obtained, with some severity of countenance, which amazed his vehement young partizans, he ordered them quietly to assemble in the school-room. They did so; and then he again harangued them,—and not only the Triangle and his party, but Nat Simpkins and his. It was a long and a grave harangue; and, to the Doctor's satisfaction, all the school looked serious; half were in tears; and the Triangle felt, for the first time, and was not slow to acknowledge it, how improperly and, unwisely they had acted; and never, while they remained at school, nay, nor afterwards through the whole course of their lives, did they again “do evil that good might come of it.”



## THE OLD LADY—HER CAT, AND ITS NINE LIVES.

## LIFE THE FIFTH.

POOR Mosette, one would think she was born to misfortune : and so she was : this last mishap, however, was worse than any other.

I once read of a poor Welchman, who, having bought an iron pot, and having a long way to carry it over the mountains, placed it on his head. It slipped over his ears, and the poor man had to go to a blacksmith, to have it broken to pieces, before it was taken off.

The poor little kitten was much worse off than the Welchman, for she had no blacksmith to go to ; she had no friend in the world—and as to getting her own living, that was impossible, with such a muzzle on—she could just manage to breathe, and that was all.

So the poor thing ran backwards, as cats always do when they have anything over their heads, and squatted herself down on the furthest part of the coal-cellar.

The next morning, when the old maidens came down to breakfast, the first thing that was missing was this identical cream-jug. The servant was called up to know where it was.

“ I thought, ma’am,” said she, “ you had taken and locked it up, out of the way of the chimney-sweepers. I have looked everywhere for it this morning—from one end of the house to the other.”

“ If the jug is lost, it is your fault,” said Miss Grissel, “ you

know I always caution you against these chimney-sweepers ; the last time they came, we missed more than half a bushel of coals, which they must have taken away in their soot-bag."

"The last time I saw the jug, now I think of it," said Mary, "was when the boy came down with the cat from the chimney."

"Then I will be bound for it that boy has stolen the cream-jug; it was only the other day a chimney-sweep obtruded himself into the royal apartments—nay, into the very council-chamber itself, and stole a great number of state secrets. Send for the policeman."

So the policeman was sent for—it must be the young chimney-sweeper—a thing could not go away without hands, it was clearly admitted. But this apparent truth does not always hold good, you see. "I'll soon find it out," said the policeman, "but first I will get the boy."

So application was made to a magistrate for a warrant for ———, who was proceeded against on suspicion of being suspected of stealing a silver cream-jug ; and the poor lad was seized accordingly.

When inquiry came to be made, it was found, after a great deal of ingenuity on the part of the officers, that the prisoner was known to have bought, for many mornings running, several halfpenny's-worth of stale tarts, at the confectioner's next to Saint Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street.

Now it was clear to every one that the boy could not buy pastry without money, and that if he had money he must have got it somehow. How was the question—out of the cream-jug was the suspicion.

The poor boy, when he was brought before the magistrate, thought it was for a violation of the new police-act, in calling *sweep*—for he had so habituated himself to it, he found it difficult to leave it off—"Sweep !" would come out of his mouth whether he would or no.

When he heard however that it was for stealing a milk-jug, he was indeed frightened, and protested, with tears in his eyes, that he had never seen a milk-jug, at least not a silver one. But how did he get so much money to spend—could he account for that.

He said a lady had given him a shilling one morning, for a ride on his donkey. This was thought to be too barefaced a lie, to be believed, and everybody laughed at it.

“And pray what sort of a lady was this?” said the worthy magistrate.

“A very nice lady,” said the boy, “dressed in a beautiful white “musten” dress, a light blue “shall,” a white crape bonnet, and yellow boots.”

“Ha, ha, ha,—a likely lady to ride on a chimney-sweeper’s donkey—that is a good story;—you are the most impudent liar I ever knew,” said the magistrate. “Shocking!” said the lawyer who sat beneath the bench. “Dreadful!” said the lawyer’s clerk. “Impious in the extreme!” said the beadle. “Infamous!” said Miss Grissel. “Audacious!” said the cook-maid.

“You are committed for trial at the next session,” said the magistrate, “for felony; and I tell you what—you had better find another story for the jury—for this wont do at all.”

So the poor boy was committed for trial for stealing a silver milk-jug which he had never seen; and Miss Grissel and her cook-maid went home quite satisfied, having been bound over to prosecute.

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## ARTHUR, THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN.

WHAT a delightful thing it is to have a gun, said little Arthur. He could scarcely say the word "delightful," he was so young, poor little fellow ; but somehow or other he had picked the word up,—and it was a delightful thing to have a gun.

Very many times had Arthur taken his father's large crab stick, and shouldered it ; many a time had he pointed it at cat, dog, bird, or post—" Bang," he would say, " now I have killed you dead."

Arthur's father was a gentleman very fond of sports, who lived on the borders of the New Forest. He was a very kind man, and loved his children very dearly.

One morning Arthur's father had the horse saddled, and took his gun under his arm. " Would you like to go, Master Arthur ? " said he.

Arthur had been named after Arthur, Duke of Wellington ; " and therefore it was natural," his mother said, " that he should be fond of shooting." So it was determined that he should go to help his father to shoot.

The morning was fine, and the horse was ready. Up mounted the father, and the little boy was soon placed before him, astride on the pommel of the saddle. There was only one thing Arthur liked better than shooting, and that was riding on a horse.

Arthur had very often bestridden the dog, but he had grown tired of that ; he had several times attempted to ride the pony, and had



received more than one fall—but this did not deter him from repeating the attempt whenever he had an opportunity.

Away then they rode, father and son, into the forest. It was the beginning of autumn, and the beech-nuts and acorns were ripe on the trees, and the rabbits and hares ran about quite merrily.

At last they came to the place called the Crag Pits, and Arthur's father dismounted, and began to load his fowling-piece.

"Put plenty of shot in, father," said he,—“I like to see them scamper and run.”

“Ha, ha, ha,” said the father, “you will make a good sportsman—you like to see them run, do you?” By this time the gun was loaded, and the two sportsmen walked on a few paces further.

Presently they heard a rustling in the furze, and out flew a covey of partridges, in all directions—east, west, north, and south. The father levelled his gun, and one fell.

Arthur ran to pick it up; it fluttered a little, and made an effort to rise from the ground. It seemed to look reproachfully at the little boy as he took it in his hand.

“Oh father! father! I have got it—how quick its heart beats—it is quite in a flutter!” said he, as he ran to his father.

“Hold it tight, or it may fly away,” said the sportsman. “There, you have dropped it on the ground, you foolish boy.”

“What makes it kick so, father?” said Arthur.

“I should think you would kick,” replied he, “if you had been shot in the same way.”

“And see how it bleeds—why what can make it bleed so?”

“Did you not bleed when you cut your finger the other day?—but come, take up the bird, and bring it along.”

Arthur again took up the poor little bird. It struggled again, and uttered such a piercing cry, that the poor little fellow let it fall, and burst into tears. "Oh father!" said he, "poor little bird!" He looked again on it—it was dead.

Arthur was now quite tired of sporting; he felt sick at heart, and longed to be with his mother, that he might tell her about the death of the bird.

His father however continued shooting—and now a rabbit, and now a hare, and then again a partridge, and then a pheasant—till at last Arthur did not seem to mind their being killed, and often crammed them into the bag without looking at them.

When he went home, he at first thought he would tell his mamma what he felt and thought about the first partridge that was shot; but he found that it was being plucked for supper, and being told that he should sit up to partake of it, he said no more about the matter; but still he could not quite forget his first feelings.

He ate his portion however; and when he got to bed, dreamed that he saw the shooting, and the wounding, and the struggling, and the dying, over again; and awoke in a terrible fright.

"What is the matter?" said his mother, who had been awakened by the noise he had made in his dream, as she lay in the apartment into which his own little room opened. "What is the matter with my darling?"

Arthur sobbed something about poor partridge; but his mother could not understand him, so she hushed him off to sleep again.

In the morning he went out again with his father, and killed more rabbits and partridges; and when he came home in the evening, he

thought no more of killing a partridge or a hare, than he did of eating his breakfast.

Soon after this, young Arthur wished for a gun, and importuned both father and mother to such a degree, that the latter took him down to the toy-shop, and purchased a real pea-gun, for half-a-crown. It had a spring within side of it, and when a few peas were put within it, and the trigger was pulled, it went off, and the peas flew about in all directions.

Arthur amused himself with his pea-gun for some days—shot at the cats, the sparrows, the horse, every post on the estate, and made not a little diversion with the pigeons—who, however, not at all disconcerted at being fired at, contented themselves with devouring the peas as fast as they were shot at them.

When Arthur saw this he soon became tired of his gun. He put stones in it, and tried to fire them off; then he over-stretched the spring, and broke it; then, in trying to mend it, the barrel came off; and then, in trying to replace it, he bent the trigger: so at last the gun was spoiled, and the little fellow cried for a better one.

At first his mamma was very angry with him, and declared he did not deserve to have another plaything as long as he lived. Then she took the gun, and desired the servant to burn it. The next day she went to the toy-shop again, and bought—what do you think?—she bought Arthur a bow and half a dozen arrows! You see his mamma was a very weak woman, and acted in such a way as to spoil her child. When Arthur had obtained what he wanted, he kissed his mamma, and said, “Oh, mamma, I do love you so!” And then his mamma kissed him again.

Arthur was delighted enough with his new toy. He was out early the next morning, *bowing*, as he called it ; that is, he went out with his bow and arrows, and shot at every bird he could see—lost several of his arrows, and then came home very much out of temper ; for he could hit nothing.

The next day he had another trial with his bow, but with as little success ; and at last he grew out of patience with himself, for want of skill : and to make matters worse, he found he had expended all his arrows but two.

When the next day arrived, he considered within himself what he should do. If I go shooting among the hedges and trees, all my arrows will be lost, thought he. If I stop at home, I shall have no sport, unless I shoot at the chickens.

So Arthur made up his mind to shoot at the chickens. He knew this was wrong, for he watched to see if anybody was near. When he found himself quite alone, he stole into the stable-yard, and there awaited a good opportunity.

His father had reared a very particular game-breed of fowls, of which he was particularly fond. He took great care of them, and was so proud of his stock, that he would invite people to dine with him, on purpose that they might admire his brood of game-fowl.

It was during one of these dinner-parties, that Arthur stole out, unobserved, with his bow in hand, and arrow ready. He stood behind a laurel-tree, which formed a corner of the shrubbery, and when the fowls passed near, shot an arrow among them.

Immediately a violent scream was uttered by one of the little hens, which had been struck. Arthur stood chuckling with delight

at the success of his arrow. The poor bird, however, after fluttering awhile, fell down, and died.

Arthur now thought of the consequence of killing one of his father's favourite fowls, and ran and laid hold of the bird. He pulled out the arrow, and then ran and threw the little hen behind the dunghill.

After dinner his father came out to admire his brood; but in a moment missed his favourite hen. He was not much concerned at first, but commenced hunting for her, and calling. Then the stable-boy was questioned, then the gardener, then the coachman, then the cook; then each and all were severely blamed: and the garden was searched, the shrubbery was hunted, all the adjacent fields were looked over—but the bird was no where to be found.

The next day inquiries were made at every house in the village, and then rewards were offered, and then bills were printed and distributed everywhere, but to no purpose: the bird was lost, and the father was disconsolate.

Arthur was at last questioned, but stoutly denied ever having seen the bird—he had never been in the stable. They never once supposed he had shot the little creature with his arrow; and, therefore, he remained unsuspected.

The sportsman-like propensity was not, however, over with our little hero; for, although he did nothing with his bow the day following, he took it up the day after; and, seeing the dog asleep upon the bench by the stable-door, could not forbear having a shot at him. So away went the bow-string, swift went the arrow, and yelp went Carlo, whose cries resounded through the garden.

The arrow had struck him on the ear, where it remained till

drawn out by the stable-boy, who ran to see what was the matter. When Arthur's father heard what he had done, he said, "I should not wonder if the young rogue did not shoot my little bantam."

Arthur was brought in and questioned—promised forgiveness if he would tell the truth, and threatened with punishment if he did not tell the truth—what his father meant by "the truth," was to say that he had done it. But Arthur knew that if he confessed, although he might not be punished in one way, he should in another, so he stuck to his old story—and his father whipped him as long as he was able, and sent him to bed without his supper.

Soon afterwards the thing was forgotten, and Arthur was to be sent to school, for he was grown something overbearing at home, and never could be kept to the tasks; his mamma endeavoured in vain to teach him: and so a master was found in the person of a very excellent tutor, Mr. Birch, who lived at some little distance from Arthur's home.

When Arthur got to school he soon began to brag of his doings with his bow and arrow, and gun, and so on. The boys took up the notion of soldier-playing, and there was soon a pretty considerable muster—to shoot and fire, and storm and batter, and blow up, and mine, and explode.

Cannon, guns, and bows, were bought; mortars were made by scooping out pieces of chalk; and the school was quite full of martial feeling.

But the winter came on, and this game was for a while at an end; at last, however, the snow fell in large quantities, and covered the lane down at the end of the school-house. Arthur was one of the first who fell into the plan of making a snow-battery; and a snow-

battery was accordingly made, and snow-cannon, and snow-balls—there were real—real snow-balls.

Then the school was divided into two parties—the French and English. The English were to attack the fort, and the French were to defend it: and bushels of snow-balls were laid in, both for attack and defence.



The battery was to be stormed on the Saturday afternoon, and the affray began about three o'clock—some boys were mounted on others who played horses; others were taken up like battering-rams, and swung against the walls: while the pelting from the fort and upon it was incessant—the balls flew about in all directions.

Arthur was one of the best marksmen in the school, and threw his balls with an almost unerring aim. Having made a very hard

snow-ball, he threw it with such precision, that he struck a little boy in the eye, who fell down as if dead.

A great consternation was now raised as to whom the ball came from. Every boy denied it; as to Arthur, he was the loudest in his declarations of innocence; and the poor little boy, who lost his eye by the violence of the blow, was removed from the school in consequence of the disaster.

Arthur still continued his warlike and shooting propensities, and joined with another boy, and purchased a second-hand fowling-piece; with which they determined to steal out in the night, when all was at rest, to see what they could shoot.

When the dry March weather approached, the two boys were anxious to try their new piece, which they had concealed in the shrubbery, under some dry grass; and, as the moonlight nights came on, they determined to venture out.

One bright moonlight night, when all the other boys were asleep, Arthur got up, and, waking his school-fellow, said "Thomas, Thomas, now is the time; let us go out and have a shoot."

So the other boy arose, and the two having let themselves out of the window, sallied forth into a neighbouring wood; and having loaded their piece, began brushing the underwood, to raise the game.

Presently out flew a pheasant. Arthur fired—it fell. "I have hit him," said the boy. "Don't you call this sport?"

"I should think I did—why what a capital shot you are."

"Oh that is nothing," said Arthur. "I have killed two at once before now—come you, hold the bird; we shall have another presently."



So they found their way along as well as they were able; and, after several other unsuccessful shots, determined to retrace their steps homeward, when they heard a rough voice exclaim, "Holloa there—what are you doing?"

"What is that to you?" said Arthur.

"You had better surrender yourselves, or I will fire at you," said the gamekeeper.

"Fire! Oh dear! Run away, Arthur, there's a good fellow—do run away."

"If you move an inch, I will fire," said the gamekeeper.

"And so will I," said Arthur, and discharged his piece; and the gamekeeper fell, shouting "Murder!"

The two boys immediately fled, and never stopped running till they reached the window of their school, into which they both hastily leaped, and drew the bed-clothes about them.

The next day there was a fine piece of work in the village—the Squire's gamekeeper had been shot at by two poachers, and twenty pounds were offered for the apprehension of the offenders.

The pheasant was found and the gun was found, but nothing that could lead to a discovery of the guilty parties. The gamekeeper was not dead, but laid in a dangerous condition from the quantity of small shot lodged in various parts of his head and breast.

At last, however, the man who sold the gun came forward; and Arthur and his companion were called up. The latter confessed the whole; and Arthur was about to be sent to prison, but it so happened that his father was very intimate with the Squire, and the affair was hushed up.

Arthur's father did not at first know, however, what to do with

him ; but at last, although he was barely sixteen years old, determined to purchase him a commission in the army.

Arthur was delighted at this change in his way of life, for it was the very thing he had long wished for—and when he had his regimentals on, his cocked hat, plume, sash, sword, gorget, and rosettes, he felt very proud.

And so he paraded, and messed, and rode, and played at billiards, and idled away his time, from day to day ; but after a while his regiment was ordered out to active service, and went to Portugal.

Arthur found a soldier's life now to be quite a different sort of thing from what he expected. He had to lay on the damp earth, with only a blanket or two under him, to eat beans instead of bread, to walk thirty miles a day, to be up at all hours, to be afraid of being killed by night and by day, and to bob his head to let the shot pass—shooting bows and arrows, and playing with snow-balls, was very different from this.

But Arthur could not run away from his profession ; and the next day the enemy appeared in sight, and opened a tremendous fire upon the British lines, which were obliged to give way : the French then made a furious charge with their cavalry, and thousands were cut down.

Presently a shot came and took off one of Arthur's arms, and he fell—the cavalry then passed over him, and the iron hoofs of the horses mangled him as he lay. Then did the poor fellow think of the many birds he had mangled and torn for his sport, when it was too late for the lesson to be of any good to him. The French infantry now followed after their horse, and passed among the dead

and dying,—a grenadier trod upon Arthur, who raised his head in agony. The grenadier turned down his bayonet, and skewered him to the ground, singing the air of Marlbrooch.—So much for the love of slaughter !



## THE OLD LADY—HER CAT, AND ITS NINE LIVES.

*(Continued from p. 352.)*

A great deal of perplexity was in the bosom of Miss Grissel, particularly as this cream-pot had a story attached to it very fearful. It was no common cream-pot, else there would not have been any fuss about it ; it was the only relic of a dear departed grandmother, who had bequeathed it as the last remains of a noble house—that of Lord Grissel : so when the two ladies were in bed, they began to lament woefully concerning their loss.

“ What would our poor grandmother say, if she could know it,” said the elder Miss Grissel ; “ if she knew that her silver cream-jug and the service of the family, had been stolen by a chimney-sweep ? ”

“ And melted down by a Jew—perhaps, at this very moment, in Petticoat-lane.”

“ Why she would never rest quiet in her grave,” said the elder.

“ That she would not, poor dear. Oh, when I think of her, I feel great self-reproach at not taking more care of her last gift ! ”

“ And so do I,” said the younger.

“ Oh, do you remember when her coffin was carried out of the house, how I took the cream-jug, and said I would never part with it while life remained ; ” and here the good old creature began to weep.

And so they laid ejaculating short sentences of despondency, and weeping, by turns, till the old kitchen-clock was heard to strike twelve.

“ Twelve o'clock,” said the elder—“ I wish I could get to

sleep;" and then she turned round in the bed, and tried to compose herself.

Just at this moment, however, she heard or thought she heard, a knocking at her chamber door; so she said, "Mary, is that you?"—no answer.

"All is quiet; but I am sure I heard something." "Oh, it is only fancy," said the other. "But hush!—let us listen."

So they listened, and presently—knock, knock, knock—"Oh,—there is something—oh dear me—what shall we do?" "Lie still," said the younger.

And so they lay still for a while, but their hearts kept beating thump, thump, thump, to such a degree, that it seemed to make the very bed shake under them.

"Oh, what a fever I am in," said Miss Tabratha. "Oh so am I—there is somebody in the house, or something supernatural. If it should be the departed spirit of our dear grandmother!"

At this observation the younger Miss Grissel trembled all over. They listened and fancied a thousand things. At last the younger cried—"See! look!—the door, the door!"—and fainted.

Miss Tabratha looked, but could see nothing; she listened, but could hear nothing;—all was still: she paused—the clock struck one.

"If it was anything supernatural," said she, "it will not trouble me now; and she immediately revived herself, and began to think of reviving her sister.

So she got out of bed, and reached her smelling-bottle, and, what was better, found out the way to the cherry-brandy; she took a small quantity of it herself, and gave some to her sister, who came to immediately.

"I will never believe but that is a warning to us," said the younger—"three distinct knocks, as much as to say—prosecute the young sweep, and hang him, if it be a hanging matter."

"I hope it is," said the elder, "I am sure it ought to be; there is not any crime so bad as stealing a cream-jug."

And so thus full of the idea of retribution upon the poor sweep, they tried to compose themselves off to sleep, and just as they fell into a doze, the knocking was repeated—it seemed like a person with a hammer knocking on the stairs.

Knock, knock, knock—"Oh my goodness, there it is again—oh save us, for mercy save us!—Hush!" The knocking now seemed to run along the passage; and at last commenced so furiously as to be quite dreadful.

Miss Grissel, in a moment of desperation, flew to the window, threw up the sash, sprung the rattle, and called out, "Murder! Thieves! Police! Police! Murder! Murder!"

The coachman and housemaids hearing the alarm, did the same thing from the windows above, and "Murder!" "Murder!" "Thieves!" echoed along the silent streets.

The policemen came from all quarters, and in a few minutes burst open the door below. Lights were brought into every room. The old ladies had both fainted, and lay upon the floor, while poor little Mosette, frightened enough, had squeezed herself into one corner of the passage—and was knocking away at the milk-jug, to get it off her head, as loudly as ever.

One of the policemen caught up the kitten. "Why," said he, "here is a cat in a silver bonnet."

"I do think," said another officer, "that this is the very milk-jug the young sweep is gone to prison for."

"Why that is the very cat that was up the chimney," said the cook.

"Here is the thief," said the inspector of the police, "and a very great thief she is—first the milk, then the jug, and lastly, she has stolen the rest of the whole neighbourhood."

"That is my milk-jug," said the elder Miss Grissel, who had now recovered; "oh give it me. Well, I never disliked a cat before."

The next morning, the magistrate who committed the poor little sweep, was applied to, and he sent for the child's master, with a view to hand him over to his care.

When the poor boy appeared, the magistrate told him he was clear of the theft; but asked him how he could tell such a wilful falsehood respecting the lady riding on his donkey?

"It is quite true," said the lad.

"It is quite true," said his master. "It was a poor insane lady, who had escaped from her confinement; and a pretty pickle she was in."

So the lad was liberated; as to Mosette, you shall know what became of her another time.

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" Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
 O give relief, and Heaven will bless your store."

### A WINTRY NIGHT.

Most, if not all, my readers are supplied with the necessaries if not the luxuries of this life ; but Peter Parley is loath to bid adieu to them for the present year, without reminding them—especially at this generally cold and inclement season—that this is very far from being the case with a vast number of the human race ; and, though many of his young friends may be disposed to think such destitute circumstances as those depicted in the tale about to be introduced, are very rare, Peter Parley assures them they are by no means uncommon. He could cite numerous instances which, during his experience, have come under his notice. Never while he lives



shall he forget the mingled feelings of pity and delight which occupied his young bosom when first he beheld an object of charity in the person of an old man, whom his mother relieved, at their own pretty cottage door.

"*We* shall be old some day, Peter," said she, "and perhaps may be in want, like this poor old man. Therefore we ought never to despise or pass them by, when it is in our power to relieve them."

Peter has thought of his mother's words through life, and acknowledges that he has never found anything convey such peace and satisfaction to his own mind as that of relieving the necessities of others. Doubtless many who read these pages have experienced similar delight; to those who have not, Peter Parley recommends the experiment. But to his story; which is taken from Mary Howitt's most pleasing book, "*Tales in Prose.*"

It was in the middle of winter, on the night of the twenty-third of January, when the weather was miserably cold; it neither decidedly froze, nor yet did it thaw; but between the two it was cold and damp, and penetrated to the very bone, even of those who sat in carpeted rooms before large fires, and were warmly clad. It was on this evening that the seven little children of David Baird, the weaver, stood huddled together in their small room, beside a small fire, which was burning comfortlessly. The baby lay in a wooden cradle on one corner of the hearth. The fire, to be sure, gave some warmth, because it had boiled an iron-pot full of potatoes, but it gave very little cheeriness to the room. The mother had portioned out the evening meal—a few potatoes to each—and she now sat down by the round table, lighted the farthing candle, and was preparing to do some little piece of housewifery.

"May I stir the fire?" asked David, the eldest boy.

"No, no," replied the mother, "it burns away too fast if it is stirred."

"I wish we had a good fire!" sighed Judith, the second girl.

"Bless me!" said the mother, "it is a good fire! Why, there's Dame Grundy and her grand-child gone to bed because they have no fire at all!"

"I should like some more salt to my potatoes," said little Bessy, "may I have some, mother?"

"There is none, child," she replied, "I put the last in the pot."

"Oh dear!" cried out little Joey, "my feet are so bad! They get no better, mother, though I did beat them with holly."

"Poor thing!" sighed the mother, "I wish you had better shoes."

"There's a pair," said Joey, briskly, "at Timmy Nixon's, for fourteen-pence."

"Fourteen-pence!" repeated the mother, "it would take a long time to get fourteen-pence."

"Mat. Willis begged a pair of nice warm boots," replied Joey, experimentally.

"We will not beg," said the mother, "if we can help it—but let me see the shoes;" and Joey put up one of his miserably frost-bitten feet on his mother's knee. "Bless thee! my poor lad," said the mother, "thou shalt not go to work again till it is warmer."

"Mother," interrupted little Susan, "may I have some more?"

"There is no more," said she, "but I have a whole loaf yet."

"Oh dear, oh dear, how nice!" cried the children, clapping their hands, "and give Joey the bottom crust," said one, "because of his poor feet!"

"And give me a big bit," cried Susan, holding out a fat little hand.

The mother divided the loaf—setting aside a piece for her husband—and presently the husband came in.

“It rains, and is very cold,” said he, shivering.

“Please God,” rejoined the mother, “it will be warmer after the rain.”

David Baird was a tall thin man, with an uneasy look—not that he had any fresh cause of uneasiness—his wages had not been lowered; his hours of work had not been increased; nor had he quarrelled with his master: but the life of a poor man is an uneasy life—a life of care, weariness, and never-ending anxieties. What wonder then if his face have a joyless look?

The children made room for their father by the fire; Susan and Neddy placed themselves between his knees, and his wife handed him the portion of supper which had been set aside for him.

Mary, the eldest girl, was sitting on a box, feeding a squirrel with the bread which her mother had given her—she was very happy, and kissed the squirrel many times; Judith was sitting beside her, and David held the cup out of which the squirrel drank.

“Nobody has inquired after that squirrel,” said the father, looking at them.

“No,” replied Mary, “and I hope nobody will.”

“They will not now,” said the younger David, “for it is three months since we found it.”

“We might sell it for half-a-crown,” said the father. Mary looked frightened, and held the squirrel to her bosom.

“Joey’s feet are very bad,” remarked the mother.

“And that doctor’s bill has never been paid,” said the father, “seventeen shillings and sixpence.”

“’Tis more money than we get in a week,” sighed the mother.

"I go round by the back lane, to avoid passing the door," said the father, "and he has asked me for it three times."

"We will get it paid in the summer," replied the mother, hopefully; "but now coals are raised, and bread, they say, will rise before the week is out."

"Lord help us!" exclaimed the father, internally.

"Mary, fetch the other candle," cried the mother, as the farthing candle burnt low in the stick, and then went out.

"There's not one!" said Mary, "we burnt out the other last night."

"Have you a farthing, David?" asked the wife.

"Not one," replied he, rather hastily.

"Nor have we one in the house," said the wife; "I paid all we had for the bread."

"Stir up the fire then," said David.

"Nay," rejoined the wife, "coals are raised."

"Lord help us!" again sighed David, and two of the children began coughing. "Those children's coughs are no better!" remarked the father, somewhat impatiently. And then the baby awoke—and so did Bessy, who had fallen asleep on the floor unobserved; both having been roused from their slumbers by some fragments of the shattered ceiling falling on the table near them.

"Go to bed with her, Mary," said the mother, "for you were up betimes, this morning, washing—put your clothes on the bed, and keep her warm."

Mary went into the little dark chamber to bed with her sister, and her mother tried to hush the crying infant.

David was distracted. He was cold, hungry, weary, and in gloom. Eight children, whom he loved, were about him; but he thought of them only as born to poverty, uneasiness, and care,

like himself—he felt unhappy, and grew almost angry as the baby continued to cry.

Cheer up, David, honest man ! there is that coming even now—coming within three streets' length of thee—which will raise thee above want for ever ! Cheer up !—this is the last hour any of you shall want for fire—the last hour you shall want for candle-light. Thou shalt keep thy squirrel, Mary ! Bessy, thou shalt have blankets to warm thee ! The doctor's bill shall be paid—nor, David Baird, shalt thou ever again skulk by back ways to thy work to avoid an importunate creditor ! Joey, thou shalt turn the wheel no longer—thy feet shall get well in woollen stockings, and warm shoes at five shillings the pair ! You shall no more want salt to your potatoes, nor shall Susan again go short of her supper ! But of all this, as yet, you know nothing, good people : and there you sit, hopeless and comfortless, and know nothing about the relief—and such splendid relief too ! that even now is approaching your door ! Wail, little baby, an' thou wilt—nurse thy poor tingling feet, Joey, by the fire ; and muse in sadness on thy poverty, David Baird, yet a few moments longer ; it can do you no harm, for the good news is even now turning the corner of your street !

Knock, knock, knock ! David started from his reverie.

“ Some one is at the door ! ” said the wife ; and up jumped little David. “ If it is neighbour Wood come to borrow some meal, you can get her a cup-full,” added the mother, as the knock was repeated more hastily.

Up rose David Baird, and, thinking of the apothecary's bill opened the door reluctantly.

“ Are you David Baird ? ” asked the letter-carrier, who had knocked.

"I am," said David.

"This, then, is for you; and there are twenty-two pence to pay on it," said the man, holding forth a large letter.

"Is it a summons?" cried the wife in dismay: "for what is David Baird summoned?" and she rushed to the door with the baby in her arms.

"It is no summons," replied the man, "but a money-letter, I take it."

"It is not for me," said David, half glad to escape his liability to pay the two-and-twenty pence.

"But are you not David Baird, the weaver?"

"I am," said David.

"Then," continued the letter-carrier, "pay me the twenty-two pence, and if it is not right, they will return you the money at the post-office."

"Twenty-two pence!" repeated David, ashamed to confess his poverty.

"One shilling and ten-pence," said the wife, "we have not so much money by us, good man."

"Light a candle," said the letter-carrier, bustling into the house, "and hunt up what you have."

David was pushed to an extremity. "We have none," said he, "we have not money to buy a candle!"

"Lord bless me!" said the letter-carrier, and gave David the younger four-pence to fetch half a pound of candles. David and his wife knew not what to think; and the letter-man shook the wet from his hat. In a few moments the candles came, and the letter was put into David's hands.

"Open it, can't you," said the letter-man.

"Is it for me?" inquired David again.

"It is," replied the other impatiently,—“what a fuss is here about opening a letter!”

"What is this!" exclaimed David, taking out a bill for one hundred pounds.

"Oh!" sighed the wife, "if after all, it should not be for us! but read the letter, David!" and David read it.

"Sir,—You, David Baird, weaver, of —, and son of the late David Baird, of Marden-on-Wear, lineal descendant of Sir David Baird, of Monkshaughton Castle, county of York, and sole heir of Sir Peter Baird, of Monkshaughton aforesaid, lately deceased, are requested to meet Mr. Dennis, solicitor, at York, as soon after the receipt of this as possible. It will be necessary for you to bring your family with you; and, to cover travelling and other expenses, you will receive enclosed a bill for one hundred pounds, payable at sight.

I have the honour to be,

Sir, your humble servant,

J. SMITH, for Mr. DENNIS."

"Sure enough," said David, "David Baird, of Marden-on-Wear, was my father."

"Oh, oh, oh!" chuckled out little David, as he hopped about behind the group, "a hundred pounds and a castle!"

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated the wife, while she hugged the baby in her arms.

"And," continued David, "the great Sir David Baird was our ancestor, but we never looked for anything from that quarter."

"Then the letter is for you?" asked the man.

"It is. Please heaven to make us thankful for it," said David seriously; "but," hesitated he, "you want the money."

"No," said the letter-carrier, going out, "I'll call for that to-morrow."

"Bolt the door, wife," said David, as she shut the door after the man, "this money requires safe keeping."

"Mend the fire!" said the mother; and her son David put on a shovel-full of coal, and stirred out the ashes.

"Kiss me, my children!" exclaimed the father with emotion; "kiss me, and bless God, for we shall never want bread again!"

"Is the house on fire?" screamed Mary, at the top of the stairs, "for there is such a blaze!"

"We are burning a mould candle!" said Judith, "and have such a big fire!"

"Come here, Mary!" said the father, and Mary slid down-stairs, wrapped in an old cloak.

"Father's a rich man! we're all rich,—and shall live in a grand castle!" laughed out young David.

"We shall have coats, and blankets, and stockings, and shoes!" cried Joey, all alert, yet still remembering his poor frost-bitten feet.

"We shall have roast beef and plum pudding!" said Susan.

"We shall have rice pudding every day!" cried Neddy.

"And let me have a horse, father," said young David.

David Baird was again distracted; but how different were his feelings! He could have done a thousand extravagant things—he could have laughed, cried, sung, leaped about, nay, rolled on the floor for joy; but he did none of these—he sat calm, and looked almost grave. At length he said, "Wife, send the children to bed, and let us talk over this good fortune together."

"You shall all have your Sunday clothes on to-morrow," said the



happy mother, as she sent them up-stairs. To bed they went; and after awhile laughed and talked themselves to sleep. The father and mother smiled and wept by turns, but did not sleep that night.



